

Sept. 22, 1945

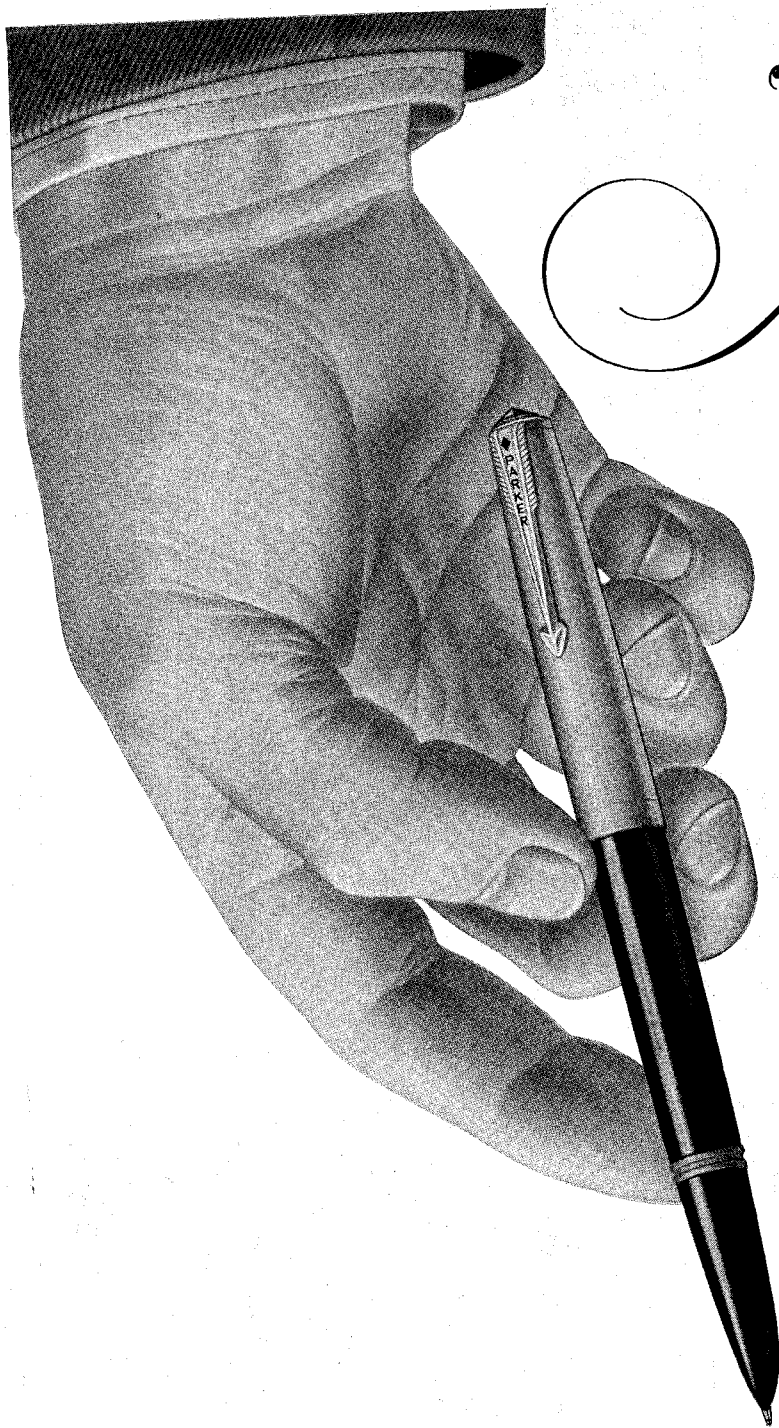
THE

Price 15 cents

NEW YORKER



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"*I'm waiting*"

FOR A PARKER '51'...

NOTHING LESS WILL DO!"

"Writes dry with wet ink!"

"Mind if I look at your pen?" he asked. "It's so unusual!" ♦ I handed him my Parker "51". Impulsively, he dashed off a sentence. ♦ "It seems anxious to write," he exclaimed. "Makes me feel the same way. I'm going to get one." ♦ I told him the "51" is the world's "most wanted" pen. It is a precision instrument which cannot be mass produced. Furthermore, quantity is limited by Parker's war assignments. So the best way to assure himself a "51" would be to place a reservation order with his Parker dealer. ♦ "Well, if I must wait for one," he replied, "then I'm waiting. Nothing less than a Parker '51' will do!" ♦ A special touch of magic is yours when you acquire a "51". It writes dry with wet ink! This pen alone has the design

and construction required for advantageous use of Parker "51" Ink, the world's fastest drying ink. It can also use any regular ink. ♦ Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. \$12.50 and \$15.00. Pencils, \$5.00 and \$7.50. Sets, \$17.50 to \$80.00. Famous Parker Vacumatic Pens, \$8.75. Pencils, \$4.00. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin. MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW

PARKER

"51"

Copr. 1945 by The Parker Pen Company



*Dual-personality Suit Exclusive
of black wool in the new soft
silhouette, sizes 10 to 18, \$70*

*Add the checkerboard sequin scarf (\$19)
designed to go with it, change to
a new feathered night-cap,
as shown in the small photograph,
and you're ready for cocktails-and-on.*

ON THE PLAZA
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET • NEW YORK 19

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

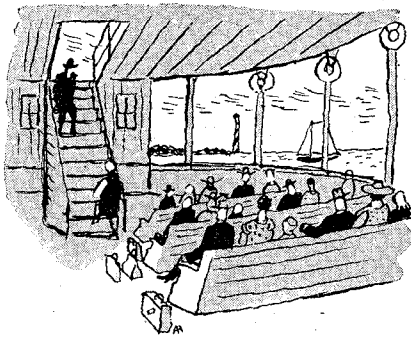
(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

- ANNA LUCASTA**—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute, now in its second year, is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)
- A BELL FOR ADANO**—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)
- DARK OF THE MOON**—Rather nice musical fantasy about a mortal girl who gets tangled up with a witch boy. Carol Stone and Richard Hart have these singular parts. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)
- DEAR RUTH**—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her older sister in quite a fix. Routine, but amusing. The cast includes Augusta Dabney and Lenore Lomergan. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)
- THE GLASS MENAGERIE**—Laurette Taylor magnificent as a matron who just wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Anthony Ross are also in Tennessee Williams' uneven but generally effective play. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)
- HARVEY**—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)
- I REMEMBER MAMA**—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both splendid. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)
- THE LATE GEORGE APLEY**—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe in the title rôle. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)
- LIFE WITH FATHER**—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)
- THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE**—An expert comedy by John van Druten, now in its second year. A small cast consists of Elliott Nugent, Martha Scott, and Vicki Cummings. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WITH MUSIC

- BLOOMER GIRL**—A great big show about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. The cast includes Nanette Fabray and Mabel Taliaferro. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)
- CAROUSEL**—Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II have transplanted "Liliom" to New England and set it to music with highly agreeable results. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)
- FOLLOW THE GIRLS**—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical, now in its second year, about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)
- MARINKA**—The tragedy at Mayerling has been provided with a happy ending and set to music. Rather routine but probably fair enough for this time of year. With Joan Roberts, Harry Stock-



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

- well, Romo Vincent, and Luba Malina. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50, CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)
- OKLAHOMA!**—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that is probably the pleasantest entertainment in town. Now in its third year. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)
- ON THE TOWN**—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)
- SONG OF NORWAY**—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a good job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)
- UP IN CENTRAL PARK**—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Broadway, B'way at 53, CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

- (There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)
- THE RYAN GIRL**—Edmund Lowe and June Havoc in a play written and directed by Edmund Goulding. Produced by the Shuberts and Albert de Courville. Opens Mon., Sept. 24. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)
- YOU TOUCHED ME**—A comedy by Tennessee Williams and Donald Windham, based on a story by D. H. Lawrence. Produced and directed by Guthrie McClintic. The cast is headed by Edmund Gwenn, Montgomery Clift, and Catherine Willard. Opens

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
BOOKS	78
THE CURRENT CINEMA	69
OF ALL THINGS	50
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	64
THE RACE TRACK	63
A REPORTER AT LARGE	52
TABLES FOR TWO	61
THE THEATRE	42

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET

TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

Tues., Sept. 25. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week and Wed. and Sat. thereafter at 2:30.)

DEEP ARE THE ROOTS—A play by Arnaud d'Usseau and James Gow, directed by Elia Kazan, and produced by Kermit Bloomgarden and George Heller. Included in the cast are Charles Waldron, Carol Goodner, and Barbara Bel Geddes. Opens Wed., Sept. 26. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

CARIS SONG—Katherine Dunham, Avon Long, and William Franklin in a musical by William Archibald, with a score by Baldwin Bergersen. Produced by George Stanton and staged by Mary Hunter and Miss Dunham. Opens Thurs., Sept. 27. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

LIVE LIFE AGAIN—A play in blank verse by Dan Toheroh, produced by S. S. Krellberg, and directed by Sawyer Falk. The cast includes Donald Buka, Mary Rolfe, and Thomas Chalmers. Opens Sat., Sept. 29. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

BALLET Russe de Monte Carlo—Final performances—"Concerto Barocco," "Dances Concertantes," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Scheherazade," Thurs. Eve., Sept. 20. . . . "Ballet Imperial," "Comedia Balletica," "Grand Adagio," and "The Red Poppy," Fri. Eve., Sept. 21. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Comedia Balletica," and "Coppelia," Sat. Aft., Sept. 22. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Dances Concertantes," "Comedia Balletica," and "Rodeo," Sat. Eve., Sept. 22. . . . "Concerto Barocco," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and "The Red Poppy," Sun. Aft., Sept. 23. . . . "Comedia Balletica," "Mozartiana," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "Le Beau Danube," Sun. Eve., Sept. 23. (New York City Center, 55, W. of 6, CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

ICE SHOW—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49, CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice or less.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays demurely for dancing in this subterranean summerhouse.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—In the Bowman Room you will find your favorites from the summer roof—Cardini and his impeccable magic, Fred and Elaine Barry's dances, and Bob Grant's cheery music.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Paula Laurence, Kenneth Spencer (a very profound basso), the Sans Souci dancers, and Edmond Hall's orchestra in a show that doesn't turn out quite as well as you'd think.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has Imogene Coca and her cantankerous comedy, and the songs of Susan Reed, plus jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson. On the bandstand, Benny Morton's trustworthy old trombone and his new orchestra.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Joseph D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Dinner in stately surroundings and dancing to the bouncy music of Eddie Davis and Gil Murray.

MONTÉ CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious sunken living rooms, fitted out mostly with a chromium-plated clientele. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play non-stop music.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has Gali-Gali, the magician who can do anything with baby chickens, and Stanley Melba's orchestra playing pleasantly for dancing. . . . A Melba trio plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room will reopen on Thurs., Sept. 27, with Jimmy Savo in his own special fantasies, and Gomez and Beatrice. Garwood Van's and Mark Monte's music for those who must dance. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The way

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXI, No. 32, September 22, 1945. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1945, by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year \$6.00; Pan-America and Spain, \$6.50; Canada, \$7.00; Other Foreign, \$8.00.

Bonwit Teller new york



RICHARD AVEDON

Maurice Rentner...his the knack for making a suit easy and supple...
his the taste that shaped this Burgundy Forstmann wool with ladder
pockets, wonderful neckline for jewels. Also Indigo blue, black.

DESIGNERS' SALON, SIXTH FLOOR

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

heaven would look in the hands of a good interior decorator. Reasonably celestial dance music by Paul Sparr's orchestra.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The elaborate Café Lounge presents a lot of vocal choruses accompanied by the sweet music of London's Roy Fox and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every day.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A handy refuge for the eternal Sophomore and his young lady. Eric Correa's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band are on hand.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Jane Pickens doing a standard soprano act at the supper hour on the Starlight Roof. George Olsen's orchestra takes care of the dance music all evening, and Mischa Borr's orchestra helps out at supper. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room, or what you have always known as the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—At the **BLUE ANGEL**, 132 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Irwin Corey, Evelyn Knight, Helen Howe, the Herman Chitition Trio, and Stuart Ross setting a neat mark for others to shoot at. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): one of those generally competent Ruban Bleu shows, especially worthwhile when Maxine Sullivan, Monica Boyar, Garland Wilson, and the Cedric Wallace Trio are at work. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy herself, singing (late at night) about her special brand of world-weariness.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **COO ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a certain elegance, and jaunty dance music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **12-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): strictly for conversationalists, who will be only mildly interrupted by Roger Stearns' genteel piano; no dancing. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of delectable young ladies who sometimes seem tired of it all; dance music by Joe Ricardel's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; dancing. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis in charge of the show and Joel Herron's and Noro Morales' orchestras in charge of the dancing. Upstairs in the Copa Lounge, Phil Moore's quartet. . . . **400 CLUB**, 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Tommy Dorsey's band in fairly amazing surroundings. . . . **ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Duke Ellington's orchestra and the long-absent Golden Gate Quartet brightening up a tedious evening. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large and full of helter-skelter young people, egged on by Sammy Kaye's orchestra. Closes Sat., Sept. 29. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **MADISON**, Madison at 58 (VO 5-5000): Val Ernie's orchestra for dancing up to 9, including Sunday. no less. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Chuck Foster's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Stan Kenton's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Shep Fields' orchestra.

Last-rose-of-summer note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the **BOSSERT**, Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and its tremendous view of the harbor, has supper dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots making the temperature twenty degrees hotter inside. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S. at 11 (CH 2-9355): hard to tell from a hole in the ground, but nicely fitted out with Art Hodes' trio and Don Frye as solo pianist, along with other entertainment; dancing. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): a well-stocked storefront, with Art Tatum at the piano, Tiny Grimes and his guitar, the Loumel Morgan Trio, and another band for dancing. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith's frenetic trio. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio that includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing.

AL FRESCO—The **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Pk. W. at 67 (RH 4-4700): a small green jungle, pleasant for dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then.

ART

ALEXANDER CALDER—The artist's first gouache show: Kootz, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 6.

OTIS DOZIER—Oils and gouaches of the Rocky Mountains country: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 22.

GROUPS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57: Philip Evergood, the Soyers, and many others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Sept. 29. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: members' anniversary show of sculpture and painting, mostly the

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20,
THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

latter. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 29. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: oils and water colors from Thomas Eakins to the present. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 29. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57: John Sloan, George Luks, William Glackens, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 3. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective by the gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 29. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Hobson Pittman, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Oct. 13. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creff, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 22. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 21. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors' annual, with Arnold Friedman, Trajan, and sixty-three others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 29.

ANDRÉ MASSON—Forty pen-and-ink drawings: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 29.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—The development of Greek art from the Stone Age to the third century B.C.; also (through Oct. 31), prints and drawings by Goya. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 13.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 22.

FREDERICK PAPSDORF—A former American primitive: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 6.

EMANUEL ROMANO—Gouaches: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Sept. 29.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Painting and sculpture from the Museum's permanent collection. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 10.

MUSIC

BENEFIT CONCERT—Arturo Toscanini conducting the N.B.C. Symphony. Highlights: the Collegiate Chorale, conducted by Robert Shaw; Jan Peerce, tenor; and others. Tues., Sept. 25, at 8:40 P.M.; a benefit for Italian war orphans. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Teddy Wilson, piano; Don Byas, saxophone; Stuff Smith, electric violin; and others. Sun., Sept. 23, at 8 P.M. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—"Tosca," Thurs. Eve., Sept. 27. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Fri. Eve., Sept. 28. . . . "La Bohème," Sat. Eve., Sept. 29. At 8:15 P.M. (New York City Center, 55 W. of 6. CI 6-8989.)

ST. MARY MAGDALENE CHOIR OF TORONTO—Conducted by Healey Willan. Mon. and Tues., Sept. 24-25, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)

MISCHA MISCHAKOFF and GENEVIEVE ROWE—Violin and soprano. Sat., Sept. 29, at 3 P.M.; a benefit for the Town Hall Club. (Town Hall. BR 9-9447.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Washington, Thurs. and Fri., Sept. 20-21, at 2:30 P.M.;

Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Thurs., Sept. 27, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Boston, Sat., Sept. 29, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Boston, Sat., Sept. 22, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., Sept. 23 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.; Giants vs. Dodgers, Tues. and Wed., Sept. 25-26, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Boston, Thurs., Sept. 20, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Sat., Sept. 22, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., Sept. 23 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Tony Janiro vs. Johnny Greco, welterweights, 8 rounds, Fri., Sept. 21; Harold Greene vs. Rocky Graziano, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Sept. 28. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

DOG SHOW—Suffolk County Kennel Club, Huntington Crescent C.C., Huntington, L.I., Sat., Sept. 29. (Benefit for the Service League of Huntington.)

FOOTBALL—On SAT., SEPT. 22: Syracuse vs. Cornell, at Syracuse, at 3 P.M. . . . SAT., SEPT. 29: Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 2:30 P.M.; Cornell vs. Bucknell, at Ithaca, at 3 P.M.; Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 2:30 P.M.; Army vs. Personnel Distribution Command, A.A.F., at West Point, at 2:45 P.M.; Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 2:30 P.M.; Navy vs. Villanova, at Annapolis, at 2:30 P.M.; Yale vs. Tufts, at New Haven, at 2:30 P.M.

GOLF—New Jersey State G.A. Amateur Best-Ball Championship, Montclair G.C., Montclair, N.J., Sat. and Sun., Sept. 22-23.

RACING—Weekdays at Belmont at 1:15 P.M., through Oct. 3. (Matron Stakes, and Lawrence Realization Stakes, Sept. 22; Jockey Club Gold Cup, Sept. 27; the Futurity, Sept. 29.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:40 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., weekdays at 8:40 P.M., through Sat., Sept. 29. Proceeds for the final week for the benefit of various New York charities. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

YACHTING—Final championship regatta on the Sound: Horseshoe Harbor Y.C., Sun., Sept. 23, at about 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

ART AND ANTIQUES SHOW—A large exhibition of contemporary paintings, as well as antiques of all categories: Seventeenth Regiment Armory, Park at 34. Starting Mon., Sept. 24, from 12:30 to 10:30 P.M.

HOUSING—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104—Prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built some of New York's early omnibuses, horsecars, subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in documents, photographs, and uniform equipment: Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 15.

PLANETARIUM—"A Trip to the Moon" is the not untimely title of the September lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. (Extra performance Sat. only at 11 A.M.)

PHOTOGRAPHY—The annual exhibition of the Press Photographers' Association of New York: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49. Starting Sat., Sept. 29, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—French and English eighteenth-century furniture and objects of art from the collection of the late Samuel P. Avery, Jr., and others: Fri. and Sat., Sept. 21-22, at 2 P.M. . . . Eighteenth-century French and English furniture and decorations owned by Guernsey Curran, and others: Thurs. through Sat., Sept. 27-29, at 2 P.M.

NOTE—The Post Office is now accepting, without a letter of request, Christmas packages for the Armies of Occupation. To assure delivery by Christmas, gifts for men and women in all services must be mailed by Oct. 15. Parcels must not exceed fifteen inches in length and thirty-six inches in girth and length combined; the weight is limited to five pounds.

ON THE AIR

MAYOR LA GUARDIA—In the fifth of a series of monthly broadcasts on New York, Thurs., Sept. 27, at 7:30 P.M., WJZ.

MUSIC—A broadcast from the performance of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, Thurs., Sept. 20, and Sun., Sept. 23, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Fri., Sept. 28, at 8:15 P.M., WNYC. . . . Duke Elling-





THAT LOOK IN HER EYES . . . pleased, a bit triumphant, may mean she is rousing the interest she planned on. For she *did* plan it that way. Most clever women dress to light other eyes with admiration, their own with self-confidence. You must, too. So, for You . . . Kayser is creating the most eye-catching lingerie . . . hosiery . . . and gloves that *any* woman's eyes will ever rest on. That's why

"Eyes are on Kayser"

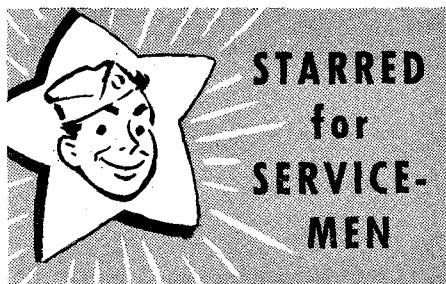
KAYSER

HOSIERY

UNDERTHINGS

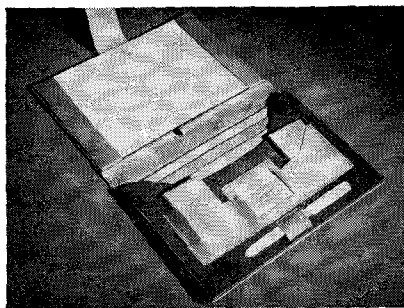
GLOVES

LINGERIE

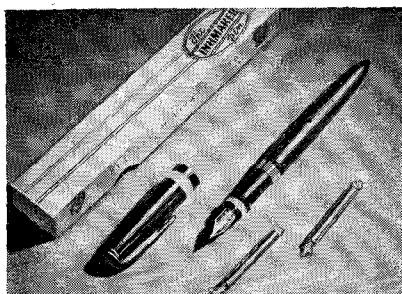


STARRED for SERVICE- MEN

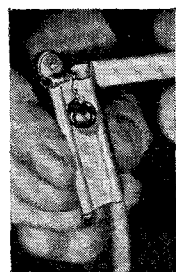
3 items on the government list of approved gifts for servicemen



COMPACT WRITING KIT. He'll find it easier to write home when he has this handy writing kit. No larger than a letterhead, it has a blotter-fitted writing surface, pockets for notes and letters, an address and note book, letter opener and a perpetual calendar. Natural-colored pigskin, 8 1/4" x 11 1/4", 15.00



PEN MAKES INK WITH WATER. His fountain pen need never run dry when it's an Inkmaker. He'll just fill it with water and atmospheric pressure makes its concentrated ink cartridge generate lustrous quick-drying ink. One ink cartridge lasts for months. 14K smooth-writing point. Pen with 3 extra cartridges. Maroon or black. 8.75



WINDPROOF LIGHTER that needs no fluid. The Dunhill Flameless Lighter is a boon to servicemen on active duty. The chemically treated wick of this pocket-size case glows quickly in any kind of weather. Sterling silver holder. With extra wick. \$6 Fed. tax included.



Sixth Ave. at 45 St.
New York 19, N. Y.
VAn 6-2200

New York's Leading
Housewares Store

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY,
SEPTEMBER 20, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

ton and his orchestra, Sat., Sept. 22, at 5:30 P.M., WJZ.
SPORTS—Boxing: Tony Janiro vs. Johnny Greco, Fri., Sept. 21; Harold Greene vs. Rocky Graziano, Fri., Sept. 28; at 10 P.M., WJZ. ... Football: Pittsburgh vs. Illinois, Sat., Sept. 22, at 2:45 P.M., WEA; Purdue vs. Marquette, Sat., Sept. 22, at 2:45 P.M., WJZ; Michigan vs. Indiana, Sat., Sept. 22, at 1:45 P.M., WABC; Syracuse vs. Cornell, Sat., Sept. 22, at 2:45 P.M., WOR; Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, Sat., Sept. 29, at 2:30 P.M., WOR; Notre Dame vs. Illinois, Sat., Sept. 29, at 3:15 P.M., WJZ, WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

ALONG CAME JONES—Gary Cooper in a burlesque Western that is periodically pretty diverting. With Loretta Young and Dan Duryea. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., Sept. 26.)

THE CORN IS GREEN—Screen version of the Emlyn Williams success, with Bette Davis instead of Ethel Barrymore. If you can believe that Miss Davis's interest in her handsome young miner is quite platonic you can believe practically anything. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., Sept. 21. ... Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; and Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Sat., Sept. 22. ... Carlton, B'way at 100; through Mon., Sept. 24. ... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 21-24. ... Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 22-24. ... Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 25-27. ... 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Tues., Sept. 25.)

A MEDAL FOR BENNY—In spite of some rather obvious comedy and pathos, John Steinbeck's story of an old man whose son wins a posthumous award for valor is quite affecting. With J. Carrol Naish, Arturo de Cordova, and Dorothy Lamour. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Olympia, B'way at 107; through Sun., Sept. 23. ... Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Sept. 24.)

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES—Farm life at its handsomest with Edward G. Robinson and Agnes Moorehead standing right up to those very deft little ones, Margaret O'Brien and Jackie Jenkins. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—The life of George Gershwin as it might have been if he hadn't wasted so much time playing the piano. The old songs, however, still sound fine. With Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, and Alexis Smith. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE SILVER FLEET—A taut British melodrama about a shipbuilder's courage during the Nazi invasion of Holland. With Ralph Richardson. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Tues., Sept. 25. ... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 25-27.)

THE TRUE GLORY—This photographic record of the invasion of Europe includes virtually every phase of the action and has an excellent commentary by a good many of the men who did the Germans in, among them Dwight D. Eisenhower. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

THE WAY AHEAD—This account (not a documentary) of how young Englishmen were trained for war is a fine and exciting picture. With David Niven. (8th Street Playhouse, 8 St., E. of 6; Thurs., Sept. 20. ... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 25-27.)

WONDER MAN—Danny Kaye as twins in a stylish ghost story with incidental music. Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, and Allen Jenkins are in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

REVIVALS

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY (1944)—Screen play of Thornton Wilder's novel. With Lynn Bari, Francis Lederer, Akim Tamiroff, and Nazimova. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 25-26.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

DAYBREAK (1940)—Jean Gabin as a gentle murderer. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 55, W. of 6.)

DOUBLE INDEMNITY (1944)—A lady heel and a man heel kill a husband. Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 25-27.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (1943)—Technicolor version of the Hemingway novel. With Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Akim Tamiroff, and Katina Paxinou. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; and Olympia, B'way at 107; Mon. through Wed., Sept. 24-26. ... Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 25-26.)

48 HOURS (1944)—British film about an imaginary

invasion by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and Elizabeth Allan. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Sept. 22.)

THE GARDEN OF ALIAH (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Sept. 22. ... Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 25-26.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH (1940)—John Ford's version of the Steinbeck novel about the Okies, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 21-24.)

GUNGA DIN (1939)—Kipling's India. With Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 25-26.)

HERE COMES MR. JORDAN (1941)—About a prizefighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James Gleason. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 23-24.)

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER (1939)—Parodying crime thrillers. Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Sept. 21-23.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Sept. 21-24.)

THE IRON DUKE (1935)—George Arliss at Waterloo. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Sept. 20.)

LIFEBOAT (1944)—Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, and others, torpedoed and set adrift by Alfred Hitchcock. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Sept. 20.)

MAYERLING (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

PINOCCHIO (1940)—This Walt Disney full-length cartoon introduces Figaro the Cat and Cleo the Goldfish. (Republic, B'way at 51; through Sat., Sept. 29.)

STANDING ROOM ONLY (1944)—The housing shortage in Washington during the war. Paulette Goddard and Fred MacMurray. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., Sept. 20.)

THE SULLIVANS (1944)—The story of the five brothers who were killed in the Pacific. With Anne Baxter, Thomas Mitchell, and Selena Royle. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Sept. 23-24.)

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED (1940)—The 'Sidney Howard drama of life on a California grape ranch. Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., Sept. 22-24.)

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC (1939)—Now called "Ragged Angels." Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Sept. 20.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 25-26.)

TRADE WINDS (1939)—South Seas adventures. Joan Bennett and Fredric March. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Sept. 25-26.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., SEPT. 20: "The Invisible Man" (1933), with Claude Rains. ... FRI. THROUGH SUN., SEPT. 21-23: "Bombshell" (1933), with Jean Harlow. ... MON. THROUGH THURS., SEPT. 24-27: "Cavalcade" (1933), with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. ... FROM FRI., SEPT. 28: "Chapayev" (1934), Russian film.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

(As President Truman points out, we are technically still at war, and several of the wartime needs remain urgent. These are listed below.)

APARTMENTS FOR SERVICE MEN—New York City residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to veterans and service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, Municipal Bldg., Room 1836, Chambers St. (WO 2-5600, Ext. 167).

VOLUNTEER WORK—At the AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58 (RE 4-6050): women to give as much time as they can spare sewing and knitting for service men's families; women to take a six-week course in photography during the evening, and then teach the subject to patients in military hospitals. ... AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work as much time as they can spare during the day or evening as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers; women to work several hours a week, during the evening, as drivers for the Motor Corps, transporting service men from hospitals to city canteens.

NOTE—The A.W.V.S. is serving as a salvage depot for wastepaper and fat, which continue to be urgently needed by the government. For information about the depot nearest your home, call RE 4-6050.



THE WINDBREAKER SUIT

in subtle, silvered, bayleaf green . . . it's
our little wonder-suit, our town and
country and everywhere suit. Pulled
snug as a hug around the waist. Jacket
and skirt bulky and at ease. Rayon gabardine
—also natural, aqua, cherry, black,
brown. Sizes 10 to 18. 29.95.

PECK & PECK

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • DETROIT • HARTFORD • MINNEAPOLIS • PHILADELPHIA • PROVIDENCE • ST. LOUIS

* Finger Free

**... most comfortable
gloves in the world!**

(For men and women)



DANIEL HAYS

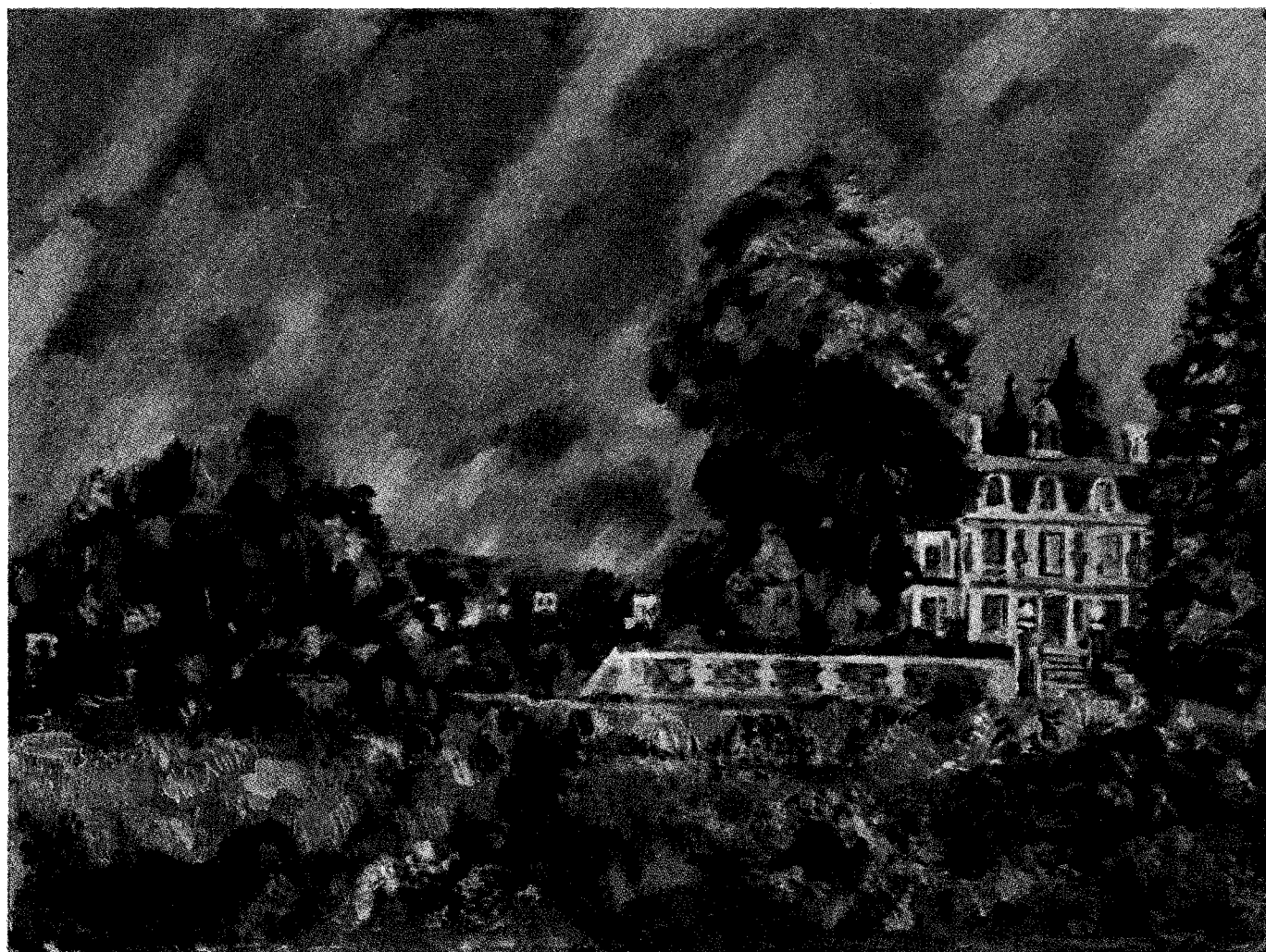


FINE GLOVES SINCE 1854



GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

*designed by merry hull
"U. S. PATS. 2,125,673
2,194,934—2,226,604



So there may be a flowering

Clap of thunder, rising wind, and then . . . the rains come. On roof and window-pane, they tap a friendly rhythm. For they speak of freshened earth, golden harvests, a garden at the rainbow's end.

This is the message, too, of music. For the Capehart or the Farnsworth brings the song of rain to restore the weary. Concertos and symphonies that nourish tender dreams!

To make the riches of music yours, at a touch, the Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation is calling on skills of

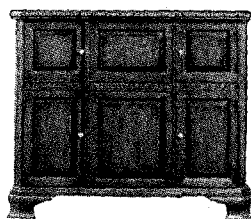
long years' standing, as well as war-learned techniques. Bringing you phonograph-radios, radios and television receivers so clear—so brilliant—it seems the artist plays at your express command.

You'll have even better record reproduction . . . and, for added ease, record-changers which provide hours of effortless enjoyment. FM reception, available in many models . . . all-wave standard radio sparkling as you've always hoped.

Look for greater freedom of choice than ever possible before! Beautiful cabinet

styles, of many sizes, from the magnificent Capeharts to the more modestly priced Farnsworths. Whatever its cost, it will again be the very finest for the price! Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

Debussy's "JARDINS SOUS LA PLUIE," interpreted for the Capehart Collection by Bernard Lamotte. Between Paris and Versailles lies the charming region so beloved by Debussy—and by the artist, who envisions this country garden, refreshed by gentle summer rains. Portfolios of reproductions of paintings in the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal cost from your Capehart dealer, or you may write direct to Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.



N. W. AYER & SON

The **CAPEHART** *The* **FARNSWORTH**

RADIO • TELEVISION • PHONOGRAPHS

FARNSWORTH TELEVISION & RADIO CORPORATION



Tailored With Parachute Precision

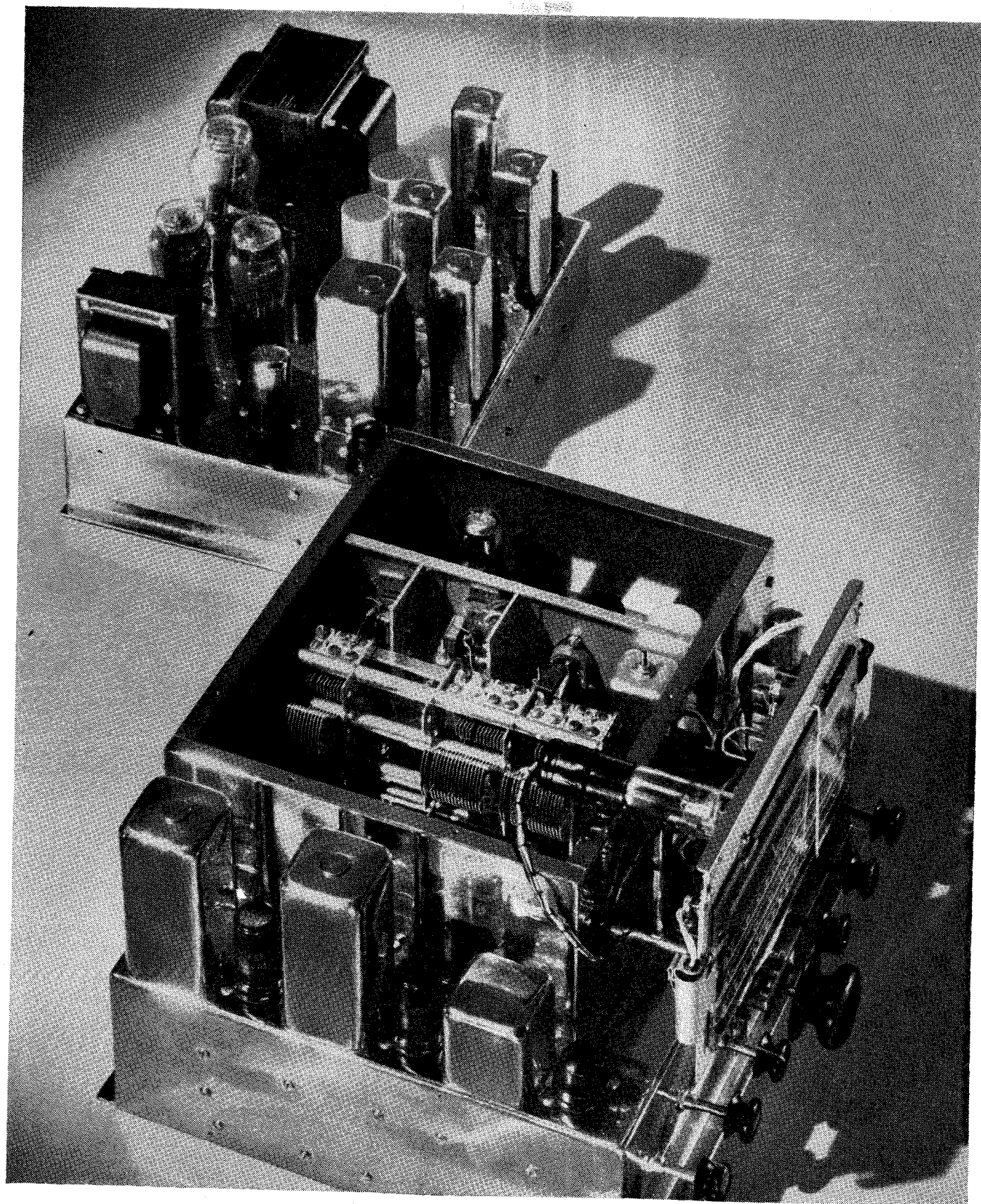
It's a man's world—basking in the solid comfort of Textron* Pajamas. Even insomnia holds no fears for him. He swears by the cut, the fit, the fabric—finest long-wearing rayon; is sold on the parachute-tailoring executed with the same skill Textron used in turning out its necessities of war. Choose from a variety of printed pajamas about \$6.00 . . . solid color shorts about \$2.00—at leading stores throughout the country. TEXTRON INC., Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

TEXTRON

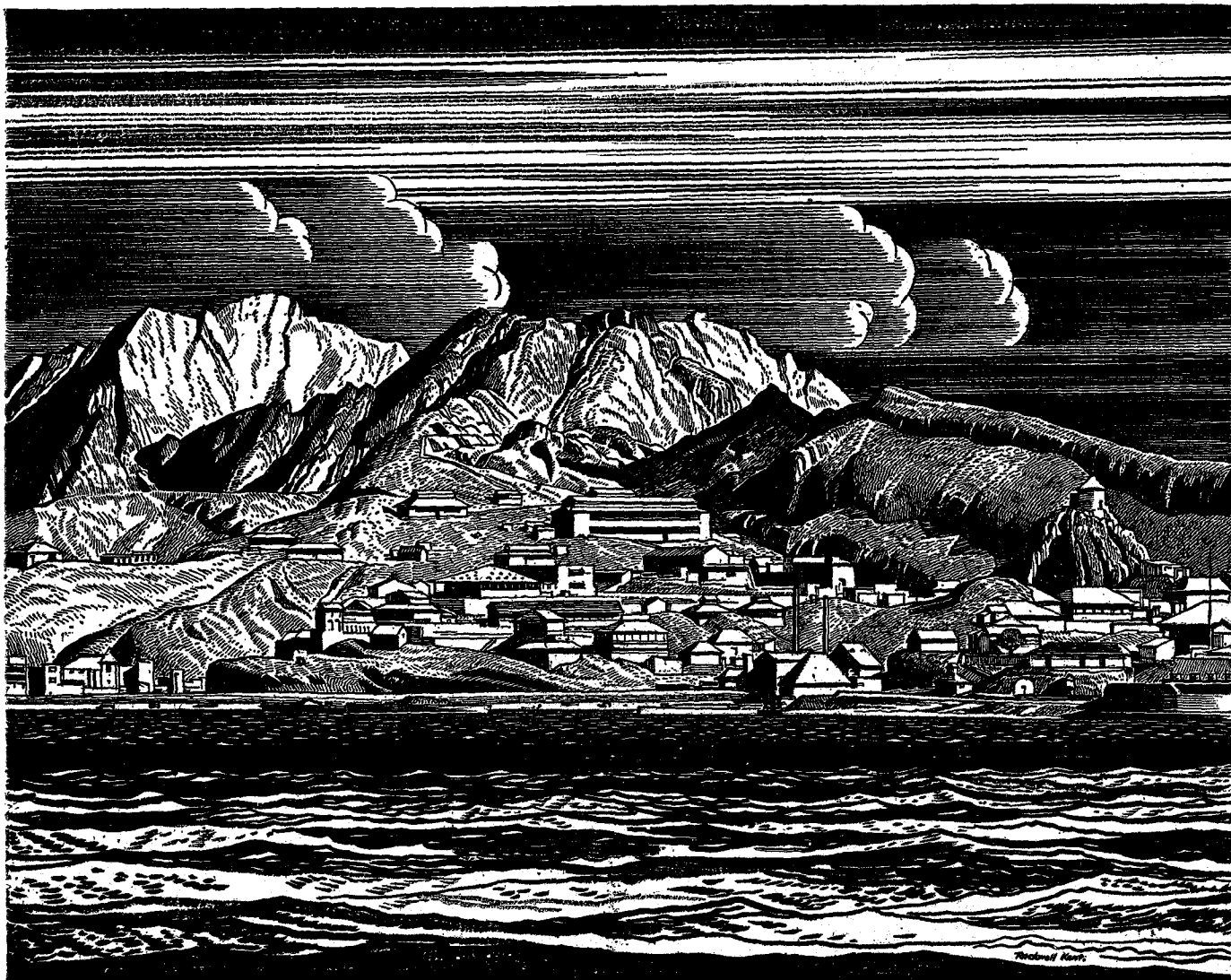
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MENSWEAR • LINGERIE • HOSTESS COATS • HOME FASHIONS • APPAREL FABRICS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Electronics glorified—the Scott radio receiver and power unit. Worth waiting for by those able to afford the very best in a radio and record player. Wide choice of cabinets to fit your décor, or custom installations if you prefer. Prices start around \$500. If you're the "Scott type" why not write us now for advance information? . . . Scott Radio Laboratories, Inc., 4436 Ravenswood Avenue, Chicago 40, Illinois.



"ADEN," BY ROCKWELL KENT, FOR THE AMERICAN EXPORT LINES COLLECTION

VICTORY FOLLOWS THE SHIPS

To win this war, America had to send men and supplies—by ship—to:

ENGLAND
FRANCE
GREECE
ALGERIA
INDIA
BRAZIL
CUBA
SCOTLAND
BELGIUM
JUGOSLAVIA
EGYPT
BURMA
UNION OF
SOUTH AFRICA
FRENCH
WEST AFRICA

N. IRELAND
NETHERLANDS
RUSSIA
IRAN
CHINA
VENEZUELA
ICELAND
GERMANY
MOROCCO
IRAQ
AUSTRALIA
PANAMA
GREENLAND
ITALY
TUNISIA
SOMALILAND

NEW ZEALAND
CEYLON
ALASKA
GOLD COAST
DENMARK
ADEN
NEW GEORGIA
THE CONGO
AUSTRIA
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
THE MOLUCCAS
THE BONINS
THE SOLOMONS
THE MARIANAS
THE EAST INDIES
THE CAROLINES

THE ALEUTIANS
THE WEST INDIES

THE RYUKYUS
THE PHILIPPINES

*and literally hundreds of other
islands throughout the seven seas*

Our military plans had to wait while we built the merchant ships (totaling almost 5000) needed for the job.

No better proof exists that we *must* maintain a sizable, modern U. S.-flag merchant marine—for our defense, for our security, for the foreign commerce that can help us to peacetime prosperity.

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIPS!

*PARTIAL LIST

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES



Enka Rayon

for sparkling little evenings. Benham Original in
Foreman's Crepe Grenada, woven with Enka Rayon.

WEITZEN



DE PINNA
New York

JULIUS CARFINCKEL
Washington

THE BLUM STORE
Philadelphia

ENKA RAYON • 206 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

B. ALTMAN & CO.
Fifth Avenue New York



Dip Low

at the back, says the hemline of this hammered black rayon satin, wool-backed, for after-five. Bustle-bustle at the back, button-button at the front for new interest any way you look at it. Sizes 10 to 16.

69.95

Altman fashions, third floor



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE were standing knee-deep in the autumn surf, just inshore from where the waves were breaking, when the body of a man came bumping along the bottom. We caught him as he passed, helped him up, and found he was a man we knew, an editorial writer on the *Daily News*.

"Damn wave got me," he said indignantly. "I wasn't looking and it rolled me right up the beach."

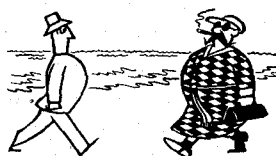
There was a pretty moral in it somewhere—a tide running west from Por-



tugal had clipped an employee of Captain Patterson's *News*, an American citizen standing proud and inviolate on American soil. We started to tell him about it, but he looked damp and irritable and we let him go. It probably wouldn't have made much of an editorial for him anyway.

ALL summer, as a matter of fact, strange visitors were washed up by the sea. We were walking along the beach the other afternoon, full of sad September dreams, when we met a most uncommon man. He wore a long, checked dressing gown of jocular design, a golfer's linen cap, and high black shoes. He was carrying a sinister little leather bag and smoking a cigar, and his features, partly masked by dark glasses and a militant mustache, were pale and intent. It was clear, of course, that he was in disguise and equally clear that he was up to no good, so boldly masquerading on the peaceful sands. The truth, we realized suddenly, was that he was the victim of some wayward lag in time, a man from the Wilhelmstrasse, the last spy. A U-boat, long lost and

out of touch, had put him ashore by night somewhere up the coast, and his costume had been contrived by the Se-



cret Police, perhaps from photographs taken at Coney Island. "*Es ist das meistgetragene Kleid in einem amerikanischen Badeort,*" they had told him firmly. Anyway, there he was, an enemy agent, bent on espionage and destruction.

"Pardon, sir, but you have the proper time?" he asked in an accent that had been born across the sea.

We told him it was later than he thought and, for good measure, gave him the lowdown on a nearby fort.

"Danke," he said, and padded briskly on his tardy way.

IN the seaside village where we spent our weekends, joint religious services were held on V-J night. The fire siren blew a signal that had been announced the day before, and everybody gathered outside the Community House to listen to the priest, the rabbi, and the Protestant minister. They were simple men, and on the whole the occasion was a little too much for them (from some of the neighboring cottages, we could hear famous radio voices plugging victory, and they were rather inadequate, too), but the evening was a fragment of history and the words, under the circumstances, didn't seem particularly important. We weren't, in fact, paying much attention when the priest began to explain that all the bars in the village had been ordered shut that night. His next sentence, however, fell clear and peremptory on our ear. "It was absolutely unnecessary," he said. "There isn't a man or woman here who would have gone into one."

There was uneasy laughter here and there in the crowd and a soldier near us grinned and whispered, "I'd like to get a little dough on that." That was the moment, we've decided, when the war really ended for us. The voice of constituted authority spoke and suddenly everybody knew it was talking nonsense.

THE restaurant long familiar as Twenty-One has been expanded to twice its former size; a man we know and rather dislike has taken to calling it Forty-Two. There is something of a social and economic dilemma here. The place has been flourishing for years by preserving a certain delicate balance in its clientele—thirty per cent, we'd say offhand, have been persons of an odd and usually temporary prominence, or celebrities; another thirty have been well-to-do but obscure, in the sense that their names would convey nothing in particular to Winchell or Lyons; the rest has been a shifting population, just happy to feed on terms of comparative equality with George Jean Nathan, the society critic, Ted Husing, the frequency-modulation kid, and Frank Buck, the king of beasts. It has been a sound formula, giving a good deal of innocent pleasure both to the observers and the observed. We can't help wondering, though, just what effect this sudden accession of space is going to have. Obviously, it is vital to keep the ratio constant, the mixture as before, and just as obviously, this implies a double supply of



everything—celebrities, men of property, humble but solvent admirers of the arts. We don't know just where these people are coming from—it has even seemed to us from time to time that

some of the present customers were showing signs of wear and tear—but we have to admire the owners' patriotic optimism. Our hat is off to their resolute faith in America, in the law of supply and demand, in the life and maxims of Phineas T. Barnum.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Atomic Envelope & Printing Company has opened for business on East Seventeenth Street.

The washrooms in the Helena Rubinstein Beauty Salon on Fifth Avenue are provided with Ivory Soap.

On page 774 of the New York Classified Telephone Directory is an advertisement of a firm that handles "Allied Photo Service. Liquor Licenses. Accidents. Candid Wedding Photos."

Definition

LIQUIDATION has created uncertainty not only at the top in Washington, we are told, but all along the line, which is probably natural. A friend has reported that while he was standing at the head of a stairway in one of the larger buildings down there he heard a young stenographer explain to

a companion, "But I don't mean permanent forever, silly—I just mean permanent for a while."

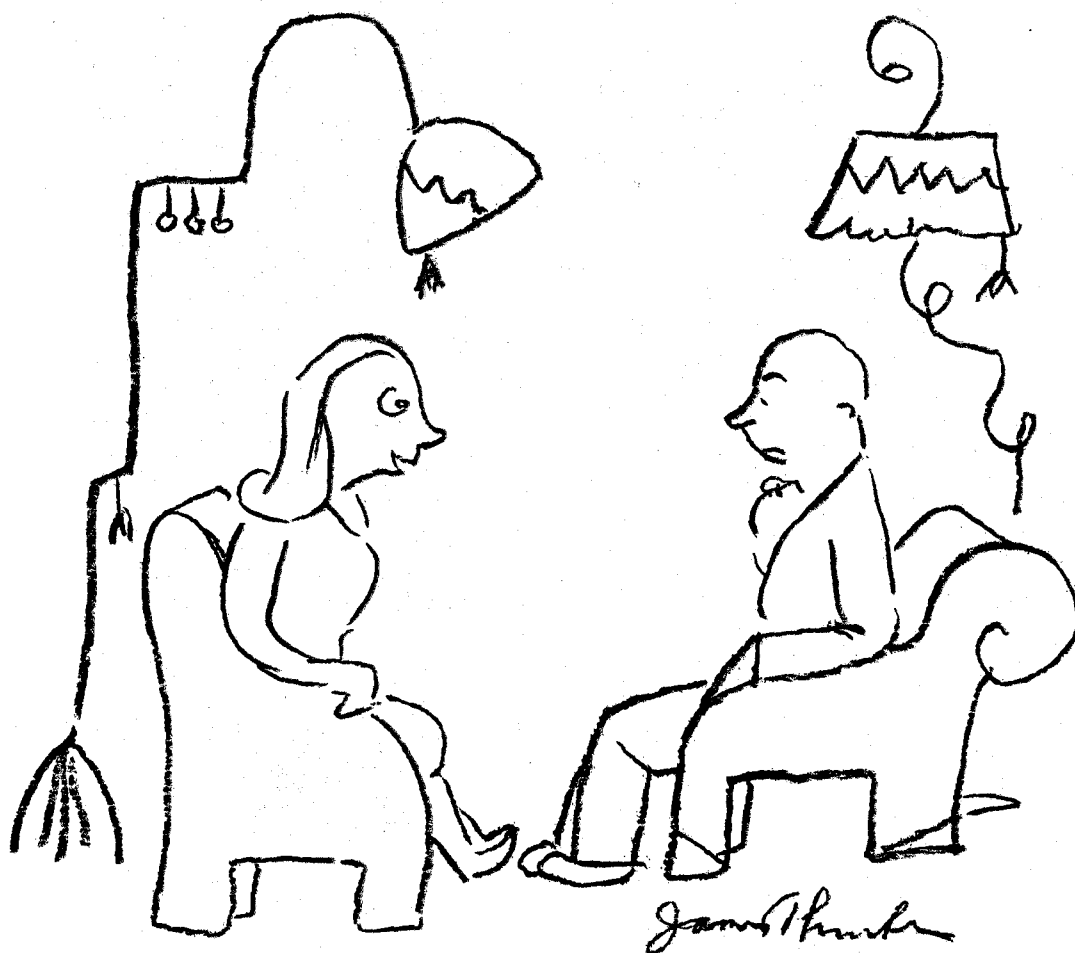
Well Earned

PROBABLY nobody in New York gave a thought to General Wainwright's financial status last week, but if anyone wondered, we can say now that he undoubtedly came to town well heeled. The General had pay coming for all the time he was a prisoner of war, and when he reached Washington he found that this had rolled up to \$41,893.45, minus the total of whatever was paid to Mrs. Wainwright in monthly allotments. The General's earnings were at a rate of \$666 a month, plus such extras as a personal allowance of five hundred dollars a year, a rental allowance of a hundred and twenty dollars a month, subsistence of forty-two dollars a month, and a ten-per-cent addition to his base pay for foreign service. He unquestionably rolled up more pay than any other prisoner of war in history, but keeping his account straight was probably no tougher than figuring the finances of any enlisted man recorded as missing or held in captivity. The earnings of a private or

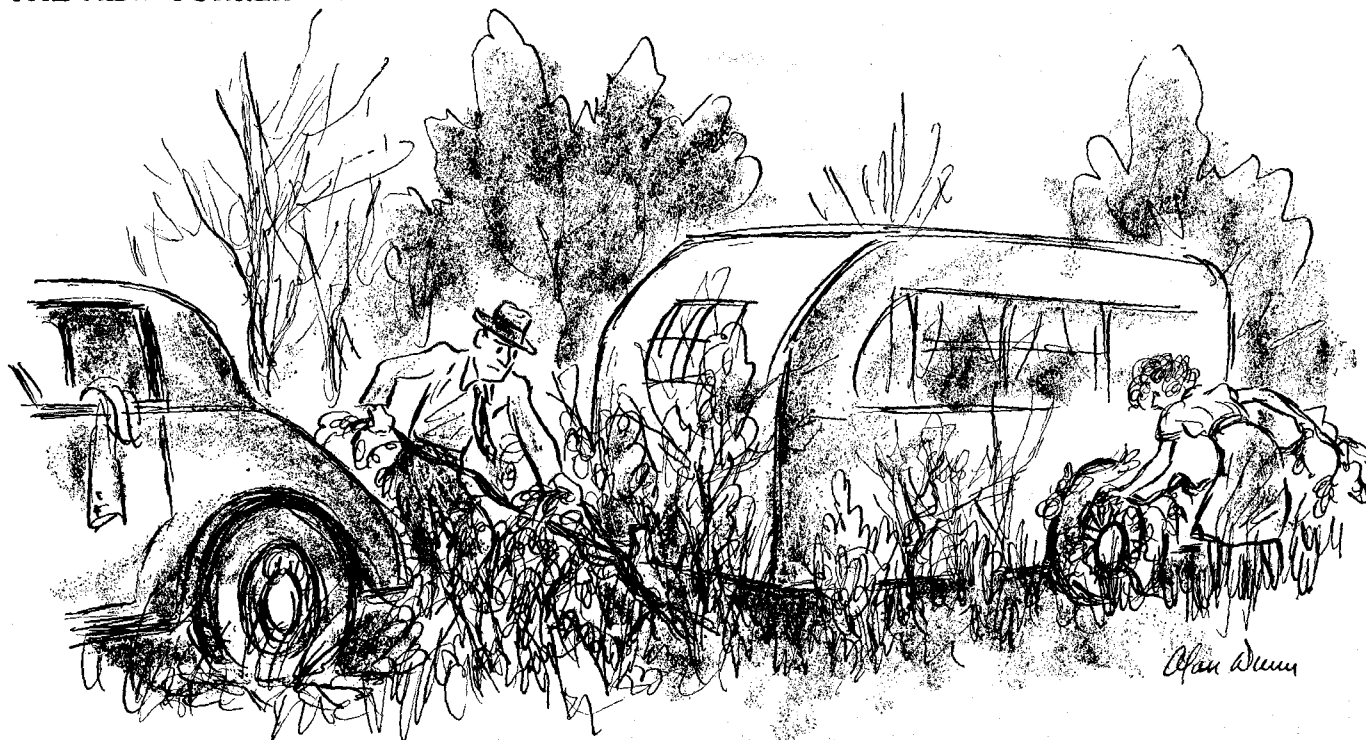
seaman with a base pay of fifty dollars a month, for instance, may be augmented by all kinds of special-duty pay, such as fifty dollars a month for parachuting or serving with gliders, a fifty-per-cent increase in base pay for flying or submarine duty, and five dollars an hour for deep-sea diving. Soldiers and sailors also draw extra pay for decorations. The Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross, the Distinguished Service Medal, the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Navy Cross, and the Soldier's Medal all are worth two dollars extra a month, and each Oak Leaf means another two bucks. If a soldier is receiving extra pay when he is captured or reported missing, it, too, continues until he is liberated or has been declared dead.

The government's fiduciary doings on behalf of the P.W.s and the missing have some pretty odd aspects. There is, for example, the business of determining when a missing man is to be considered lost forever. The usual period allowed to elapse has been a year, but in the case of men in the Pacific area the government has been paying allotments and family allowances and crediting pay until there has been apparent proof of death. In all the theatres of war, apparent proof of death has frequently turned out to be erroneous, and on occasion men have reappeared to reclaim their "widows" after the government has paid the women the official death gratuity, an amount equivalent to six months' pay. In such cases, the government is supposed to try to recover the cash from the ex-widows, but in only a few cases—mostly those of wealthy ones—has it done anything about this. Once a P.W. is declared dead, his back pay goes to his estate. An Army man who turns up after being declared dead gets full back pay, even if a distribution has already gone to his heirs. The Navy doesn't pay a sailor after such a disbursement, though; it's a matter between him and his "heirs."

Liberated P.W.s are usually issued a bit of pocket money as soon as they reach a place under United States jurisdiction, but they can't get hold of the whole bundle until they arrive in one of the military centers in this country. Navy men can leave as much pay as they



"I'd give the world to be sultry, but I just succeed in looking sleepy."



want to on the books indefinitely. Enlisted men in the Army have to take all their back pay at once, but they can put as much as they want into Soldiers' Deposit, a kind of Army bank, at four per cent. At the end of last month, over seven hundred thousand depositors had some \$212,000,000 tucked away there, and ten per cent of this was put in during June, when eighty-five thousand released prisoners returned. One of the largest amounts paid a P.W. was twenty-seven thousand dollars, to a colonel who was a prisoner three years in the Philippines. Warrant Officer George R. Tweed of the Navy collected over sixty-one hundred dollars when he returned after beating around the bush on Guam for two and a half years. Tweed, who went underground when the Japs took the island, was a radioman first class, making ninety-six dollars a month plus extras. In June, 1942, the new pay bill that raised the wages of all service men went into effect, and he began to make a hundred and sixteen dollars a month, although he didn't know anything about it. When he was finally picked up, on July 11, 1944, an admiral on the rescuing ship promoted him to the rating of chief radioman, retroactive to the time he went into the bush. This raised his salary to about two hundred dollars a month.

In general, the only promotions given to P.W.s or missing men have gone to those recommended for advancement before their capture or to Regular Army officers who were in line for automatic advancement. All lib-

erated prisoners and all the missing found in the Pacific are being automatically jumped one grade upon their release, except for master sergeants and colonels. On Bataan and elsewhere in the Philippines, many soldiers were promoted in the field before the American surrender. Washington knew nothing of these advancements except for a comparative few noted in a batch of pay records an officer flew out with in March, 1942. Quite a number of men listed as missing have turned up with guerrilla forces. (The Army calls them "evaders"—no reflection intended.) If a man was known to be active in guerrilla ranks, his pay went on piling up, but at his American Army rank; a private didn't get any more for being a colonel in a guerrilla force. On the other hand, if the guerrillas paid him anything, that was velvet. So, for that matter, was any small change the P.W.s earned in captivity. The back pay of the Army P.W.s will come to around two hundred million, it is figured, and of the Navy prisoners to about thirty million, all of it, as an Army officer remarked to us, well earned.

Old Bay Mare

DR. WILLIAM HITZIG, a police surgeon, owns a place up near Woodstock, and it was probably inevitable that he should get the notion that it would be nice to have an old police horse around for an occasional Sunday-morning canter. When he did get the notion, the Department gladly gave

him a mount it was retiring, a nineteen-year-old bay mare who had done her honorable and faithful stint on city pavements. He went up there, the first weekend after she had arrived, and looked in at the barn to welcome her and put her at her ease. "Well, old girl," he said heartily, reaching out to stroke her neck. The old mare gave him a bleak, baleful look and bit him on the wrist. Dr. Hitzig retreated to the house, attended his wound, which was painful, and gamely went back to the barn. This time, the moment he got through the door, the old mare rolled back her lips, snorted, gnashed her teeth, and did her noisy mightiest to kick her stall to pieces. The Doctor gave up for that weekend, but he had a theory; no medical man is worth his salt these days unless he's something of a practical psychologist. When he got back to town, he borrowed a blouse and cap from one of his police friends, and the following weekend he put them on and appeared before the mare with complete success. "The old girl beamed at me," he says. "She thought I was an Irishman." The Doctor's rides have been uneventful and pleasant, except for the peculiar stares his getup invariably attracts throughout the countryside.

Our Own Baedeker

IN Patagonia live millions of sheep, sheepherders of Welsh and Scottish extraction, South American bad men with six-shooters, ostriches, little moles that bark loud enough in their bur-

rows to be heard above ground, and, just possibly, Mr. and Mrs. Adolf Hitler. Patagonia is really a tough place. The wind, for example, blows so hard that there's a local saying that it takes six strong men to hold a sheepskin over a keyhole. There's also a story that a man was once killed by a bullet from his own gun being blown back at him. It's certainly a fact that stones the size of pigeons' eggs blow about in Patagonia, occasionally stunning a sheep or gaucho. Frosts and snowstorms occur all the year round, and it's not uncommon to see hummingbirds and flamingos flying blind in a blizzard.

Politically there is now no such place as Patagonia; the name is applied to that part of South America south of the fortieth parallel. Its smallish western coastal strip is in Chile, and the rest belongs to Argentina. The Christ of the Andes, a heroic statue up in the mountains, on the border, commemorates the peaceable settlement of differences of opinion between the two nations about boundary lines. Argentine Patagonia is some thirty thousand square miles larger than Texas and has a population smaller than Fort Worth's. Homesteaders can still get land for the asking. It's mostly barren tableland covered with coarse grass and stunted bushes, but in the foothills of the Andes are fertile valleys where fuchsias grow twelve feet high. There is a legend that in the interior of Patagonia there used to be a tribe of Indians twenty feet tall. The story may have started when Magellan, the first white man to arrive on the scene, noticed some footprints made by the local Indians and muttered, "*Qué patagones!*"—"What big-footed people!" In 1880 the colonists in the territory set out to exterminate the Indians. They shot them like rabbits and poisoned their wells. Now there are only a few left. Some of them, notably the Tehuelches, are pretty big Indians, though no giants. A medium-sized Tehuelche would run about six feet six.

Patagonia has no poisonous snakes and few four-footed wild creatures—just a scattering of puma, gray foxes, llama that quench their thirst with sea water, and little hairy armadillos that are said to be delicious served cold or sauté. Paleontologists have figured out that thirty thousand years ago the na-

tives kept eighteen-foot ground sloths for pets. Today the men outnumber the women ten to one. Most Patagonian towns are the sort of thing our Western movies have made us familiar with—a community of saloons, gambling hells, and the like, full of wild women and untamed men who are quick on the draw. The Argentine government maintains something modelled on the



Royal Canadian Northwest Mounted Police to keep order in Patagonia, but the way we hear it, the cops are as bad as the bad men. The Patagonian sheepherder thrives on a diet of three or four pounds of half-cooked mutton and fifty to a hundred cups of maté a day. The maté is supposed to pre-

vent scurvy and increase energy. The ranchers hunt with an adaptation of the Indian *bola*, a missile made of pieces of lead attached to the ends of a thong which is thrown at prey in the hope of at least entangling and maybe stunning it. The principal pastime of Patagonia is poker dice. It is certainly not far-fetched to assume that the Germans have been up to some funny business down there, considering that at least two U-boats showed up in Argentinian waters and surrendered fourteen or fifteen weeks after V-E Day, and that the possibilities for hiding out in that part of the world are practically limitless. During the first World War, the German cruiser Dresden eluded for three months a whole British squadron diligently hunting for her in the coastal waters of Chile and the glacier-bordered fiords of Tierra del Fuego.

Reactionary

ALMOST everything in this story is old-fashioned. In the first place, it's about a household that has a cook. In the second place, the cook's name is Olga. In the third place, the stove in the kitchen has no thermometer. Well, the lady of the house recently went out and bought a wooden-and-glass thermometer, and the next time Olga got ready to bake, the lady put it in the oven. Olga took it out. The lady put it in again, offering a brief, hesitant explanation of its use. Olga took it out, broke it in her hands, dropped it in the garbage pail, and said, "I don't mind to clean house, I don't mind to wash clothes, I don't

mind to bake, but I *hate* machines."

The only thing that's not old-fashioned about this story is that the l. of the h. hurriedly agreed with Olga—admitted she'd always been secretly terrified of thermometers, had a theory they might go off and blow up the place. She hoped Olga would forget the whole thing. Olga said she'd try.

All for Love

WHAT with the loosening up in train travel, we got in touch with Ernest M. Frimbo, who is regarded as the most widely travelled rail fan in the country, and asked him how he and his fellow-fans had been faring during the difficult war years. We found him to be a tall, distinguished-looking man, a lexicographer by profession. He told us that, while the war had certainly made train travel less comfortable than usual, most of his friends had continued to get about at the rate of twenty or thirty thousand miles a year. He himself has done somewhat better, although not as well as he once did. "Last year I covered only about forty-one thousand miles," he said, "whereas in 1941 I made over sixty-one thousand miles. Of course, I only travel weekends and during my vacation." He eyed us defensively. "Most people think we're nuts," he said. "I don't know why. If I rode around in a Buick all weekend, no one would say a word. Furthermore, the government doesn't think we're nuts. When the war started, the Army called me down to Washington and gave me a majority, so the knowledge I've picked up wandering around the country must be worth something."

Frimbo had just returned from a brisk three-day-weekend jaunt when we talked to him. He said it had been one day longer but no more devious than usual. It struck us as being a classic of its kind. We asked him to give us his exact itinerary; we set it down here as a significant social document, urging our students to bear in mind that the trip was undertaken all for love. At eleven-thirty Friday night, Frimbo caught the B. & O. train bus at Rockefeller Center. This took him to Jersey City, where he had reserved a lower berth on the 1:02 A.M. Washington express. He reached Washington at 7:05 A.M. His sleeper was then attached to a Washington-to-St. Louis train, the Metropolitan Special which left at 7:55 A.M. He reached St. Louis at 7:40 Sunday morning. Drawing a deep breath, he caught the 8:1 train for Evansville, Indiana, reached Evansville at 1:15 P.M., and ther

boarded the 1:35 local for Louisville. He reached Louisville at 5:35 and, presumably with some regret, took a cab to New Albany, Indiana. "There's an old trolley line between New Albany and Louisville," he told us. "I like trolleys as well as trains, and they're disappearing fast. I wanted to ride this one before some smelly bus takes its place."

Frimbo got the 6:30 trolley from New Albany, reentered Louisville at 7:05, and departed for Indianapolis at 7:30. He ate, shaved, and changed his shirt aboard the train, and disembarked at 10:30. He enjoyed a trolley ride of six or seven miles around the city, got back to the station at 12:12 Monday morning, and boarded a 12:15 A.M. train for Danville, Illinois. He arrived at Danville at 2:30 A.M. and walked down the street to the station of the Illinois Terminal Railway, a trolley company that once had sleepers and still has observation-dining cars. The first trolley left at 4:30 A.M. and Frimbo rode it as far as Decatur Junction, where, at 7:08 A.M., he boarded a trolley to Bloomington. He reached Bloomington at 8:42 A.M. and at 9:10 boarded the Alton Hummer for Chicago. He arrived in Chicago at 11:59 and made a quick run out to Cicero aboard the "L." He returned by a Chicago West Towns Railway Company trolley and then a Chicago Surface Lines trolley, reaching the La Salle Street station at 2:57 P.M. and there engaging a bedroom on the Twentieth Century. "I always wear a gray Homburg when I travel," Frimbo told us, "and I'm taken for a troubled businessman." The Century left Chicago at 3:30 P.M. Having been without sleep for thirty-nine hours, Frimbo went to bed early. He reached New York at 9:30 A.M. Tuesday and was at his desk before ten.

"I covered about twenty-eight hundred miles," Frimbo told us. "Three hundred and sixty-six of it was new. That's the important part to us fellows, rolling up new mileage and riding new lines. The New Albany-to-Louisville and Chicago West Towns trolleys were both real finds. Naturally, a trip like that takes advance planning. The fact is, I've got a hundred and fifty such trips

all figured out; it'll take me three years to get through them. People say, 'What do you do while you're on a train, especially now that they're so crowded and uncomfortable?' I say, 'Why, I just watch people in cars tied up in traffic jams on the highways, dragging along at three miles an hour.'"

Insouciance

A FRIEND of ours who has returned from a visit to Hollywood tells us that the technical people out there—the cameramen, carpenters, and so on—have a rather detached attitude toward the stars they work with on the set, that they don't look upon the glamorous performers with the breathless awe that a steady reader of Miss Louella Parsons might suppose. He told us, specifically, about an actor in a mystery movie who was called on to crawl

through a dark, eerie attic, lighting his way with a pocket flashlight. The property department had done a thorough job on dust and cobwebs, and the actor took quite a beating on his way through. When the take was run off, it was found that the beam of light from the flashlight was too faint to create the proper effect, and the director saw he'd have to shoot the scene again, with more juice. He called in the electricians and put the problem up to them, and they decided to run an insulated wire up the actor's trouser leg, across his back, and down his right sleeve to the flashlight, thus providing juice enough for a more powerful bulb and a strong beam. The actor was thereupon told to sit down and wait until fresh dust and cobwebs had been installed. When that had been done, there came, from the shadows beyond the set, the head electrician's order: "O.K., boys, plug in the actor."



"We've decided to name him Douglas."



DAHLIAS

ALTHOUGH there was no one within sight or sound, Mrs. Gardiner called from the piazza, "Laura, where are you? I asked you all to be ready hours ago, and where is everybody?" Below the house, at the foot of a cliff and reaching for miles around, lay the great bay, blue-white and gleaming on this windless morning, and from the great sky the sunlight fell on the bland water and the dark woods and the rocky shores. Mrs. Gardiner pulled at some sprays of goldenrod in a bean pot on a wicker table, tried to move a large straw rug an inch to the left and failed, and heard the thud of sneakered feet on the living-room floor. "Gran, where are you?" It was Fern. She was eight today, and for her sake the family was going on a picnic—the last picnic of the summer, for it was September and soon they would be going back to the city. The edge of autumn was in the air and the clear light, and whatever picnics you may have in the fall, they are never picnics in the true, relaxed sense that they are in July and August, and so the whole family felt that this, besides being a birthday, was a leavetaking.

"Where's your mother, Fern?" Mrs. Gardiner cried, in the same gentle, plaintive voice in which she had been calling when she had no apparent reason to expect any answer.

"I don't know!" her granddaughter shouted back from indoors. "Will you fasten on my pack for me?"

"I'll try," Mrs. Gardiner answered. "Come here."

Fern came out, banging the screen door. She was, at first glance, a pixyish child, thin and pale, with lank brown hair hanging straight to her shoulders and cut in jagged bangs across her forehead. She looked, in general, impudent and wild, slippery and perhaps brilliant. You were a little wary of her, and then, if you looked again, you were disarmed by her candid, cheerful blue eyes, which gave you a swift, confidential examination before she leaped away. Her fingernails were dirty, and so was her striped jersey; her blue shorts were a little too big in the waist and were held up somewhat by a yellow sweater tied around her by its sleeves. She came across the porch, the lace of one sneaker ticking along the boards, and held out a bundle to her grandmother. "Help me with my pack, Gran."

"Please," Mrs. Gardiner said.

"Please," Fern repeated auto-

matically, tilting her head self-consciously as she caught sight of herself reflected in a window. She had wrapped her bathing things up in a towel and tied it with pieces of string of varying sizes, and she was going to carry it lashed on her back. Mrs. Gardiner sat down on a white wicker chair and began to untie some of the string.

"Where do you suppose your mother is?" Mrs. Gardiner said after a moment. "And where's your Uncle Charles and Paula? We'll never get to the cove if they don't hurry."

"I don't know where they are," said Fern. "Mummy put in the sardines because it's my birthday and I asked her to."

"Where are you, Mother?" This was Laura, indoors. She was the mother of Fern, the sister of Charles, the aunt of Paula, the rock amid the wild waters.

"Out here!" Mrs. Gardiner called back. Laura joined them. She looked very calm and good, although she had been coping with children and sandwiches for some time.

"Where's Charles?" her mother asked her.

"I haven't the faintest idea," Laura answered. She sat down in the sun, on the wide railing, and looked across the water, away to the shore on the other side of the bay, so far off you could barely see the farmhouses but only the pale, green squares of fields and the black blotches of spruce woods. "Where, where?" she thought. That was what they all said all the time. "Where's Charles?" "Where are you, Paula?" "Where are you, Mother?" "Where, where are you?" She heard the lonely, pitiful call a million times a day from somebody looking, looking, demanding something, hoping for something—a pin, an address, an errand done, love, forgiveness, encouragement, anything and everything. She sat there on the railing in her green dress, her hair curled neatly about her head, and for a moment allowed herself to brood on the great misery of life. Sometimes, of course, somebody answered; somebody

said, "I'm here. Yes, I love you, I understand. Yes, here's Charlotte's address, 278 Howland Road." But often and often there was no answer at all.

Fern, with the white bundle fastened up on her shoulder blades, pranced across the piazza and into the living room. As Mrs. Gardiner was saying, "Well, we really ought to get started and not wait for Charles and Paula," screams issued from the old victrola indoors. Fern's favorite record that summer was a scratched and ancient one, and now she was playing it with the wooden doors in the front of the victrola wide open.

A cigarette that bears a lipstick's traces,
An airline ticket to romantic places,
And still my heart has wings—
These foolish things remind me of you.

"Shut the doors, Fern!" her mother called, but the noise went on, and when Laura went in there was no Fern to be seen. Charles and his daughter Paula, however, were coming in from the pantry.

"Stop that thing," Charles said. "If I hear it again, I'm going to bust it."

"I once had very fond associations with that tune," said Laura, "but they've been knocked out of me this summer."

"Yes, children can ruin anything," Charles agreed cheerfully, shutting off the victrola. "Where's Mother? Is she ready?"

"Am I ready?" said Mrs. Gardiner from just outside the door. "I've been ready for hours. We're waiting for you and Paula."

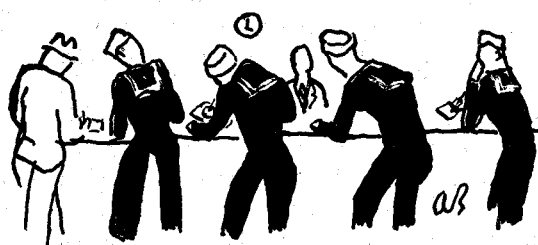
"You said eleven o'clock and it's just that now," said Charles.

"I know I said eleven," Mrs. Gardiner answered, "but then I remembered the tide was high for swimming yesterday at ten, so today it would be high at eleven, and if we didn't leave here till eleven, the tide would be going out and it wouldn't be as nice."

"It was high at eleven yesterday," Paula said. "I know it was, Gran, because you asked me to hurry back in time to get the mail, and I did, and so I didn't have a good swim because—"

"Yes, yes, yes," Charles said. "But let's get going now and see what the tide's doing."

"Fasten my pack, please, Father," said Paula, and held out a bundle like Fern's and a neat length of twine. She was twelve, and she had had one year in boarding school, and though she was young enough to want to carry a





"Will this train take me to a high-class residential neighborhood?"

pack like Fern's, there was nothing to be deplored in her manners.

"I'll get the car," said Laura, "and take one basket as I go. All the rest of the things are in the kitchen, Mother." From force of habit she looked around her before going out, as though she expected to find a charge of dynamite behind a chair or a rattlesnake emerging from under a pillow. There was, as usual, nothing amiss—just the ordinary untidy comfort. On the desk was a big bunch of dahlias, reds and yellows and pinks lumped rashly together; books and magazines lay on the tables; informal family pictures stood on the mantelpiece and the old upright piano; outside the windows lay the sun and the limpid sea.

Laura went out through the kitchen and took up a big basket. The kitchen was cool and sunny, with a coal range on which a kettle boiled softly. On the window sill some zinnias drooped in a hideous green glass vase beloved by the cook—all the fall flowers, thought Laura, gathered in loving sadness for the lost days of summer. She closed the door and went along the path that led,

over moss and tree roots, through the woods to the garage.

AT the cove, when Laura stopped the car at the end of a grassy lane bordered with bushes of now-departed wild roses, the tide was just beginning to fall; it ran up and down in gentle ripples on the shingle, leaving a widening band of dark, wet sand. The children went ahead, and the grownups walked slowly along the beach, the sun hot on their heads, their feet slipping on the pebbles and little dried shells. They came to three great bleached drift logs lying just above high-water mark, and here they spread out rugs and sat themselves down. The children's voices carried back fainter and fainter from up the beach. Mrs. Gardiner sat bolt upright on a plaid rug and immediately began knitting on a sock of heather-mixture wool. Charles lay flat on his back; behind his closed eyelids red and gold bugs sailed to and fro against a black sky, and he ran his fingers lazily over the pebbles beside him. Laura leaned against one of the logs, resting her cheek on the smooth, hot surface, which smelled

of dry, salty wood, a smell she remembered from childhood, indefinable and familiar. Of course, she did not remember these particular logs, for each winter the gales dragged away the old logs and deposited new ones, but always logs that were white and clean, like enormous aromatic bones lying among the beach peas and the crushed blue mussel shells. Exactly like bones, Laura thought—bones that can lie healthily out in the sun and the wind, eaten by nice dry ants.

"When you knit a double heel," said Mrs. Gardiner, "it's knit one, slip one, and purl back plain, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," said Laura, patting the log.

"I haven't knitted a sock in so long I couldn't remember," said her mother, sitting very straight, for she belonged to a generation with strong spines. A Panama hat sat squarely on her white hair. Her eyes were strong, too, and she never wore dark glasses. Charles and Laura put them on the minute they went out the door.

"I can't decide whether to go swimming or not," Charles said. "I think it's foolish, so late in the year, but still pride urges me on."

"Then go," said Laura. "Go and suffer." She was tired of making up his mind for him, of deciding everything for everybody. He rose slowly, groaning, brushed off the sand that stuck to his flannel trousers, and pulled his bathing things out of a canvas bag. Laura could see the little girls around on the other side of the cove, squatting over something in a pool in the rocks. She shouted to them, "Paula! Fern!" They raised their heads and Fern shouted back, bored, "What?"

"If you're going to swim, do it now, so we can eat."

They bent their heads again, and she knew that she would have to call to them once more in a few minutes.

The sea came sliding up on the gravel, peacefully unfolding in little waves that rolled the pebbles up and pulled them back, up and back, up and back, rustling and scratching and sighing. A gull screamed, the crickets were loud in the fields, the sun was hot and comforting. A big black ant ran over Laura's wrist and she watched him as

he sped down the side of the log and disappeared into a knothole.

LAURA came home alone that afternoon, for her mother had stopped to pay a call on a friend and Charles and the little girls had decided to walk back. It was late and growing cold when she carried the baskets and rugs into the kitchen and dumped them all on the table. She was tired, and she left the picnic things where they were and went into the living room. It was warm indoors from the sun that was shining in all the western windows, and outside the robins ran twittering on the grass. She seldom had the house to herself and it seemed wonderfully still and safe; it was soothing to sit on the soft sofa with a ceiling over your head after a day in the bright glare of the beach, propped first on one elbow and then on the other on the hard sand. Laura put her feet up on the cushions and lit a cigarette and smoked it in luxurious quiet.

As an empty house will, this one seemed to be guarding something, perhaps nothing really important but only sentimentally so, perhaps simply the past summers. At the same time, there was in it a feeling of waiting, perhaps just for the people who had left it for the moment, or was it for something more? Well, they would all be gone before long, and someday gone for good, but though Laura could imagine herself coming to this, it seemed doubtful that Fern would ever sit on a plaid rug on the beach, knitting socks, with a Panama hat on her white hair. The great logs would be rolled up on the shore in the spring gales, and the winter gales would haul them away, laden with ants, nobody knew where—perhaps to other beaches, perhaps to the bottom of the sea, perhaps to sink frail wooden ships that rammed them in the night—and next summer on the shingle there would be other big clean bones draped with stiff, dry seaweed and inhabited by other ants. I used to be so sure that everything went on, when I was young, thought Laura, but now I know better.

She put out her cigarette in a little green pottery ashtray that Fern had given her the year before. It was the first present she had ever bought entirely on her own for her mother and it was, as it happened, very pretty. As Laura mashed the stub, her eye was caught by the bunch of dahlias standing in the sunlight on the desk. And just as she looked, as though her glance had touched off some gentle mechanism in the flowers, one of the dahlias let all its petals fall; in the stillness she heard them drop with a whispering sound on the dark, waxed wood, where they lay golden and red and curling. Then the petals from another fell in a shower, some on the desk, some on the floor. As this happened, she knew it had happened to her before. Somewhere, once, the petals of dahlias had fallen in front of her eyes, but where had it been? It was of some queer significance, she felt, and if only she could put her finger on it... She frowned in concentration. Yes, once this had certainly happened to her, but where, where, where?

She would light the fire, for as soon as the sun set, the house would be cold, and then she would track the matter

down. Still frowning, she took her coat to the coat closet to hang it up.

THERE was a rush of running feet passing the window, and Fern burst in the front door and slammed it behind her so hard the knocker clanged. "Mother!" she cried. "Where are you? Joe passed us and gave me a ride, but the others are still walking. Where are you, Mother?" She sounded breathless and overexcited, and all about nothing, as usual.

Laura hesitated for only a second. The dahlia petals would fall, white logs would be borne away by the sea—so much was lost and gone, somewhere, forever.

"I'm here, Fern," said Laura. "I'm in the coat closet."

—ELIZABETH PARSONS

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 28 (AP).—Actress eBtte Jane reer Vallee, divorced third wife of bandleader Rudy Vallee has petitioned the Superior Court for permission to adopt the legal name of Jane Greer.

—The Journal-American.

Can't say we blame her.



"But ours was the chicken patty, and our waiter had a little mustache."

NEWS FOR THE CHURCH

WHEN Father Cassidy drew back the shutter of the confessional, he was a little surprised by the appearance of the girl at the other side of the grille. She was young, of medium height and build, and with a face that was full of animation and charm. What struck him most were the long, pale, slightly freckled cheeks, pinned up high behind the gray-blue eyes, and giving them a curiously Oriental slant. She wasn't a girl from Ballygrogan, for he knew all of these by sight, and most of them by something more, being notoriously an easygoing confessor. The other priests said that one of these days he would give up hearing confessions altogether, on the grounds that there was no sin and that even if there was, it didn't matter. Though he was kind enough to individual sinners, his mind was full of obscure abstract hatreds. He hated England and the Irish Government and the middle classes, though, so far as anyone knew, none of these had ever done him the least harm. He was a heavily built man, slow-moving and slow-thinking, with no neck and a punchinello chin, a wine-colored, melancholy face, very pouty crimson lips, and small, blue, hot-tempered eyes.

"Well, my child," he grunted mournfully, "how long is it since your last confession?"

"A week, Father," she replied in a clear, firm voice. That surprised him, for though she wasn't one of the tough shots, she didn't look in the least like a girl who went to confession every week. But with women you could never tell. They were all contrary, saints and sinners.

"And what sins did you commit since then?" he asked encouragingly, without looking at her.

"I told lies, Father."

"Anything else?"

"I used bad language, Father."

"I'm surprised at you," he said with mock seriousness. "An educated girl with the whole of the English language at your dis-

posal! What sort of bad language did you use?"

"I used the Holy Name, Father."

"Och," he said with a shrug, "you ought to know better than do that. There's no harm in the other sort, but blasphemy is a different thing. To tell you the truth," he added, being a man of great natural honesty, "there's not much harm in using the Holy Name, either. There's no intentional blasphemy, but at the same time it coarsens the character. It's all the little things we don't indulge in that gives a body true refinement. Anything else?"

"I was tight, Father."

"Hmm," he grunted. This was rather more the sort of girl he had imagined her to be. He liked her bold and candid manner. There was no hedging or beating about the bush, as there was with most of his women penitents. "When you say 'tight,' do you mean you were just merry, or what?"

"Well, I mean I passed out," she replied.

"I don't call that tight," he said, with a slight note of reproach in his voice. "I call that beastly drunk. Are you often tight?"

"I'm a teacher in a convent school," she said, "so I don't often get the chance."

"And is it the convent that drives you to drink?"

"Well," she replied, with a smile and a toss of her head, "you know what nuns are."

"I do," he agreed. His blue eyes met her gray ones in a twinkle through the grille. "Do you drink with your parents' knowledge?" he added anxiously.

"Oh, yes, I do. Mummy is dead, but Daddy doesn't mind. He lets us drink with him."

"Does he do that on principle," Father Cassidy asked dryly, "or is it because he's afraid of you?"

"Ah, I suppose a little of both," she answered with a gay smile. It wasn't often that women did, and he began to like this one a lot.

"Is your mother long dead?" he asked.

"Seven years," she replied, and he realized that she couldn't have been much more than a child at the time and had grown up without a mother's care.

"I don't want you to think that there's any harm in a drop of drink," he said, with his hands joined on his fat belly. "I take it myself. But I wouldn't make a habit of it. It's all very well for old jossers like me, that have the worst of their temptations behind them, but yours are all ahead, and drink is a thing that grows on you. You need never be afraid of going wrong if you remember that your mother may be watching you from heaven."

"Thanks, Father," she said, and he saw at once that his gruff appeal had touched a deep spring of feeling in her. "I'll cut it out altogether."

"You know, I think I would," he said thoughtfully. "You're an intelligent girl. You can get all the excitement you want out of life without that. What else?"

"I had bad thoughts, Father."

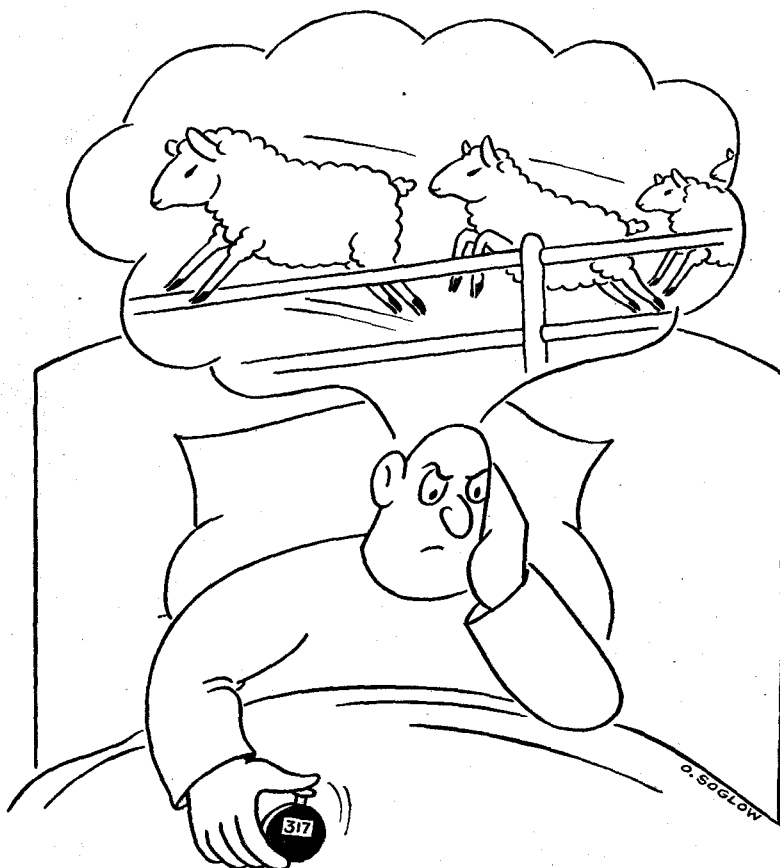
"Och," he said mournfully, "we all have them. Did you indulge them?"

"I did, Father."

"Have you a boy?"

"Not a regular. Just a couple of fellows hanging round."

"Och, that's worse than none," he said



crossly. "You ought to have a boy of your own. I know there's old cranks that'll tell you different, but sure, that's plain foolishness. Them things are only fancies, and the best cure for them is something real. Anything else?"

There was a moment's hesitation before she replied—only a second's pause but it was enough to prepare him for what was to come.

"I had carnal intercourse with a man, Father," she said quietly.

He turned on her slowly, a great, slumped hulk of a man, his wine-colored face full of consternation and pity. "You what?" he asked incredulously. "A girl of your age?"

"I know," she said. "It's awful!"

"It is awful," he said. "And how often did it take place?"

"Once. I mean twice, but 'twas on the same occasion."

"Was it a married man?" he asked, frowning.

"No, Father, a single man. At least, I think he was single,"

she added, biting her lip as a sudden doubt crossed her mind.

"You had carnal intercourse with a man, and you don't even know whether he was married or single!"

"Well, I assumed he was single," she said with real distress. "He was, the last time I met him, but of course that was five years ago."

"Five years ago?" repeated Father Cassidy. "But you must have been only a child at the time."

"I know," she said. "He was courting my sister, Kate, but she was going round with her present husband at the time. She only kept him on a string for her own amusement. I knew that, and I hated her for it, because he was always so nice to me. He was the only one who treated me as if I was grownup. But of course I was only fourteen, and I suppose he thought I was too young for him."

"And were you?" Father Cassidy asked with savage irony. For some reason he had the idea that this otherwise very intelligent girl didn't properly appreciate the enormity of her sin, and it upset his natural inclination to take her side.

"I suppose so," she replied modestly. "But I used to feel awful, being sent up to bed and leaving him downstairs alone



"Hel-lo there! I had the room just down the hall from yours at San Francisco last spring. Remember?"

with Kate, when I knew she didn't care for him. It used to drive me mad, but Kate was always selfish like that. And then when I met him in the train, the whole thing came back. I sort of went all soft inside. It's never the same with another fellow as it is with the first fellow you fall for. It's exactly as if he had some sort of power over you."

"If you were fourteen at that time," Father Cassidy said, putting aside the obvious invitation to discuss the power of first love, "you're only nineteen now."

"That's right."

"And do you know that unless you can break yourself once for all of this terrible vice, it'll go on like that till you're fifty?"

"I suppose so," she replied doubtfully.

"You suppose so? I'm telling you so. And what's more, it won't be just one man but dozens of men, and it won't be decent men, but whatever low-class sort of fellows you can find that'll take advantage of you—the same, horrible, mortal sin, week in, week out, till you're an old woman."

"Ah, still, I don't know," she said eagerly, hunching up her little shoulders ingratiatingly. "I think people do

it more from curiosity than anything else."

"From curiosity?"

"Ah, well, you know what I mean," she said with a touch of impatience at his slowness. "People make such a mystery of it."

"And what do you think they should do? Publish it in the papers?"

"Well, God knows 'twould be better than the way some of them go on," she said all in a rush. "Take my sister, Kate, for instance. I admit she's older than me and she brought me up and all the rest of it, but in spite of that, we were very good friends. She used to show her love letters to me and I showed mine to her and we discussed things like equals, but ever since that girl got married, she'd hardly throw a word to the cat. She talks to no one, only other married women, and the moment you come into the room they change the subject, just as if you were a blooming kid. I mean, you can't help feeling that it's something extraordinary."

"Don't you come here telling me anything about immorality," Father Cassidy said, wagging his finger at her. "I know all about it. It may begin as curiosity, but it ends as debauchery. There's no vice you could think of that gets a grip on you quicker and degrades

you quicker, and make no mistake about it, young woman. Did this man say anything about marrying you?"

"No, I don't think so," she replied. "But that doesn't mean anything. He's an airy, lighthearted sort of fellow, and it mightn't occur to him."

"I never supposed it would," Father Cassidy said grimly. "And if he's not married already, is he in a position to marry you?"

"I suppose so, since he wanted to marry Kate."

"And is your father the sort of man that can be trusted to go and talk to him?"

"Daddy!" she exclaimed, aghast. "But I don't want Daddy brought into it!"

"What you want, young woman," Father Cassidy said, "is beside the point. Are you prepared to go and see this man yourself?"

"I suppose so," she said. "But for what?"

"For what?" repeated Father Cassidy furiously. "To remind him of the little matter he so conveniently overlooked the other night, of course."

"You mean, ask him to marry me? But I don't want to marry him!"

Father Cassidy paused and looked at her anxiously. For one horrible moment he had the feeling that somebody was playing an elaborate and most tasteless joke on him. "Do you mind telling me," he inquired with great politeness, "am I mad or are you?"

"But I mean it, Father. It's all over and done with now. It's something I'd always dreamed about, and it was grand, but you can't do a thing like that a second time."

"You can't what?" he asked.

"I mean, I suppose you can, but you can't recapture the magic of it," she said, waving her joined hands frantically, as if she felt herself handcuffed before him. "Terry's lighthearted and good-natured and the best of company, but I couldn't live with him. He's completely irresponsible."

"And what do you think you are?" asked Father Cassidy, at the end of his patience. "Have you thought at all of the dangers you're running? If you have a child, who'll give you work? If you have to leave this country to earn a living, what's to become of you? Have you thought of that? I tell you, girl, it's your bounden duty to marry this man, if he can be made to marry you—which I very much doubt."

"To tell you the truth, I doubt it myself," she replied with a little shrug.

THERE'S MONEY IN MOTHER AND FATHER

The lamp burns long in the cottage,
The light shines late in the shop,
Their beams disclosing the writers composing
Memories of Mom and Pop.

Oh, don't write a book about Father!

Don't write a book about Dad!

Better not bother to tell how Father

Went so amusingly mad.

Better pass over the evening

Father got locked in the zoo—

For your infant son has possibly begun

A funny little book about you.

The author broods in his study,
The housewife dreams in her flat:
Since Mommer and Popper were most improper,
There ought to be a book in that.

But don't write a book about Mother!

Don't write a book about Mum!

We all know Mumsy was vague and clumsy,

Dithering, drunken, and dumb.

There may be money in Mother,

And possibly a movie, too—

But some little mite is learning how to write

To write a little book about you.

—MORRIS BISHOP

Father Cassidy looked at her for a moment, then sighed and covered his face with his hand.

"Tell me," he said in a low voice, "when did this take place?"

"Last night, Father," she said with a gentle smile, as if she were glad to see him himself again.

"Here in town?"

"Yes, Father. We met on the train, coming down from Dublin."

"And where is he now?"

"He went home to Arragh this morning, Father."

"And why didn't you do the same?"

"I don't know, Father."

"What were you doing around town all day?"

"Ah, I suppose walking," she said uncertainly.

"And of course you didn't tell anyone?"

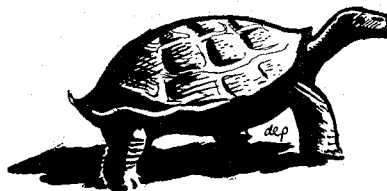
"There wasn't anyone I could tell," she said.

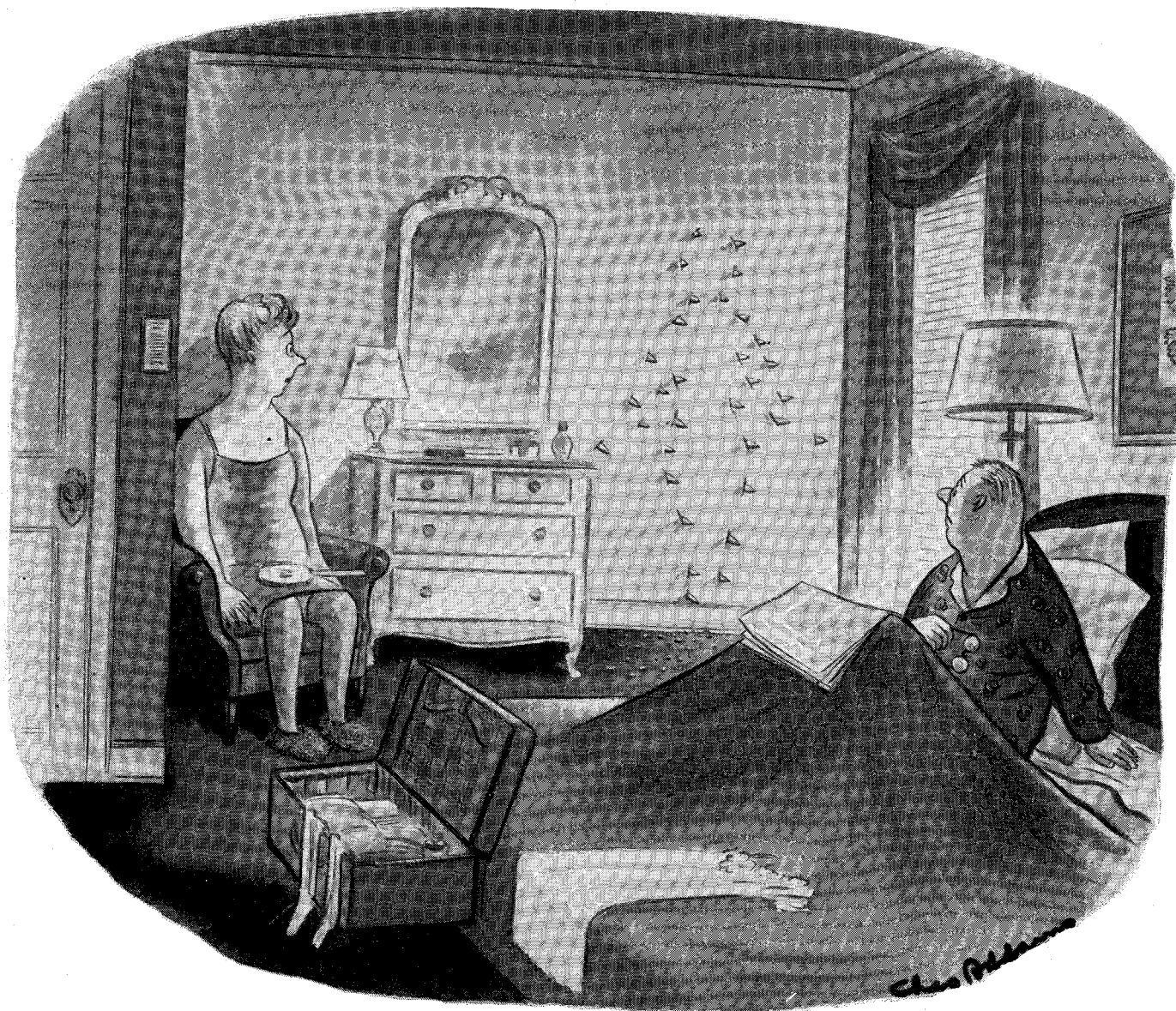
"No, naturally," Father Cassidy said with a groan. "Except me," he

added to himself. He saw now how he had been taken in. This little trollop, wandering about town in a daze of bliss, wanted the whole world to know her secret, and he, a good-natured old fool of sixty, had allowed her to use him as a confidant. A philosopher of sixty letting Eve, aged nineteen, tell him all about the apple! He felt he could never live down the humiliation of it.

Then the fighting blood began to bubble in his veins. Oh, couldn't he, indeed? He had never tasted the apple himself, but he knew things about apples in general and that apple in particular which she would never learn in a whole lifetime of apple eating. "All right, my lass," he thought grimly. "We'll see which of us knows the most!"

Then, in a casual tone, he began to ask her a lot of questions. They were intimate questions, such as a doctor or priest may ask. At first she didn't see the drift of them, and, in her new rôle of woman of the world, answered them courageously and straightforwardly, trying to suppress all signs of her embarrassment. It emerged only once or twice, in a slight pause before she replied. The old priest stole a look at her to see how she was taking it, and again couldn't keep down his admiration. But she couldn't sustain her poise. First she





grew alarmed and then uncomfortable, frowning and shaking herself as if something were biting her. She didn't see what he was up to; she saw only what he was doing to her—stripping off veil after veil of romance and leaving her nothing but a cold, sordid, cynical adventure from which she wanted to avert her eyes.

"But does it make any difference, Father?" she burst out at last, struggling for the few last shreds of illusion he had left her.

"I presume you thought so when you came to me to confess it," he replied with great composure.

"But you're making it all sound so beastly!" she wailed.

"And wasn't it beastly?" he asked remorselessly.

"It wasn't, Father. Honest to God, it wasn't. At least, at the time I didn't think it was."

"No, you thought it was a nice little

story to run home and tell your sister. But you won't be in such a hurry to tell her now. Say an Act of Contrition."

She said it.

"And, for your penance, say three Our Fathers and three Hail Marys."

HE couldn't resist the parting shot of a contemptuous penance, such as he might have given a child. He knew it would stick in that fanciful little head of hers when all his warnings were forgotten. Then he drew the shutter and didn't open the opposite one, where a noisy woman was groaning to herself in an excess of contrition. The mere volume of sound told him it was drink. He felt he needed a breath of fresh air. He went down the aisle, making a great creaking with his boots, and in the dusk walked up and down the path before the presbytery, his head down, his hands behind his back. As he did so, he saw the girl come out and

descend the steps under the massive, fluted columns of the portico, a tiny, limp, dejected little figure. When she reached the pavement, she gave a look up and down the street, pulled herself together with a jaunty twitch of her shoulders, and then collapsed again. The city lights went on and made globes of colored light in the fog. He returned to the church, and he suddenly began to chuckle, a very good-natured chuckle. As he passed the statue of Saint Anne, the patron saint of lovers, he found himself giving her a wink.

—FRANK O'CONNOR

He cast about him for another medium; offered suggestions to his playwright friends; brought up again the question of a duel stardom with Harpo Marx. —From "*A. Woolcott*," by Samuel Hopkins Adams.

On guard!



Charles E. Bedaux

ON the American side of the Atlantic, the suicide, in February, 1944, of Charles E. Bedaux, the French-born, American-naturalized millionaire, ranked in the newspapers only as an inconclusive, minor, mundane event that unexpectedly cut short Bedaux's winter sojourn with the Department of Justice in Florida, where he was being held on suspicion of treason. In German-occupied Paris, the reaction was more exalted and definite. To the Nazi newspapers his demise entitled him to an apotheosis as "an honest man" who had been "a convinced partisan of collaboration with Greater Germany." The Nazified Paris radio even lifted him to martyrdom by suggesting that he had been murdered "because he was in some way inconvenient to President Roosevelt's fourth term."

It was characteristic of Bedaux that the illegible signature, with its financier's flourishes, that he affixed to his suicide note in Miami on St. Valentine's Day of last year looked like a signature on a check, though for years he had not bothered to use a checkbook. In whatever world capital he found himself, whatever travelling secretary he had at the moment always put into his hand a supply of the appropriate cash—the dollars, pounds, francs, marks, lire, belga, schillings, kroner, guilder, drachmas, rupees, or kran that reminded busy Bedaux where on earth he was. His decision to liberate himself from a life that had suddenly turned to misfortune removed a small, unhappy problem

ANNALS OF COLLABORATION EQUIVALISM-I

that for two years had been lying unsolved on the periphery of the gigantic wartime preoccupations of General Dwight Eisenhower, Secretary of State Cordell Hull, and Attorney General Francis Biddle. And the news that Bedaux had killed himself rather than face the charge or having trafficked with big Nazis like Labor Front Leader Dr. Robert Ley (so big a Nazi that merely as a favor to Bedaux he was able personally to sponsor the post-abdication German tour of the Duke of Windsor) left the harassed Duke, once a much-publicized house guest at Bedaux's Château de Candé, in Touraine, at last free to say to the press that so far as his ex-host was concerned he had truly nothing to say.

Until the whole world learned about the existence of Charles Bedaux in 1937, when Mrs. Wallis Simpson and the former King of England were married in Bedaux's château, the only large group of people who had ever heard of him were factory workers in the United States, England, and western Europe. They had heard a lot about him as the inventor of what they looked upon as a stretch-out system which, for the purposes of measuring human power, aimed at establishing something called sixty Bedauxs—of work, of course—per hour as an improvement over the old sixty minutes by the clock that labor was accustomed to. Bedaux was an unusual Frenchman twice over; he not only emigrated from Paris to New York as a young man but he later made an un-Gallic fetish of industrial efficiency.

BEDAUX was the bright, ill-educated, adventurous black sheep of his family. He was born in 1886, in Charanton, a modest suburb of Paris. His father, the son of a mathematician, was a civil engineer employed by the P. L. M. Railroad in a dull technical job. Of the four Bedaux children, the one daughter, Marcelle, was educated to be a dressmaker. Two worthy sons, Daniel and Gaston, became engineers; Gaston attended the highly rated Ecole Polytechnique and eventually got a state job in the Department of Highways and Bridges. Charles was graduated from nothing, not even his *lycée*, and in 1906, at the age of twenty, he ran away from home—or so his family considered it—by setting off for the United States. His first job, after passing through Ellis

Island, was, it is generally believed, as a sand hog under the East River. Itinerant, inventive, restless, he subsequently washed dishes, set type, taught in the Berlitz Schools, promoted a toothpaste that also removed ink spots, and traded horses with farmers in the Ozarks. For a decade his career was obscure, and in later years he never shed any light on it if he could help it. It was not that he became a snob. He merely developed into a superegotist, to whom the peak of his career as a self-appointed, semi-salvationist world organizer seemed the only suitable attitude at which to picture himself. He arrived at a third-person concept of himself. In conversation, he invariably referred to himself as Charles E. Bedaux. The "E." stood for Eugene. His intimates occasionally referred to him as Charles-the-Man.

At the height of the global success he achieved as an industrial engineer, Bedaux loftily proclaimed that Charles E. Bedaux belonged to no country but was a citizen of the world. Unfortunately, as it later turned out when the Department of Justice was preparing to base its charge of treason on the fact that he was, despite this proclamation, an American, he had become a naturalized citizen of the United States in Grand Rapids as long ago as 1917. On the strength of his first American papers, he had even voted for Taft in St. Louis, in 1908. His early years in America, however, showed a certain ambivalence toward his nationality: in 1911, he went back to France to look for work he might like better than what he had been doing; in 1912, he returned here; in 1913, he again went back to France for a brief stay, then came over again; in 1914, he returned to France, and was in Belgium when the war broke out. During that bloody August, he went to Paris, presented himself as an American, and founded, or so he later claimed, an American volunteer corps. Then, as a Frenchman, he went into the French Foreign Legion. He was invalidated out in 1915. How he managed to be invalidated out of so hard-hearted a service in the midst of France's biggest war he never fully explained, but there is no record of his having been wounded. He then returned to America. Almost the only clear fact about his activities in the next few years is that while the world was preparing to enjoy

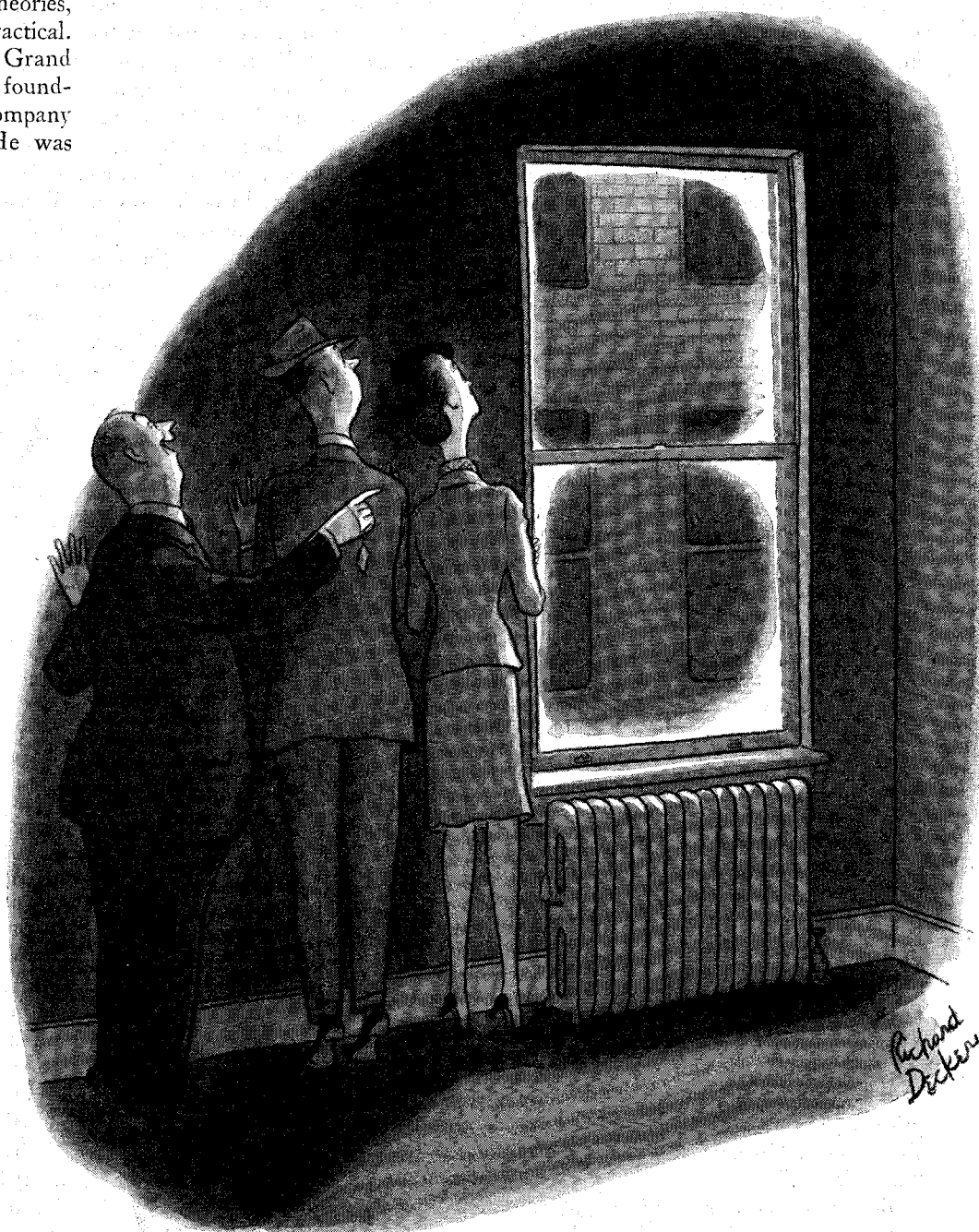
the democracy it had been saved for, he was laying the nest egg for his glamorous, international, Fascistized schemes by selling life insurance in the Middle West. He had discovered that he could sell more insurance in a month than many other men could sell in a lifetime. Before long he got himself hired as a designer by a Grand Rapids furniture company. There he got his first important industrial experience; he asked so many unusual questions that he was promoted to the position of management consultant, so that he could give his employers some answers. He had at last found his *métier*; his profound, egotistical belief in himself and his seething brain were beginning to make him a supersalesman of his own striking personality and of his industrial theories, which were peculiar but not impractical.

In 1918, Bedaux abandoned Grand Rapids for Cleveland, where he founded the Charles E. Bedaux Company of management consultants. He was president. There was no vice-president. Eventually he was to become the owner of two networks of Bedaux companies, one American, one foreign, with nineteen offices all the way from Chicago to Berlin to Bombay, that gave industrial advice to six hundred scattered clients. He was to employ hundreds of engineers, speaking dozens of languages, but he, speaking an English that always had a French accent and a French that developed an American one, was to remain the glib talker who cast his spell over the whole show. Whatever type of modern management he may have counselled to his customers, his own was feudal, simple, and single. He was it.

By the time Bedaux was thirty-nine, he was earning and spending fortunes and had become a high-handed, fascinating, complicated, imaginative, and arbitrary man with delusions of grandeur and a great appreciation of business minutiae. He reminded himself of Napoleon; because, among other things, both of them were short. Bedaux was only five feet seven and a half, but his head was impressively large. What people usually remembered about him was his worldly, boldly battered face, dominated by his fine, dark eyes. His smile was famous. When he

smiled, he looked kind and became irresistible. "I am the discoverer of the measurement of human energy" was the startling statement with which he ordinarily introduced himself and his system to drab businessmen. In outline, the Bedaux system did not differ much from the old original Frederick Winslow Taylor shop-management system of the nineties, except that Taylorization upped efficiency and production by the elimination of waste motion, whereas Bedauxization, by a reverse twist, upped them by what its inventor called the measurement of effective motion through a "scientific consideration of the time spent in effort." As Bedaux once explained to his office force, "A mechanical engineer measures force with a unit

called horsepower. The Bedaux system measures human power." This power was measured by Bedaux units, formally nicknamed Bs. Bedaux, featuring these Bs of his, began selling what many Middle West big businesses considered an excellent though bizarre management service. When Bedaux later began systematizing industrial Europe, his selling talks became more esoteric; he talked of algebraic computations called "functional accounting" and defined his system biochemically—something about how sugar was turned into lactic acid by fatigue and how his system measured workers' weariness in relation to their accomplishment. Still later, in Occupied France, he grew positively metaphysical; he claimed that his



"... and from right here you have a splendid view of the Park."

system was a philosophy, and at the peak of his imaginative powers he sold senile Marshal Pétain, for use by the state, the most highly refined Bedaux management scheme of all, a creation entitled *Equivalism*. Whether the old Marshal was able to grasp it or not, to Bedaux's mind it was clear enough—a new hybrid he described as “Capitalism within the form of Communism.”

Bedaux's early and simpler American success, during President Harding's normalcy period, was a result not only of his stimulating pragmatism and the imported literary style of the advertising matter he got out but also of the fact that, between commas, he showed employers how to make their workers work more. With French *égalité*, he also showed workers how to earn more if they and their unions were willing to accept his speedup. Since he was both a French realist and what he called an international humanitarian, Bedaux's aim for his system was that it should “discover the true facts and disclose the true values of both capital and labor, thus establishing a means of communication between them, with justice for both—justice for the worker to be better paid if he worked more, justice for the owner to earn more if he better measured his own energies.” Some of Bedaux's ideas must have jolted his rich customers. To smug Middle West manufacturers who thought that improvement consisted only of new machines, he sardonically suggested that new ideas were more up-to-date. Because his French instinct for thrift was scandalized by supposedly progressive America's planned obsolescences, he preached to the owner class the economic heresy of getting the best out of the old before running into debt for the new. To angry labor unions he soothingly declared that a worker deserved minimum pay just for punching the time clock in the morning, plus pay in accordance with how much work above a set average the worker performed. The average for American labor—and for American management, for that matter—Bedaux scornfully figured, was only 45 Bs an hour, and for Hollywood the estimate dipped to an outrageous 5 Bs. He considered 80 Bs the ideal for each. Once he found a girl in a New England razor factory with a caprice for hitting a hundred and twenty Bs an hour. His adjective for her was “*magnifique*.”

Bedaux's procedure for installing his system was fairly simple. His engineers and time-study men went into a factory and selected a good, average worker,

recorded his movements in completing a piece of work, and then studied the routing of work, supply of materials, machine speeds, power, lighting, and so on. These matters were then analyzed by what Bedaux called a control-planning office. Bedaux, who loved pseudo-scientific language, had worked out a “time cycle” of work and rest to be used in computing what a worker's output in a given job should be. The basic element involved in this computation was the B, which was the equivalent of a man-minute of standard productive effort, or, in his words, “not a minute of working time but a minute in which work and compensating relaxation are combined in proper proportions.” A working hour thus was considered to be a basic 60 Bs. The standard for completion of a particular medium-light operation might be 5 Bs, made up of four minutes of actual work and one minute of rest; or for a heavier operation the same standard of 5 Bs per piece might be made up of three minutes of actual work and two of rest. In both cases, if the good, average, guinea-pig worker completed his operation twelve times in one hour and that rate was made standard in his factory, the mathematical norm was 12×5 Bs, or 60 Bs an hour. If that good guinea pig slumped and began doing only eleven jobs, or 55 Bs, an hour, he still got the basic pay, which was guaranteed. But if he hustled up to 80 Bs an hour, he was, logically, paid a premium for the twenty extra Bs. Lists of the previous day's premium winners were posted in the factory every day. The advantage claimed by Bedaux for his system over other bonus or incentive schemes was that it provided a universal common denominator for measuring the utilization of human productive power. Thus, a 60-B performance in a United States steel mill was, he said, exactly the same utilization of manpower as a 60-B performance in a British cotton mill or in a South

African gold mine. When Bedaux was going full tilt in the United States, his system was being used in the manufacture of two hundred and twenty-eight products, from acids to yarns. Among his important clients were the American Rolling Mills, Campbell Soup, Diamond Match, General Electric, E. I. du Pont de Nemours, Eastman Kodak, Postum, Goodrich Rubber, and Swift, and among the more modest ones were the Perfect Circle Company of Hagerstown, Indiana, and the Blue Bird Laundry of Los Angeles. His foreign accounts were also impressive. Among them were Crosse & Blackwell and Imperial Chemical Industries of London and large cotton-goods firms in Leicester. He had twenty-one Italian clients, including Fiat of Turin and the Società Metallurgica Italiana of Leghorn. In Germany he served the great Maschinenfabrik Rheinland, the Spinnfaser Aktiengesellschaft of Saxony, the Continental-Gummiwerke of Hannover, and the huge rayon factories of the Vereinigte Glanzstoffabriken of Bavaria and Stettin. In Holland one of his big accounts was the Algemeene Kunstzijde Unie; his best client in Czechoslovakia was the great steelworks at Liskovec, the Eisenwerke Aktiengesellschaft Rothauneudek.

ACCORDING to men who worked with him in his parent Cleveland company, Bedaux, beneath his fancy feathers, was a shrewd, masterful, brilliant, bewildering chief. They considered him remarkably good at sizing up technical problems, no good at all as an engineer, and not competent to handle any factory tool without having it make a fool of him. His genius was his promoter's faculty for making men want to believe what he said. He had a demagogic gift for convincing hardheaded businessmen that they were public benefactors, as he essentially believed he was himself. When some big millionaire Scrooge in Chicago would frankly say that he was interested only in profits, Bedaux would tell him that he, the poor millionaire, was really interested in bettering man's conditions, in bettering himself, his community, his little Illinois world. The triple miracle of making the Scrooge believe this, buy the Bedaux system, and actually start bettering something besides his bank account was an accomplishment Bedaux pulled off so often that he dazed and silenced even his critical employees. Men, women, children, and animals all found Bedaux attractive. He had eloquence and French charm.





He dramatized everything he said, and believed everything, true or false, he heard himself say.

Bedaux kept his rapidly growing staff of engineers and technicians, all of them his superiors in education, at arm's length; he and they called each other "Mr." There were no backslappings or bull sessions in any of the various Bedaux offices when the boss paid a visit. In the Cleveland office, however, was a Frenchman quite different from Bedaux—M. Albert Ramond. A mechanical engineer, a graduate of the Ecole Nationale des Arts et Métiers, a gallant submarine officer in the first World War, Ramond had been sent to the United States by the French Navy to do some important postwar work in connection with the liquidation of French war contracts. He had decided to stay on and become an American businessman. Someone sent him to his compatriot Bedaux. Ramond entered the Bedaux group as sixth man from the top and, because of his steadying qualities, he soon became the organization's gyroscope. He was later to become even more than that.

The way Bedaux ran his business was complex but profitable to all concerned. He charged a client a ten-dollar-an-hour fee for each Bedaux consultant, officially known as a Bedaux engineer, put in to install and start the system running, and as many as half a dozen engineers, depending on the size of the operation, might be required for months or even years. Of the total fee, the Bedaux salesman who had sold the service to the client received ten per cent; the district manager and general-operation manager each took five; junior engineers and chief engineers split forty-five between them, which left, at worst, after overhead, a dependable five per cent for Bedaux. How much he profited from his system was always less interesting to him, however, than how much his clients believed in it. Feeling that he was an industrial savior, he wanted his ideas and methods to dominate the workings of an organization long after his engineers had gone on to another task.

By 1925, Bedaux had founded three more management companies, all of them separately incorporated, in Illinois,

New York, and Delaware. A year or so later, the Delaware firm was reorganized as the first International Bedaux Company. He soon founded several more Bedaux companies, in Italy, Holland, France, and elsewhere on the Continent. For the rest of his international business life, Bedaux kept his American offices ignorant of what his offices on the Continent were doing, since by nature he was indirect and since by habit, as a born European, he used the Atlantic Ocean as a barrier, in the old imperialist manner.

IN the middle of the nineteen-twenties, Bedaux began, out of curiosity, a series of restless journeys to odd corners of the earth. On his travels he was usually accompanied by two of the only three human beings he ever felt affection for—or at least he insisted there were only three when he was later particularizing, under oath, to the United States Department of Justice. (The third person he said he was fond of was a Nazi, a scholarly doctor of law, General Franz Medicus, who quoted Greek and Latin tags when

not busy, in his Hôtel Majestic office in occupied Paris, as the assistant director of the Nazi Department of Administrative Economy, a post which gave him control of seized Jewish businesses.) These two exceptions to Bedaux's vaunted deafness to the human heartbeat were figures of his American life. There was, first, his tall, disciplined, calm second wife, born Fern Lombard, of Grand Rapids. (An earlier marriage to Blanche Allen, of St. Louis, by whom he had had a son, Charles Emile, born in 1909 and now in the American Army, had ended in divorce.) The second was an expatriated Austrian rolling stone, Count Frederick von Ledebur, one of a pair of brothers (the other being Count Joseph, who stayed at home and whom the Anschluss and the war made a Nazi cavalry captain) who were destined to serve Bedaux as a balanced team—one half devoted to systematizing men, the other half devoted to observing nature in remote places, the two pursuits that made up Bedaux's queer business life. Count Joseph, the more useful of the two to Bedaux, was, between wars, his special Berlin agent and later his official Nazi contact. Bedaux's favorite, Count

Frederick, came in on the hedonistic outdoor end; he was a fine hand with ponies, whether polo or pack, was a handsome sportsman, and, like most *hochwohlgeborene* Aryans, a great nature lover; he was, Bedaux once said, more of a son to him than his own son.

It was the opinion of certain officials in the Department of Justice that of all the extravagant characters who had ever come their way, Bedaux was the one who had spent the most money on himself. He loved to spend; he hated to save. He once told Ramond, "If ever I were rich, I would stagnate." Though he was a phenomenally successful management consultant, he chose not to manage himself but to throw his money away on his multiple extravagances, of which one was his de-luxe equipment for his trips. His luggage, his dispatch boxes, his briefcases full of papers, his frames for photographs of his wife and of his clients' families, his albums containing the collection of snapshots he always carried, and his gun cases were all of costly leather and made to his order. He had an arsenal of beautiful guns, and after the Nazis came into power in the Reich, he managed to obtain a set of the most mi-

raculous German Army cameras that money and influence could buy. The Bedaux camping impedimenta for cooking, eating, sleeping, and loafing, for heating Mrs. Bedaux's daily bath, for sheltering her, their guests, and their guides was so elaborate that it took a von Ledebur and a retinue to supervise it and a tribe of natives to tote it across the African wastes or horses by the hundred to pack it over the Rocky Mountains. Bedaux was a finical eater and his cook tent was expected to function as satisfactorily in the middle of limbo as if he had pitched it on a corner of a suburban estate. His expeditions were also usually laden with a weighty air of hocus-pocus, owing to his habit of bragging about this and concealing that. "I don't like gambling," he said once to a stay-at-home, "I don't like Monte Carlo, I don't like bridge, and poker bores me, but I do enjoy exploring. I work hard. Between work periods, I enjoy doing things that have not been done by others." However, he wasn't exactly idling when he travelled where most worldly white men had not set foot before, because he was invariably looking for something white men could use. A business associate said of Bedaux that he enjoyed travelling because he loved to assess the potential value of whatever landscape he saw. His mind was stimulated to promoter's visions by the sight of vast, still unused expanses of the earth that might, in some grand, Bedaux-organized future, serve pathetic, cramped humanity, at a whacking good profit to him. As his power complex swelled, he was even willing to imagine projects without profits, proof today to some of his old, admiring American clients that the poor chap really was mad—at the end, that is.

One of Bedaux's most ambitious trips was a sixty-thousand-dollar push, in 1934, with guides, guests, and cartographers, first through the Rocky Mountains and then through the Stikine Mountains of British Columbia. In return for the maps he presented to British Columbia, the province named a mountain pass after him. Nobody offered to name the Alcan Highway for him, even though he belatedly claimed to have discovered an important pass that it uses and that first served as a route for a private party of his. Another possible disappointment was that some half-tracks he used on his 1934 expedition proved so unsuccessful that he felt he had to discard the idea he had had to set up, in Alaska's Bear Lake region, a transportation system of half-tracks to replace

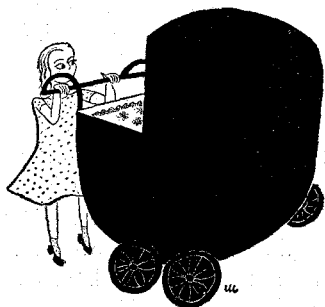


"Hello. Abercrombie & Fitch?"

the primitive canoes he saw being used there in 1932 to bring out pitchblende. Bedaux and his party, including Mrs. Bedaux's Spanish maid Josefina, always an intrepid figure on these trips, went to the Stikine Mountains for one of three purposes, depending on which version of the story Bedaux was telling at the moment. Either they went just to shoot a few ducks, or he and some Hollywood cameramen he had hired were going to make a mysterious motion picture, or, aided by geographers British Columbian officials had furnished, he was going to explore for "a new, important passage through the mountains." He was fascinated by communications—national and world highways—and had notions about scrapping them all and starting again from scratch. He once told some of his astonished Nazi friends in Paris that the highways of Europe were all in the wrong places because they had been planned as strategic paths for invading armies rather than as paths convenient for trade between nations. Bedaux was a pacifist; in his view, wars interfered with international business.

Whatever Bedaux's travels were doing for cartography, they were soon building him up as a sporting individual who knew just how to systematize quite a slice of the world's vital industrial resources. By 1930, the usual Bedaux group, riding on Goodrich tires (Goodrich Rubber was a Bedaux client), had made a name for itself as the first party ever to cross Africa from east to west on wheels. The group began its trek in Mombasa at Christmastime in 1929 and reached Casablanca the following spring. In 1935, between a June visit to the Persian oil wells of Abadan (the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company was a Bedaux client) and a September visit to India, there to found an Eastern Bedaux company for some impatient cotton clients, Bedaux and his wife sandwiched in an expedition on Chinese ponies into the heights of Tibet. The problem of the Chinese hinterland and what Japan's eventual transportation difficulties there might be was apparently worth the trouble the Tibetan altitude gave Bedaux's none too strong heart. In 1939, the Bedauxs made a second African trek, from Capetown to Cairo via Rhodesia, two-thirds of whose gold mines and some of whose diamond mines were his clients, and via the Bel-

gian Congo, some of whose copper mines, among them the famous ones of Haut Katanga, were clients, too. On all his out-of-the-way journeys, Bedaux kept a log, jotting down what his sharp eyes had noted about the terrain, the natural riches, the natives, the natives' state of health and attitude toward the white man, climatic conditions, the water supply, and the vermin. As a result of his travels, his memory became



a hodgepodge of facts that sounded strange when they popped up in dinner-table conversation—that is, until some of them started sounding useful to geopolitical-minded listeners. Bedaux also knew every capital in Europe and the Near East, and

which politician in each place to see to make things hum. He even visited Russia, in 1936. By the time the United States Government picked him up in Algiers, in 1943, he was able to declare proudly that he had been in every country on earth except Australia and Brazil. Between times, whenever he had been in the United States, he had moved about so much that he was able to add that he had lived in twenty-four states of the Union. Among his permanent residences were a house in Marblehead, Massachusetts, a South Carolina estate named Ricehope, an apartment at 1120 Fifth Avenue, and suites at the Plaza and the Ritz, between the two of which he divided his time during the depression.

THE depression stirred Bedaux into formulating, in a speech he read in 1932 to groups of already sufficiently discouraged California big businessmen, the cerebral essence of his individualistic, anarchistic, salvational, prophetic, international economic philosophy, which he later put into practice, like an intelligent lunatic bent on using the world as his asylum, in a Europe at war. In this speech, Bedaux declared that he did not believe the depression had come about because of the great cost of the first World War. "I believe," he said, "that one of the principal causes of our present trouble is that we have made the mistake of thinking the war is over. I believe we are just as much at war today as we were in 1917. The only difference is that we use other weapons. Thinking the war was over, we resumed business on the same system that had governed it—the competitive system—but we failed to recognize that while we were keeping

the system we had changed the rules. Business cycles in a competitive system can, with apologies, be compared to the process of reckless overfeeding. The few have never produced too much for the many. Possession is unbalanced, but not production. If we saw a sort of monster in the shape of a supreme cow set on a high pedestal beyond the reach of common man and pouring torrents of milk, while below masses of hungry children vainly beg for food they cannot have, we might cry 'Shame!' but not 'Overproduction!' For the first time, economic influences have successfully resisted the influence of gold. Man no longer reacts as he did to the treatments applied to him. International loans have been made, at times willfully, not to satisfy economic forces but to suit political aims. Today international money is considered in the light of future political alliances, of punishment of enemies, of preparation of new wars. Today every American is poor, but America is rich. Whether country or man, one cannot have money owed to him, refuse to lend more, refuse to buy, and insist on selling to the debtor with the expectation of being paid in gold. The best that can be done is to give. There is no other way. Economic forces are irresistible. There is no wall so high, so thick, so strong that it can resist them."

The climax of the speech contained one of Bedaux's rare references to his native France, a country which, industrially speaking, he usually ignored. "A time may come," he said, "when a new jobbing trade will be started in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, where, without law, without currency, without credit, good American radio sets will be exchanged for good French wine, and ships, flying no flag, respecting no law other than the law of supply and demand, will carry where they are most wanted these two instruments of song."

In 1932, the depression also drove Bedaux into one of his frequent fits of company reorganization. This particular reorganization consisted of selling some of his companies to other companies of his, a transaction almost as simple as passing something from your right hand to your left. Bedaux sold all his American Bedaux companies to the new New York Bedaux International, which had superseded the old Delaware International, and he sold all his non-American Bedaux interests to a new International Bedaux in Amsterdam. He further simplified things by giving his wife seventy per cent of all his American

International and his Amsterdam International stock.

Bedaux was entering into hemispheric, strategic big business. This was what eventually led to his death. Now all the far-flung foreign Bedaux units, designed to assure the world, via the Bedaux system, a more efficient production of oil in Persia, cotton goods in India, steel in France, cloth in England, iron in Belgium, machinery in Czechoslovakia, motors in Italy, rubber, chocolate, biscuits, and canned pork here, diamonds and gold there, and even low-grade Algerian coal, mined on the hot edge of the Sahara Desert, were tied together by international strings, to be pulled at long distance in Amsterdam. The fact that Bedaux picked Amsterdam for his headquarters showed that he had become what smart international money, up to the spring invasion of 1940, persisted in thinking was supersmart. As the more literate bellwethers of the international money crowd knew, the diligent Dutch, ever since Louis XIV wrecked Holland as a military power, had been rebuilding it as a money power. Thus, in our time, Amsterdam had become the private-banking center of Europe. Especially after the Battle of Waterloo, when Belgium was created out of diplomatic whole cloth as a buffer state to make it more difficult for the dangerous French ever again to invade Germany (it later failed, however, to keep the even more dangerous Germans from invading France), wise, behind-the-scenes money figured that Holland would continue to lie to one side of the battlegrounds of Germany, France, and England, if these three kept up their occasional set-tos. The wise men felt even surer when Holland managed to stay clear of the first World War. In making Amsterdam the headquarters for his international affairs, Bedaux could assume they were as safe as it was possible to make them.

In 1927, Bedaux had selected a base of operations for his own eventual resettling in Europe. It was a rebuilt, turreted Renaissance castle in Touraine called the Château de Candé, thirteen kilometres from Tours. It is classified by the Beaux-Arts as a *monument historique*, and he bought it at a bargain. In 1928 the Bedauxs began spending six months of each year outside the United

States, and most of that time at the château. Bedaux also used it for houseparties for his international employees, summoned for the pep meetings that he called Bedaux Congresses. When he was once asked what Candé was worth, he replied, "You can't put an exact value on stone carved in 1508." (This was, indeed, the date in the cipher cut in the stone above Bedaux's front door.) "But I can tell you what I paid—a million six hundred thousand francs, or thirty-two thousand dollars, with the franc worth two cents." He said once that he had spent only a few times that much in improvements. Later, however, the château was valued at nine hundred thousand dollars. Certainly it had cost him a fortune to modernize. To begin with, the Bedauxs carted with them from America a forty-thousand-dollar pipe organ that Bedaux had taken off the hands of a musical acquaintance lately gone into the reprocessing-rubber business; as well as a dining-room table and two or three beds from their Fifth Avenue establishment—eleven tons in all. For the master bedrooms, Bedaux imported *dernier-cri* American bathroom fixtures whose details were the talk of the Touraine countryside. What now became the barroom was a vast underground stone vault. It had been the kingly meat larder for hanging game; now it was equipped to serve any liquor any international could think of,



from Spanish brandy to Danziger Goldwasser, lurid with gold leaf. An ancient tunnel led from the bar to the royal *pavillon de chasse*, which was turned into a billiard room, with a fine English table on which Bedaux liked to play a rowdy game of his own invention in which bare hands were used instead of cues and mashed fingers were part of the score. The *pavillon* walls were hung with some not exceptionally good heads, trophies of the master's hunting expeditions.

Bedaux's Candé telephone system cost him fifteen thousand dollars. He set up a switchboard in his Renaissance basement and had it connected to special wires in the post office of the hamlet of Monts, a kilometre distant, so that his day-and-night international calls could be handled expeditiously. His purse strings tightened when it came to buying fine furniture for his castle,

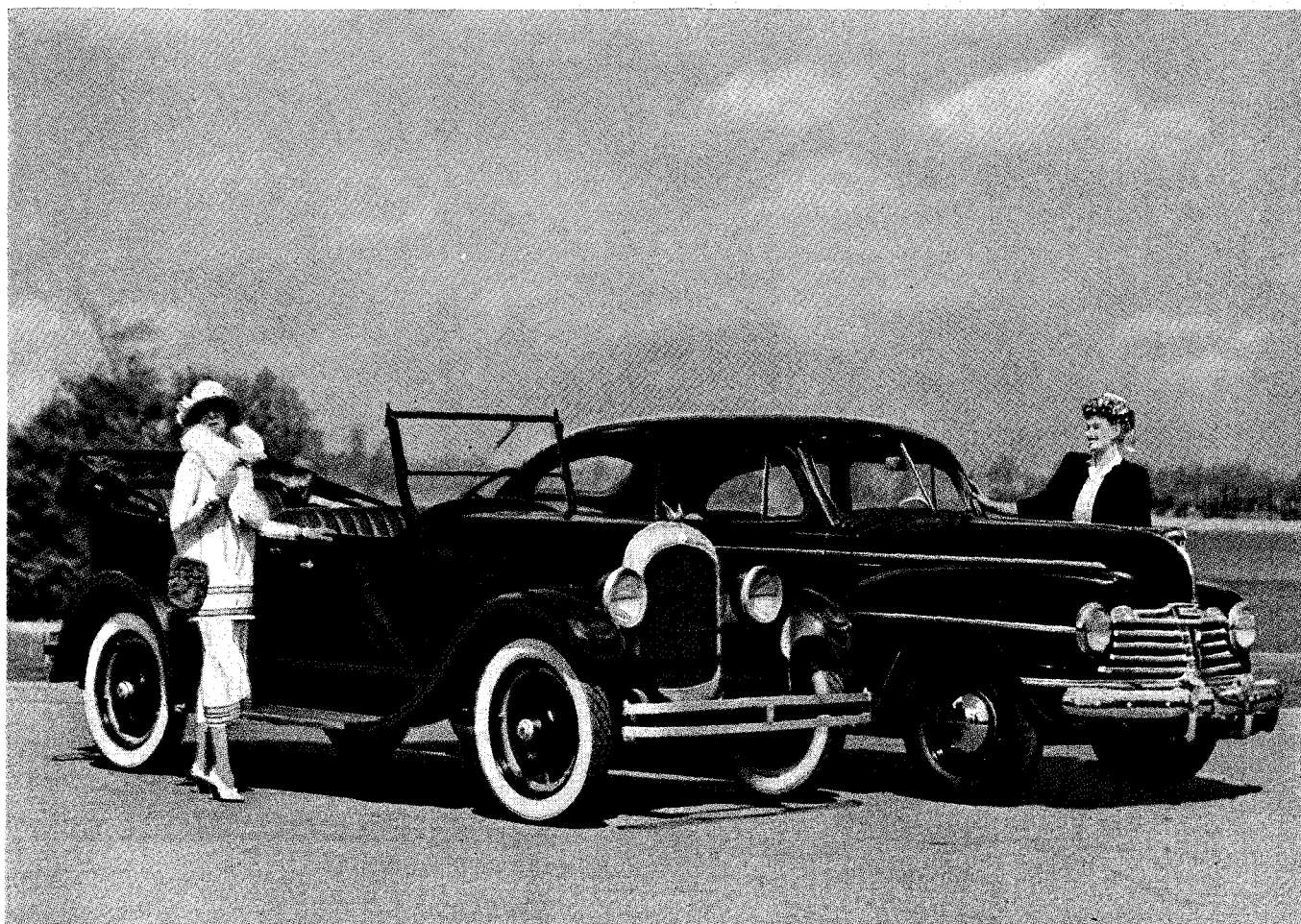
though he went as far as some French tapestries of the château's period and though he bought a house in Monts merely to despoil it of its six antique wrought-iron window balconies, which, he was told, would look nice as consoles in his castle. The Candé cellar was splendid and the meals, served by French footmen in livery and an English butler perfectly named James, were elaborate. A dazzled Levantine guest once reported, "There was always a servant hovering behind your chair and so many wine glasses and varied wines that your throat could never run dry." Whenever Bedaux had guests for dinner, he served two or three meat courses and sampled everything. The table could seat twenty-six. When the Bedauxs dined by themselves, as they usually did, Mrs. Bedaux sat at one end, he at the other. Occasionally a lone guest was marooned halfway between. According to her American friends, Mrs. Bedaux, because of her extreme devotion to her husband, had early trained herself to do as he wished and to let him do as he chose. To please him, she had had herself taught to play a good game of tennis and golf and to handle a gun in pigeon shoots, which he loved. After more than a quarter century of marriage, she still celebrated his birthday as the most precious day of the year. "She was so much finer and higher than he," one of her friends recently said, "and so perfectly trained, that when you saw the Bedauxs together, it was like watching a thoroughbred paraded on a lead by her squat groom." So that he could always be sure of having sport, Bedaux had constructed on his twelve hundred hectares of land a network of brooks (with duckblinds), a skeet shoot, a swimming pool, an enclosed badminton court, croquet greens, outdoor tennis courts, archery butts, stables, and a golf course laid out by a Scotch professional, assisted by an American steam shovel. When Bedaux's aristocratic French neighbors ceased sniggering at this latest *folie* and asked to borrow the shovel, he offered to rent it, at so much a day. In a similar spirit, when his sister, on a visit from Paris, timidly praised the butter and cream from his dairy, saying she wished she could find products so fine in town, he promised to send her a carload, which (or so he told his American acquaintances) he did, literally, and C.O.D. On the other hand, he could be sporadically kind and paternal to other people, pulling them out of bad holes, writing letters of introduction, giving advice.

The nobility of the countryside, star-

IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER

IMAGINATION IS PRACTICAL

HOW IT BENEFITS YOU—IN WAR—IN PEACE



A picture of 18 years of progress the first Chrysler of 1924 the Plymouth of 1942

Imagination is the bridge between the vision and the reality; it finds ways to give an idea shape and substance and make it useful to many people.

Imagination at Chrysler Corporation both creates and constructs . . . it is the force that adds special value to trucks, cars — or tanks, guns, rockets.

Remember the first Chrysler? It was a brand-new kind of car — a triumph of practical *imagination*.

That same *imagination* has worked steadily at Chrysler Corporation ever since. It has pioneered scores of improvements such as Floating Power, Fluid Drive and Superfinish. Each of them has meant increased comfort, performance or safety — new economy of operation or upkeep.

Values of our cars have progressed far beyond that original model. The last pre-war Plymouth — Chrysler

Corporation's lowest price car—offered *twice* as much power per dollar as the first Chrysler, sold for about *half* as much per pound!

Imagination is the directing force at Chrysler Corporation . . . you get the benefit of its influence and discoveries in each one of our products.

Practical imagination has helped us turn out guns, tanks, rockets, B-29 engines and other war products in record quantities. When we make automobiles again, *imagination* will continue to increase their value and usefulness to you.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

**BUY MORE
WAR BONDS!**

New Thursday Night Program! The Music of Andre Kostelanetz with the most popular stars of the musical world, Thursdays, CBS, 9 P.M., EWT.

Plymouth
DODGE
DeSoto
CHRYSLER

AIRTEMP
Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration
CHRYSLER
Marine and Industrial Engines
OILITE
Powdered Metal Products
MOPAR
Parts and Accessories



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

MISS RHEINGOLD COSTUME AN ORIGINAL BY SOPHIE OF SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



It's beer as beer should taste!

DRY tells you **WHY!**



Rheingold is light but hearty—not bitter, not sweet. Its quality of DRYNESS lets the clean, clear, real-beer flavor come through.

Also notice Rheingold's pale, crystal-clear color. This paleness is another symbol of the superior quality brewers strive for.

If you can't always get Rheingold, remember: until restrictions are lifted, to increase the *quantity*, we'd have to decrease the *quality*. And that we will NEVER do. Rheingold will always be beer as beer should taste.

Copr. 1945, Liebmann Breweries, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Buy War Bonds! Keep on Buying!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tled by the new *grand seigneur à l'américaine*, at first refrained from calling but gradually began paying formal visits at eleven in the morning, as the old rural custom is. After a few seasons, however, the Bedauxs were not at home. Even the neighboring de Castellanes were informed by James that Monsieur and Madame were out. Bedaux cared nothing for the human species. Women were easily interested in him, and he picked and chose. But he felt nothing for people in general or for their cliques. He charmed them into forming a circle around him, then pushed his way out like a man elbowing a path through a street crowd.

IN 1937, Candé and its owner got into international-society news as the result of the wedding, at the château, of the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Simpson. As the candid Bedaux later admitted, in his occasionally troubled English, "I had no idea they would wed at the time. I never met them until I got to Candé, as to her; as to him, until he arrived at Candé." Bedaux's hospitable offer of his château—extended by cable while he and his wife were in America—was made just before Christmas to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Livingston Rogers, acquaintances of his, and to their house guest, Mrs. Simpson, whom he pitied because she was at the time being kept in a state of siege by the newspaper men camped about the Rogers' little villa in Cannes. Other equally humane offers of more conveniently nearby properties were also received by the Rogers and declined with thanks. By tradition, Buckingham Palace must approve the place chosen by any member of the royal family for his wedding. Though Bedaux had merely offered his château as a winter refuge for the bride-to-be, the Palace decided, without confiding in him, that Candé would be suitable for the wedding, which was planned for June. (Buckingham thought the Riviera too light-minded, whereas a sixteenth-century Touraine setup would be just the thing.) In consequence, the following March, the Rogers belatedly accepted Bedaux's offer to be host. Mrs. Simpson arrived that month at the château, where by now the Bedauxs were again in residence and where she was joined by the Duke just before the wedding.

Bedaux had made his career and money as an expert on labor, but it was some talks about labor with the earnest Duke, after they got acquainted, that led to Bedaux's losing both his career and his companies in the United States. In

LISTEN: SEPTEMBER 22, 1945

If you tuned in last Sunday afternoon and heard Henry Aldrich blow the roof off Carnegie Hall, stand by for more. It was probably the greatest variety program that ever hit the air—but not the last one—for this Sunday the Pacific Coast has its turn. For 90 minutes from 3 p.m. EWT, the notable director, William N. Robson, in CBS Hollywood, will strive to outdo the brilliant job Norman Corwin brought you from New York. The purpose of these programs is simple: to spread before you a sort of super-colossal buffet of the manifold headline programs that make up your regular CBS fall and winter listening schedule...

We could borrow a lot of acrimony by invidious comparisons of the West and East, and we will have no part of acrimony. We'll simply sketch you the standard of star talent that's going to perform Robson's "Stars in the Afternoon" on the 23rd, and urge you to listen, and draw your own conclusions. People and programs like—

JOAN DAVIS	LUX RADIO THEATRE
GINNY SIMMS	LIONEL BARRYMORE
JIMMY DURANTE	GARRY MOORE
NELSON EDDY	BLONDIE
FRANK SINATRA	BEULAH
OZZIE & HARRIET	MAISIE

Now will you listen?

★

The first postwar broadcast out of Warsaw flew over the sea on September 3, when Richard C. Hottelet reported (among other things) that Russian troops were gradually moving out, and that life was orderly. Prices, he said, are pretty high: a new suit costs \$1,400.

★

The cautious *Christian Science Monitor* on September 4 said: "While bows are being taken for efficient wartime service, let us bring to the front of the stage the broadcasting companies... Morale builder home front, war front..."

Very gracious indeed of the *Monitor*.

★

CBS' 18 foreign correspondents are moving quietly into new bases of operation as the swords start reconversion into plowshares, pens and plastics. One thing all radio listeners learned from them during war was that these calm and competent people had a way of posing clearly for us at home our next

critical decisions, by their objective reports of the latest critical actions.

It would be imprudent and probably wrong to assume that there will be fewer decisions for us all in the days to come. It will probably be dangerous to relax the attentiveness we acquired and developed for reliable news from around the world. These CBS people aren't relaxing; every lesson war has taught them will enrich their peacetime reporting. What's more, their candor can't be hamstrung by military censorship. This adds up to a sincere suggestion that you continue to rely on CBS world news; it has not let you down; it will not.

★

What adds up to the largest single classroom on the air—and probably the largest in the world—assembles Monday, October 1 for the opening of its 16th triumphant year.

The CBS *American School of the Air* presents throughout the fall and winter a series of 150 half-hour programs. Note, please, that they are now broadcast at a new time: every day, Monday through

Friday—at 5 to 5:30 p.m. EWT—so that the School can be more useful not only to the hundreds of thousands of schoolboys and girls who welcome the programs as painless and stimulating instruction, but also to their parents, who (as they write us) don't like to be "left out".

A complete calendar and detailed description of every program, together with introductions by Carl Van Doren, Edward Weeks, Harlow Shapley, Olin Downes and Harry Carman, has been printed in a pretty fascinating 224-page book called "CBS American School of the Air"—and you could have a first-edition copy free if you were to write CBS Department E, 485 Madison Avenue, New York 22.

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM



CALIFORNIA
Vernonware



Arcadia

"I am the sophisticated member of the Vernonware family. I am proud of my aristocratic California background, and have been brought up by tradition to serve you long and well."
America's finest line of semi-porcelains.

VERNON KILNS

2300 East 52nd Street, Los Angeles 11, California



His "DOG TAG" in a silver money clip!

Here's how his "Dog Tag" becomes a practical keepsake! This new sterling silver money clip has snap-on place for his own "Dog Tag" he'll want to keep, 9 chances out of 10, as lifelong memento and permanent identification. Including 20% Federal Tax... **\$6.95.**

Ask for our New Booklet "N-1"

A HOUSE FAMOUS FOR QUALITY FOR OVER 97 YEARS

Hammacher Schlemmer

145 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

these talks about the workingman, which started at Candé before the royal wedding and were continued during the fall, when the Windsors again visited Bedaux, in the Hungarian castle of Borsodivanka, which he had rented, Edward was, as Bedaux afterward admiringly said, "insatiable." "Only the life of labor is interesting to the Duke of Windsor," he added. The Duke's provocative pre-abdication statement, "Something must be done for these men,"

made when he was touring the long-idle Welsh miners' towns, was still remembered by millions, including Bedaux. As a result of the two men's final labor chat, this one about working conditions in Nazi Germany, then still considered by some people more of a mystery than a menace, the Duke and Bedaux each developed a plan. The Duke's was simple. He merely wanted, for his own edification, to make a tour first of Germany, then of his wife's country, the United States, to study labor conditions. During the chats, as Bedaux later testified to the Department of Justice agents when he was imprisoned in Florida, he frankly told the Duke that he was convinced that the Nazi reforms had bettered working-class conditions, that regimentation seemed to agree with the German masses, but that His Royal Highness would be disappointed in German private ownership. "I warned him," Bedaux solemnly swore in Florida, "that textile production under the Nazis had dropped five Bedaux units per hour."

What Bedaux doubtless did not tell the Duke was that in 1933, when Hitler came to power, the Nazis had promptly suppressed Bedaux's German company on the ground that it was an interference with their Strength-through-Joy movement; that in 1935 Bedaux had used Count Joseph von Ledebur as a high-powered private agent to try to have the suspension annulled; that for two years Bedaux himself had been vainly finagling with Hitler higher-ups to get his company back in business; and that in July of that year, 1937, just after the publicity he had enjoyed as host to the Windsor wedding, he had finally been granted an interview with the Nazi banking genius, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht. As a result of this interview, it was arranged that for twenty thousand dollars in what the Nazis called, in Party double-talk, "reinvestment money" and thirty thousand dollars in what they called "penetration money"—or, bluntly, for fifty thousand dollars in Ameri-

can cash, of which thirty thousand would go into the slush fund of the Nazi Party—Bedaux was to be permitted to open up again. But he could do that only by putting himself under the wing of, and by giving a permanent cut of his possible business profits to, the notorious Dr. Robert Ley and his Labor Front. Thus, that summer of 1937, the Duke's interest in Nazi labor must have seemed providential to Bedaux. Bedaux's plan appears to have been twofold.

First, since a large part of the world was already operating under unlikely but accepted new public leaders, Bedaux had decided to hitch his power complex to the unsuspecting Duke, because Bedaux—nor was he alone at that time—was now convinced

that "the Duke had political possibilities *if*" (he italicized) "he could stage a comeback." The rest of Bedaux's plan ran something like this: the praise-hungry Nazis would be delighted with the compliment a tour by the Duke would seem to confer on their regime, to say nothing of their joy at the discomfort such a tour might cause Mr. Baldwin's British Empire; and for a coup so important to Nazi propagandists, Bedaux would not only get the credit but would also hand the Duke's visit on a silver platter to Labor Front Leader Ley, who was interested in labor, like the Duke, but—and this was more important—was also interested in reviving the suppressed Bedaux corporation. To sum it up, Bedaux figured that, as a result of the Duke's visit to Nazi Germany, the Party in general and Dr. Ley in particular should feel they had received a favor from Charles E. Bedaux, one he could hope they would return right away, or pretty soon, anyway.

One afternoon in early September, Bedaux arrived in Berlin to spring his big news on Dr. Ley. As usual, the good Doctor had been drinking, and he had to be helped downstairs by a military escort. But he managed to put up what Bedaux called "a conversational struggle" by demanding that the Duke's tour be turned into a series of healing Nazi social functions. The negotiations took all afternoon, but Bedaux's sincere insistence that what the Duke wished to see was "men working, men living in their homes, men mining, men eating" finally prevailed and the drunken Doctor gave in. As soon as Bedaux had returned to the Paris Ritz and there given the Duke his Labor Front tour program, as outlined by Ley, Bedaux's part in the Duke's travels was at an end. During





KEEP ON BUYING VICTORY BONDS

Favorite subject in 30,000 schools!

The famous "three R's" are "four R's" now. To reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic, modern schools have added *right eating*.

Last year, some 30,000 American schools served nourishing, well-planned mid-day meals. From these lunches, children learn good eating habits. And they gain a respect for food that can be of lasting benefit. War has shown more sharply than ever before how *much* a nation's health depends on diet.

School lunch requirements are flexible in so far as most foods are concerned—because of local

preferences and facilities. *But there is one food for which there is no alternative—one food that is basic in every lunch for every child—a half-pint of whole milk.*

Milk, of course, is nature's most nearly perfect food. Here at National Dairy we've worked with milk and its many products for many years—making them purer, richer, easier to serve all the time.

Our laboratories have developed milk products in special wartime forms—with promising peacetime uses—all contributing to the health of the nation.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES



In just about every fine eating and drinking establishment advertised in this magazine you may obtain

NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER

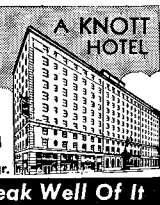
MARYLAND'S AMBASSADOR OF GOOD CHEER
National Brewing Co., Baltimore, Md.

**DON'T FORGET
DON'T FORGET
DON'T FORGET**

*Don't forget to keep looking
for this famous label.
You'll see it again
on your grocer's shelves.*



THE SANDWICH SPREAD OF THE NATION
Branded with the devil...but fit for the gods!



The DE WITT CLINTON
ALBANY, N.Y.
John J. Hyland, Mgr.
They ALL Speak Well Of It

the tour itself, in October, Bedaux stayed out of the picture and watched. Aside from the Duke's accidentally visiting an anti-British exposition in Stuttgart, the results seemed good enough. The English press played the tour down to a paragraph on the fourth or fifth page, but the *New York Times* published, as part of the news still fit to print in 1937, a group photograph of the Duchess smiling, the Duke looking lost, and Führer Hitler looking nervous.

Almost immediately, Bedaux began making diplomatic preparations for what he thought was going to put the Windsors' Labor Front trip in the shade—a similar trip, in the early winter, to the United States, the Duchess's old home—and he started by calling on Robert Murphy, then consul in our Paris Embassy, to ask whether the State Department would welcome the royal visitor. On this tour, Bedaux planned to be right out in front as the Windsors' guide and adviser, and his friends recall that, what with his delusions of grandeur and his passion for organizing expeditions into the wilds, his planning for the Windsors' American tour keyed him to a peculiarly high pitch of expectation, as if he anticipated the greatest success of his life. There were only a few drawbacks: his wife was intuitively opposed to the tour until he mesmerized her into approving it, his American Bedaux companies were all against it and he couldn't make them budge, and some friends of the Windsors were afraid of it, too. One of them, in France, anxiously cabled an inquiry about Bedaux to a man in Wall Street and received the unalert, unworried reply: "We seem to be able to locate nothing wrong with the man."

What was wrong with the tour, announced in Paris in October to start with the Windsors' arrival in New York on November 11th, soon became manifest—a large part of the American people and press were against it. The resulting controversy produced an acrimonious Labor-versus-Fascist hangover, after the sentimental binge the American public had enjoyed in the love-versus-throne controversy over the Windsor wedding. The labor unions of Baltimore, the Duchess's home town, stepped in, as a collective spokesman for the workingman, to begin what finally turned into an attack on Bedaux by most American, and even British, labor. The C.I.O. said that he "lived on workers' sweat" and was "the father of the most completely exhausting, inhuman 'efficiency' system ever invented." The A.F.L. defined his system as "work like hell," adding that it was also "indirect,

cumbersome, and mystifying." Certain labor leaders later declared that Bedaux was perhaps no worse than a few others they could mention but that it had been decided to "give him a ride" because his association with the Duke had focussed attention on him and would thus focus it on their attack. A large number of American middle-class wives, still immovable in their devotion to the romantic couple, stood on the sidelines and loudly gave advice to the Duke and Duchess. Early in November, the argument was prominent in America's newspapers, which, since Bedaux was unknown except to labor, ran hasty biographies of him, pro or con. *Liberty* hurried into print with an article entitled "What's Wrong with Bedaux?," which proved that he was O.K.—so rare and so satisfying an interpretation to Bedaux that a clipping of the precious piece was found, well thumbbed, among the documents that he was carrying at the time of his death. Finally, the great American public, acting like a stentorian-voiced, million-mouthed court chamberlain admonishing a still favorite royal pair about the bad company they were keeping, began roaring to the Windsors to get rid of their new palace favorite or else. On November 1st, Bedaux and his wife, without the Windsors, arrived posthaste in New York to calm the storm. They lasted just nine days here.

The general hostility and the shock of realizing what he had plunged himself and his business into prostrated Bedaux physically and mentally. Though his wife, trained by him for years to perfect tact, doubtless did not tell him "I told you so," his Bedaux companies told him that and more. A number of angry employees walked out on their jobs; the New York office publicly stated that it had nothing to do with the Windsor tour, which was the same as repudiating Bedaux himself. Bedaux's most important company chief, who offered to stick by him if he would accede to two requests, was the Frenchman Albert Ramond, now a naturalized American, who had long since become the acting head, in the Chicago office, of the whole Bedaux American setup. Ramond came to New York to see his boss and make the requests. Request No. 1 was that Bedaux give his word of honor that he would stay and fight to protect his companies' integrity, not cut and run, as he was showing signs of doing; Bedaux gave his *parole d'honneur*, in French. Request No. 2 was that Bedaux and his wife leave New York for Ramond's hunting cabin

in the Michigan woods, where Mrs. Bedaux and Ramond would try between them to pull Bedaux's nerves together. Ramond also had some suggestions. First, he suggested that the Bedaux companies be legally dissolved and that he be given Bedaux's and Mrs. Bedaux's voting rights, and also that he be made president of a set of companies which would replace them but in which Bedaux would keep his financial interest. Further, he asked Bedaux to agree not to interfere with the operation of his American businesses. Bedaux agreed to everything and later wrote Ramond a letter relinquishing the voting rights. Ramond and the heads of Bedaux's other American companies were in a strong position because they and the engineers under them were the only men in the country with the special training necessary to carrying on his business, and if they all walked out, as some of them already had, he would have no business left anyway. On November 10th, the day after Bedaux bowed out of his American companies, the Bedauxs left the Plaza by the service door to avoid being seen, and fled to Canada. In Boston en route, Bedaux telephoned Ramond to announce that he and his wife were on their way not to Ramond's Michigan cabin but to Europe. While the Bedauxs were waiting for a steamship, they stayed in a hotel in Montreal, where they registered as Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Jones. The Duke and Duchess, who had taken the hint and cancelled their trip, were still in Paris. The Windsor-Bedaux labor trip to America was over before it had ever begun. Bedaux never again set foot in the United States until he was flown back in 1943 by the United States Army, under arrest on suspicion of having collaborated with the Nazi enemy. —JANET FLANNER

(This is the first of a series
of three articles.)

UP106

LONDON—(UP)—C.V.R. THOMPSON, DAILY EXPRESS COLUMNIST, CLIMBED OUT OF BED IN NEW YORK TODAY, PEEKED AT THE BARE MIDRIFTS OF A COUPLE OF BLONDS STROLLING PAST HIS WINDOW, AND WONDERED WHY AMERICANS BOTHER WITH VITAMIN PILLS.

"FOR ADDED PEP?" HE ASKED. "SAY, THIS COUNTRY HAS GOT ALL THE PEP IT NEEDS."

THEN SITTING DOWN AT HIS TYPEWRITER AIJ DOOLD THELKS C X

INRITAERICAN CLOTHES ACE "GOOD IF STANDARDIZED. THE WHISKEY IS AWFUL.

—U. P. ticker.

Better climb back in that bed, Thompson.



NEW STRIPES

GIFTS FOR MEN IN THE SERVICE

There are useful gift suggestions at Brooks Brothers to answer practically every problem: Gifts for men who may stay in the Service, gifts for men who will be getting out very shortly—and gifts for them to give civilian friends and relatives. Long-lived usefulness, in addition to good looks, has always been a leading characteristic of almost everything we sell...a usefulness that has proved its mettle in serviceable Military Accessories and Civilian Things alike.

Gifts going Overseas must be mailed September 15—October 15



Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Mens Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS, SUPPLIES AND ACCESSORIES

346 MADISON AVENUE, CORNER 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

NUMBER ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

46 NEWBURY ST., CORNER BERKELEY ST., BOSTON 16, MASS.

523 WEST 6TH STREET, LOS ANGELES 14, CAL.

111 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 4, CAL.



SOME PRELIMINARY BOUTS

VERY soon after the curtain rose on "A Boy Who Lived Twice," a society matron from Oyster Bay declined a cup of tea offered her by the butler and ordered up a slug of Scotch. "Braxton," she said frankly, "I'm pooped."

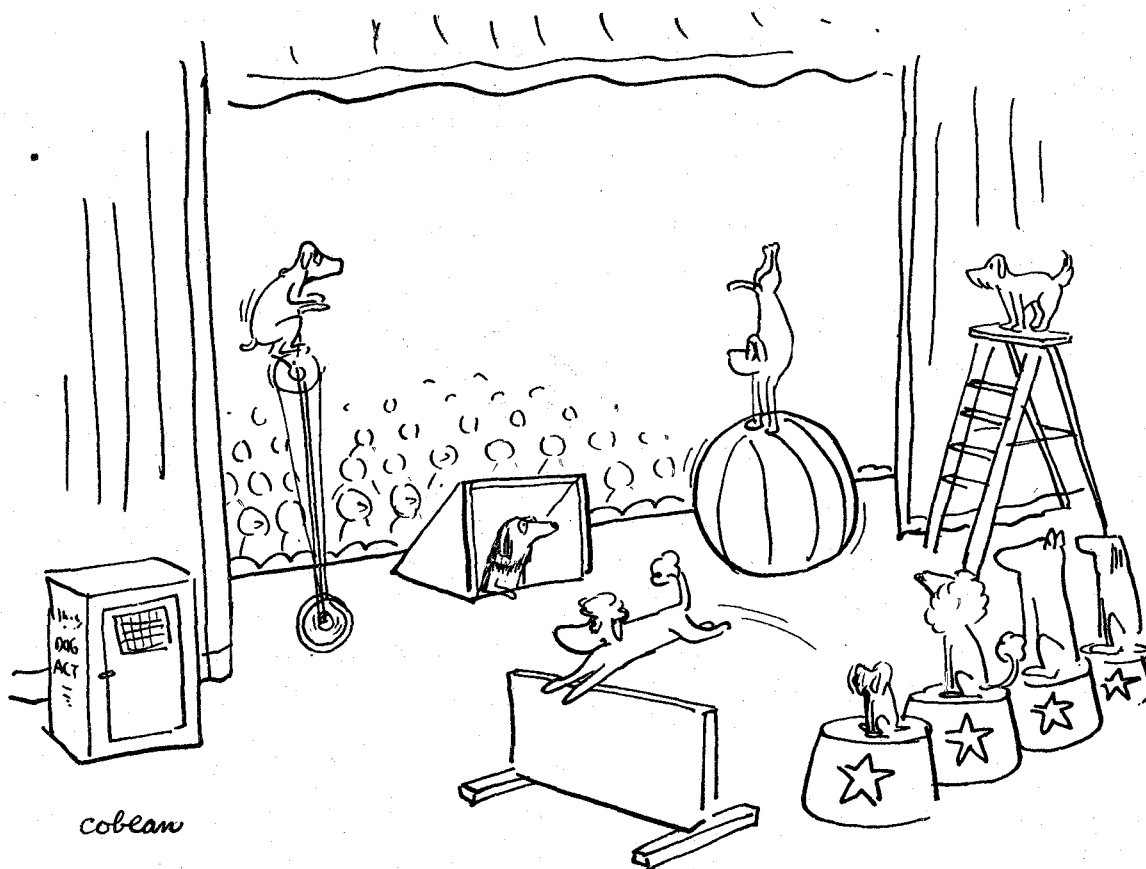
This established the approximate comedic level of last week's entry at the Biltmore. Its dramatic qualities are not so easily summed up. Sometimes it seemed that the play had to do with a modified and very special variety of incest—the hero was in love with his sister and she with him, but since he was actually another man called John, only accidentally inhabiting her brother Philip's body, it was hard to classify their attachment with any precision. "Ah," she murmured, sorely tried, "you mustn't—we mustn't," and they didn't, but the basic issue remained far from clear. Anyway, as it fortunately developed, there was no real blood tie between them at all. A quarter of a century ago, their father, lit with wine, had carelessly given his wife a little push at

the top of a flight of stairs and their child was stillborn. To meet this emergency, the repentant husband purchased another baby from a resourceful nurse in the hospital and brought it up as his own. That was John-Philip, and so, on the whole, it would appear that "A Boy Who Lived Twice" was not *really* about incest.

Nor was it exactly about psychiatry. The transfer of John's identity to Philip—this happened, though don't ask me how, when the former crashed in an airplane and the latter fell off a horse—stirred up quite a lively controversy between the old family physician, Dr. Blake, and Dr. Broulette, a celebrated analyst who was, perhaps, a trifle on the shady side. At one point, Dr. Broulette was so successful in putting the hero into a hypnotic trance that some superfluous magic seeped across the footlights and my own eyelids grew heavy, so I'm afraid I didn't follow things as attentively as I might. As I recall it, there was a good deal of supernatural talk about the uneasy sense of familiarity a

man may sometimes feel in a strange room and some discussion of the physical risk involved in turning John back into Philip and vice versa, but it was too much for me. Dr. Blake, if I heard him correctly, remarked irritably to his colleague, "Apparently your psychical dabbings occasionally approach the verge of metaphysical experimentation," and that in general was the way I felt myself. So, as I've said, "A Boy Who Lived Twice" didn't seem to be altogether about psychiatry, either, as the term is understood by the American Medical Association. As a matter of fact, I haven't the vaguest idea what it was about, and I doubt very much if anybody else has, even the two people known as Leslie Floyd Egbert and Gertrude Ogden Tubby, who conspired to write the darn thing.

"DEVILS GALORE" opened at the Royale on the night following the appearance of "A Boy Who Lived Twice," and it made that artless work seem literate and almost rational. This piece, attributed to Eugene Vale, consisted mainly of interminable variations on a joke that might easily depress the editors of *Pow* or *Wham* or *Zowie*. The idea, if that is the word for Mr. Vale's gruesome inspiration, was that it would be kind of cute if a delegation from hell were to be introduced into contemporary New York society; the joke, of course, was based on the secondary meanings taken on by such phrases as "Go to hell," "Thank God," and "The devil to pay" when they are delivered by characters who employ them literally. The possibilities in this are practically infinite, but I think Mr. Vale has explored them all. He has also provided for some ingenious mechanical effects in the form of puffs of smoke, negligible explosions, and an occasional glow of green, infernal light. In addition to all this, "Devils Galore" contained a few samples of what the author must hopefully have regarded as sophisticated epigram ("Sin doesn't start until we learn to enjoy it"), some expensive atmospheric touches



*Bur-Mil**
Rayon Twill
lines this
smartly tailored
Glen Plaid suit



At Weber & Heilbroner, New York



BUR-MIL Fabrics, sold by licensed converters, are Burlington woven and quality controlled.

BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION OF NEW YORK • 450 SEVENTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

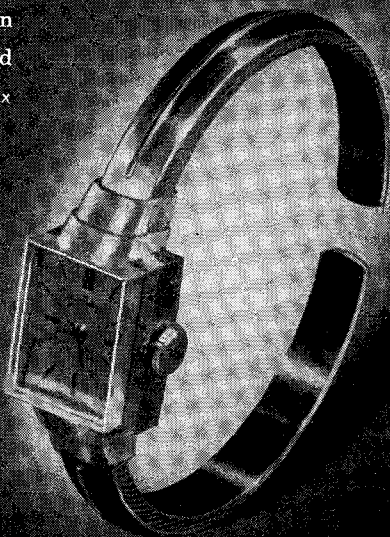
*Registered Trade Mark

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Snap-on Bracelet Watch

... which simply hugs the wrist. Juvenia 14k rose gold, 17 jewels, \$298. In stainless steel with gold trim, \$129. FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED.

Mail Orders Filled
Promptly



GEORG JENSEN INC.

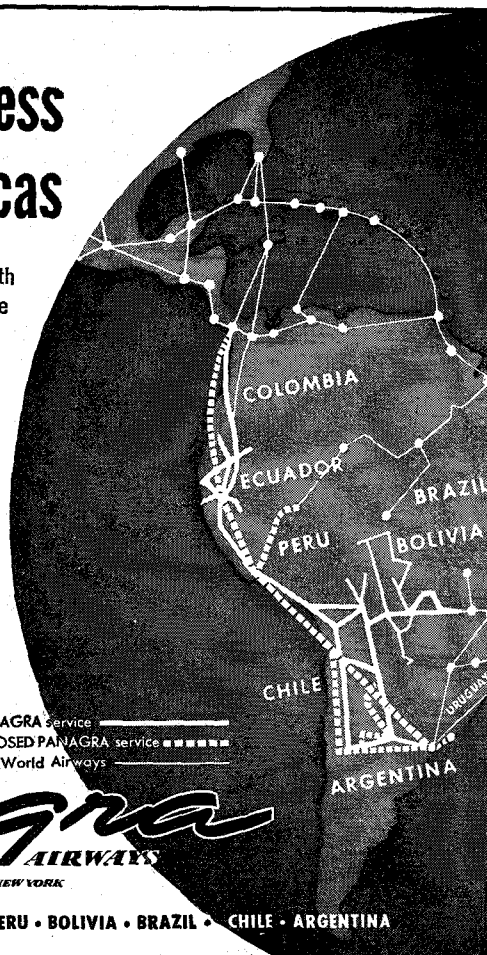
Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street • New York

Winged Progress for the Americas

PANAGRA, pioneer air operator in South America, will help this hemisphere share in the great era of world progress which peace will bring. Using its "Great Circle Route" and new super-speed luxury planes, PANAGRA plans to augment its existing network with services which will enable United States travelers to reach Buenos Aires, Argentina, in less than 24 hours. Schedules to other countries will be proportionately quicker. PANAGRA continues to make good neighbors even closer neighbors.

Panagra
PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS
CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK

PANAGRA service —————
PROPOSED PANAGRA service - - - - -
Pan American World Airways —————



Serving PANAMA • COLOMBIA • ECUADOR • PERU • BOLIVIA • BRAZIL • CHILE • ARGENTINA

("What lovely jewels! Are they from Carty-airs?"), and, for the piece had to do with life in literary circles, a bookish quip from time to time ("What is that peculiar odor, dear? Can it be your manuscript?"). The plot, like the central joke, was supernaturally dull. I omitted, I notice now, to tell you that Claire Windsor and Vaughan Glaser were among the prominent sufferers in "A Boy Who Lived Twice." Ernest Cossart and Rex O'Malley wandered just as hopelessly through this subsequent massacre.

ALTHOUGH, generally speaking, I try to give my employer his money's worth, one act of "Make Yourself at Home," another early-fall spasm, at the Ethel Barrymore, was more than enough for me. An unhappy player named Philip Huston and a rather beautiful one with practically no clothes on called Bonnie Nolan gave fair warning of the torment to come very early in the evening, when Miss Nolan, referring to a character who was supposed to be maintaining her in guilty splendor, said, "He's got a big seat on Wall Street," and Mr. Huston replied, "Yes, I can see that." Not dismayed by the ugly silence that greeted this quip, eleven other actors presently emerged from the wings and for an hour also pelted the audience with dead cats. In my hot, immediate indignation, I am tempted to describe "Make Yourself at Home" as the worst play I ever saw, but that is probably excessive; there have been other nights when I've had the same sensation of being trapped in a little room with an imbecile child, just as there will undoubtedly be many more. It was, however, quite an experience. Once Mr. Huston, awakened from a nap by another member of the cast, opened his eyes just long enough to see who it was, murmured, "Oh, my God," and then hastily shut them again. After a while, I found myself doing that, too. Bernadene Hayes, who has a husky vivacity reminiscent of Francine Larimore, was imbedded in this curious work, not unlike a cheerful red apple in the mouth of a cooked pig.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

PRE-MARRIAGE BLOOD TEST
AND EXAMINATION—\$3.00
HEALTH CERTIFICATE
WITHIN 2 HOURS
WEDDING CHAPEL—CLERGYMAN—
JUDGES—BAIL BONDS
—Sign across from the Los Angeles city hall.

Any place around here you can get some embalming fluid?



Once in a blue moon

YOU DON'T have to look very far to find a whiskey that offers some *one* quality you may enjoy.

But only once in a blue moon do you find a whiskey that's got *everything*...a whiskey like Four Roses!

That's because, as far as we

know, there just *isn't* any other like it.

For Four Roses is a combination of specially distilled whiskeys—selected to achieve that truly distinctive “Four Roses flavor.”

A blend of straight whiskeys—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

**FOUR
ROSES**

*The same great whiskey
today as before the war*



LOOK TO OLDS...FOR ALL THAT'S

NEW

Including the New General Motors
HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE !

New is the big word in any description of the coming new Oldsmobile. It will *look* new . . . in style, and features, and appointments. It will *feel* new . . . in performance and handling ease. It will *be* new . . . in materials, and workmanship, and quality.

Naturally, the 1946 Oldsmobile will offer the *New* Hydra-Matic Drive, modified and improved as a result of wartime experience in fast Army tanks

and armored cars. Hydra-Matic Drive is the famous General Motors feature that shifts gears automatically through four forward speeds, and *eliminates the clutch pedal entirely*. From a standstill to cruising speeds, all you do is step on the accelerator, and steer. Everything else is done for you *automatically* in the New 1946 Oldsmobile, with the new and finer General Motors Hydra-Matic Drive.

OLDSMOBILE *Product of* **GENERAL MOTORS**

THE WATER COOLER

MARGARET TAYLOR got to the magazine's offices at nine forty-five, threw her hat on her littered desk, and settled down to a cigarette. It was a quiet office, where everybody more or less minded his own business and where it was possible to stare dead ahead for as long as two hours without making even the muscular effort required for a pretense of work. She contemplated a bottle of eyewash, the veil of her hat, which had somehow entwined itself around the *Times*, the typewritten pages of information about India that lay scattered on her desk like autumn leaves. For an uncomfortable moment she considered a picture caption about Gandhi that she hadn't finished up, and then quickly looked away to a photograph of a dark-eyed soldier, propped up against a *Who's Who*. The photograph reassured her; it told her that the important thing in life was a happy marriage. Bother India, said the photograph, and all the other articles in the magazine.

She wondered whether Mr. Gerry kept a photograph on his desk, too. She had learned from Mrs. Stone, one of the secretaries, that Mr. Gerry was unhappily married, after the manner, apparently, of most writers. Mr. Gerry, Mrs. Stone said, ostensibly shared his wife's apartment but actually went home to it only under pressure of some family catastrophe, like income taxes or the death of an old aunt. She wondered whether Mr. Gerry had ever looked at his wife the way he looked at her, his great eyes filled with admiration, as though he saw a vision before him. When she ran into Mr. Gerry talking to one of the other girls around the office, she always tried to tell, by looking at him sideways, what expression was in his eyes, and it exasperated her that she never *had* been able to tell for sure. One afternoon beside the water cooler, when he was looking at her and making her feel almost unbearably beautiful, she excused herself and hurried into the ladies' room to try and catch her radiance before it faded. But the mirror was cloudy and flecked with black, and she found, to her disappointment, only the same circular face she'd been running up against in mirrors for the past twenty-two years.

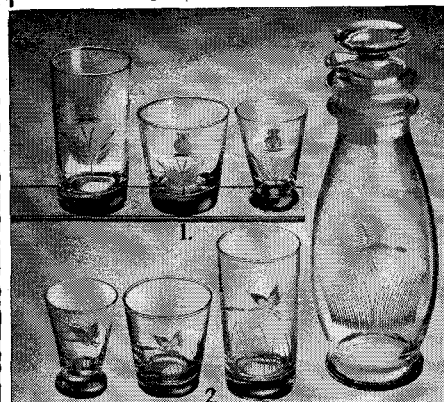
Thinking of the water cooler made her thirsty now and she started down the corridor to get a drink, past the copy desk and through the reception hall,

which had etchings and a thick red rug to impress people from out of town. Mr. Gerry's office was down another corridor, two doors before the water cooler, and when she saw his door open she was tempted to drop in and ask him a few things about India. He had been there briefly on one of his trips for the magazine, and it was essential, she felt, that she ask him a few well-chosen questions. At this moment, however, he was standing with his back to the corridor, laughing at a story Mr. Rowland had been telling him. She was glad she knew where Mr. Rowland was, because it so happened that she had to see him about something very important, about the matter of a book he had in his office that she was going to need badly a week from next Tuesday. She went on down to the water cooler and spurted some water into a Dixie cup. After the first swallow, she drank in slow little sips, like a person trying to cure himself of hiccups, keeping her eyes on Mr. Gerry's door to be sure that Mr. Rowland didn't slip away. Between sips, she thought with both pity and curiosity of Mr. Gerry's family life. It was incomprehensible to a person like herself, who had been so happily married to the dark-eyed sergeant for seven weeks. The sergeant had been away over a year now, and although she could no longer remember what he was like, the fact of her happy marriage seemed to affirm itself more strongly every day. It had become, indeed, no longer a fluid condition of being but a sort of slogan, like "I use Woodbury's Facial Cocktail," and she attributed the marriage to herself alone, as though she had been born with it, along with her nose and her pair of legs.

She gulped the rest of the water, which had become as undesirable to her after the first few sips as a stale pitcherful beside a sick-bed, and started back down the corridor. Mr. Gerry, his back still turned to the corridor, was talking animatedly to Mr. Rowland. The matter of the book, she decided, would have to wait. In her office, she contemplated her freshly sharpened pencils and then, selecting one, she wrote the words "Mahatma Gandhi" in big letters at the top of a clean sheet of paper. She was putting the final flourish on the "D" when a blue memo sheet from Mrs. Branham caught her eye. That reminded her—she must talk to Mrs. Branham immediately about that



Largest Stock of Fine China and Crystal in New York



1. Matched clear Crystal with hand cut Thistle design. May also be had with hand cut Ear of Rye. State choice. Hiball holds 12 ozs., doz. \$8.00. Old Fashioned holds 7 ozs., doz. \$8.00. Footed Cocktail holds 3 1/2 ozs., doz. \$8.00.

2. Handsome matched Crystal with cut Flying Geese over marsh grass. Hiball holds 12 ozs., doz. \$8.00. Old Fashioned holds 7 ozs., doz. \$8.00. Footed Cocktail holds 3 1/2 ozs., doz. \$8.00. Cocktail Shaker with glass strainer holds 1 quart. Each \$9.00.

PLUMMER, Ltd.

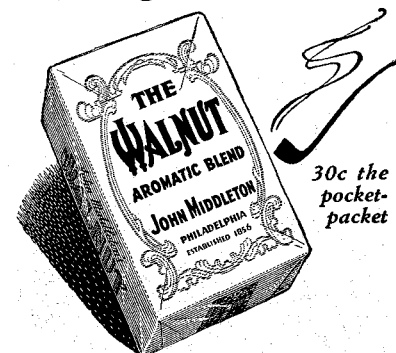
Dept. Y, 695 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me free Gift Catalogue.

Name.....

Address.....

Pipe-smokers never weary of Walnut

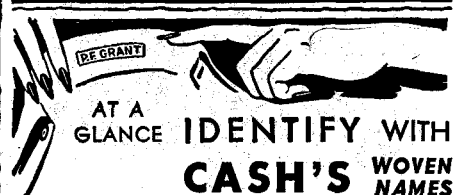


30c the pocket-pack

With that RICH, NATURAL, NUTTY Flavor

Write for free booklet, "The Choice of Experience." John Middleton, 1221 Walnut Tobacco St., Phila. 7, Pa.

Custom-made for the Carriage-trade since 1856



Why risk the loss or misuse of your property? One quick look tells you it's yours if your name, on a Cash's Woven Name tape, is attached to your clothing and belongings. Cash's is the preferred method of marking in the Services, at schools and in thousands of homes. Cash's Names are easy to attach, permanent, economical. Ask for CASH'S Woven Names at your Dept. Store, or write us.

CASH'S 15 Chestnut St., South Norwalk, Conn., or 6201 So. Gramercy Pl., Los Angeles 44, Cal.

PRICES THREE DOZEN \$1.50 NINE DOZEN \$2.50
SIX DOZEN \$2.00 TWELVE DOZEN \$3.00

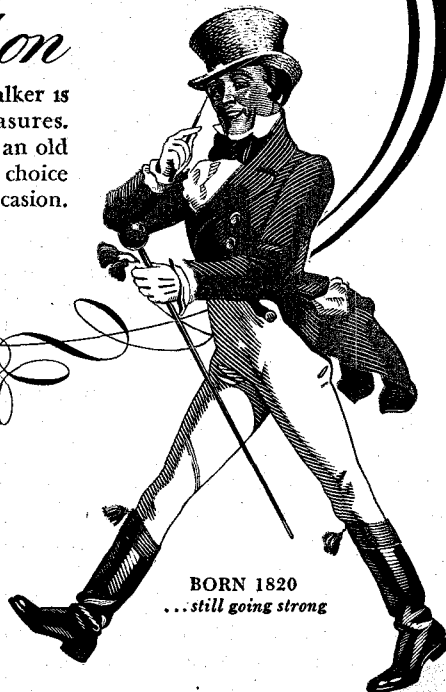
*This safety
device had
a short life*

... Lightning Rod
Umbrella, Early
19th Century



But
JOHNNIE WALKER'S
*popularity
lives on and on*

The enjoyment of Johnnie Walker is one of life's enduring pleasures. Smooth as velvet... mellow as an old friendship... each sip of this choice scotch whisky is a memorable occasion.



BORN 1820
... still going strong



RED LABEL

BLACK LABEL

Both 86.8 proof

**JOHNNIE
WALKER**

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

*Popular Johnnie Walker can't be everywhere
all the time these days. If occasionally he is
"out" when you call... call again.*

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y.
Sole Importer

BUY U. S. VICTORY BONDS AND STAMPS!

excellent suggestion Mrs. Branham had made last month and that she had forgotten. Mrs. Branham's office was several doors beyond the water cooler, and she debated for a moment whether or not it might be simpler just to telephone. Better to go—after all this time it would be inexcusably rude not to apologize in person. She took her mirror out of her purse, patted her hair into place, picked up the memo, and walked briskly down the corridor, past the copy desk and through the reception hall. Her heart was beating a little irregularly, and she wondered why she was so frightened of Mrs. Branham, who in the last analysis was a sweet, kindly person. Passing Mr. Gerry's office, she caught a glimpse of Mr. Rowland. He was alone, and he was thumbing through the latest issue of the magazine. She hurried on to the office where Mrs. Branham worked, but Mr. McLain, at the next desk, told her that she had left with her hat and coat, and he presumed she had gone out to lunch. Mr. McLain asked whether he could do anything for her, and she thanked him and said she would drop by later. On the way back she stopped for just one more sip from the cooler. The water was deliciously cold and as she dipped her lips into it she frowned and studied Mrs. Branham's memo. "If you do not feel it necessary," Mrs. Branham had written, "to renew your subscription to any of the newspapers and magazines you are now taking, would you be kind enough to let me know at your earliest convenience?" She read the memo five times, then turned toward Mr. Gerry's room. Mr. Rowland was sitting on Mr. Gerry's desk with the *Times* spread out in front of him. She made up her mind to speak to him about the book when she came back to see Mrs. Branham, since she was not absolutely certain, just now, what the title of the book actually was.

It was almost noon when she sat down again at her desk. Neither her hat nor the caption about Mahatma Gandhi had disappeared, as she had half hoped and half believed they might. She slipped a fresh piece of paper into her typewriter and was finding, on the keyboard, the letters "G-A-N," when her telephone rang. It was Mr. McLain. Just for his records, he said, he would like to come in and explain about an identification card all employees were to use from now on when they left the building after office hours. Purely routine, Mr. McLain said, just a touch of red tape because the Navy had

rented several floors in the building, and when would it be convenient for him to come down and see her? She told him that she hated for him to go to all that trouble, and that, since she wanted to leave a note for Mrs. Branham anyway, she would come to see *him*, and kill two birds with one stone. It was no bother at all, she said over Mr. McLain's protestations, and she would be along in a few minutes.

She took the mirror out of her purse and powdered her nose, which was slightly shiny from all the exercise. As she walked across the rug in the reception hall, she wondered whether it might not be the better part of wisdom to see a specialist about her heart, which had reminded her all morning of a basketball being dribbled across a court. As she passed Mr. Gerry's office, she saw that it was empty now, and she speeded up to be sure and catch Mr. McLain before he went out to lunch. So it happened that she bumped headlong into Mr. Gerry. He was carrying a cupful of water and it spilled all down the front of her dress.

"Oh, I'm *awfully* sorry, Miss Taylor," Mr. Gerry said, taking out his handkerchief and waving it ineffectually in front of her nose.

"That's perfectly all right, Mr. Gerry," she said, a little too loudly, she decided afterward.

"But that's *terrible*," said Mr. Gerry with real concern. "I hope I haven't ruined your dress!"

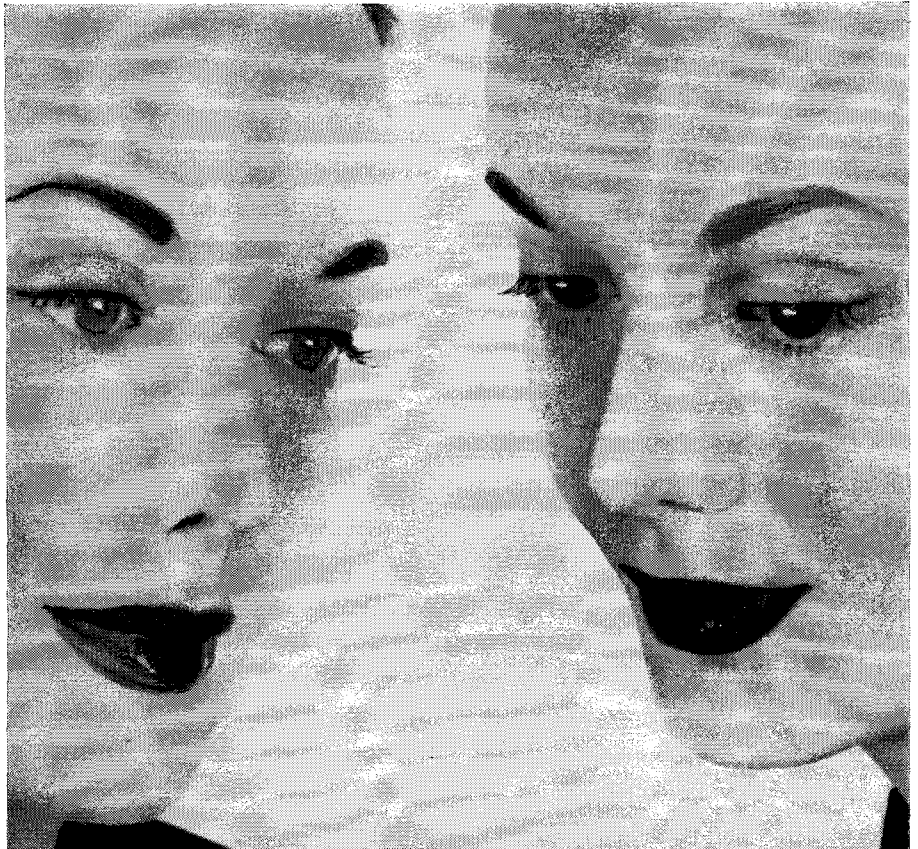
"Of course not," she said, smiling. "It'll dry right off."

"Well..." Mr. Gerry lingered uncertainly in his doorway. "I guess I ought to look where I'm going," he said, and stepped inside.

"*I'm* the one who ought to look!" She smiled at him again and went off at a fast clip down the corridor toward her office. Heavens, it was nearly twelve-thirty! With a breast-stroke motion, she cleared a space on her desk to work in. The only sensible thing to do, she decided, was to start with Nehru now, since he was the hardest, and then polish off Gandhi right after lunch. She reached toward her bookcase for the encyclopedia, and as she did so she felt a sudden surge of pity for all the girls tied down to their housekeeping, who couldn't have a really interesting job, like hers. —FRANCES LANAHAN

In bad weather, her uniform usually consists of GI pants and boots.—*Junior Red Cross Journal*.

Stick around, men, the glass is falling.



Pat-a-Kake

A Makeup Foundation that's GOOD for the Skin

Two years of exhaustive research resulted in the discovery of this formula — modern, scientific laboratory resources perfected it... NOW, and only now, Elizabeth Arden announces PAT-A-KAKE, the ultimate in a Makeup Foundation. You will find it at your favorite dealer... a sensational new development in beauty. PAT-A-KAKE gives a younger, smoother, softer-looking skin AT ONCE... helps to conceal blemishes, freckles, tiny lines... has a lasting, beneficial effect... no artificial, ready-to-crack, heavily coated look. PAT-A-KAKE is easily applied, easily removed, leaving the skin actually fresher, prettier than before.

Nine wonderful shades to complement every complexion.

Price 1.00 (plus tax)

Elizabeth Arden

Cartier



One single handsome rose brooch — two-toned gold with a diamond center, \$470. . . Superb Cartier gift. . . Price includes 20% Federal Tax.

Information on diamond engagement and wedding rings sent on request.

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. Plaza 3-0111

(Advertisement)

*'BOTANY' BRAND WOOLENS



"...and when I get home, I'll eat two steaks,
have a massage and facial and buy a new BOTANY wool coat."

*"BOTANY" is a trade mark of Botany Worsted Mills, registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Copyright 1945, Botany Worsted Mills

OF ALL THINGS

IN reply to his critics, MacArthur has made a fuller explanation of his policy in Japan. It started soft, the General admits, but it gets harder the longer it cooks.

Tojo's inept attempt at suicide has had no effect on his military reputation. We knew all along that he was not a straight shooter.

Washington observers say that Mr. Truman's requests to Congress are presented in more courteous terms than the ones Roosevelt used. The lawmakers, it is believed, will be equally courteous when they say no.

Since the war ended, party politics has returned to Washington with surprising speed. One reason might be that it was never very far away.

The decision of Congress to put the country back on standard time is a victory for the farmers. These fellows never held with the city-slicker idea of getting up early.

It is no secret that our service men overseas have lost interest in military affairs. What they long to hear is that handy phrase of the radio announcers, "We return you now to the United States."

The present labor unrest is based on the inclination of the workers to get the same take-home pay as they had during the war. They point out that they have to pay as much as ever for take-home groceries.

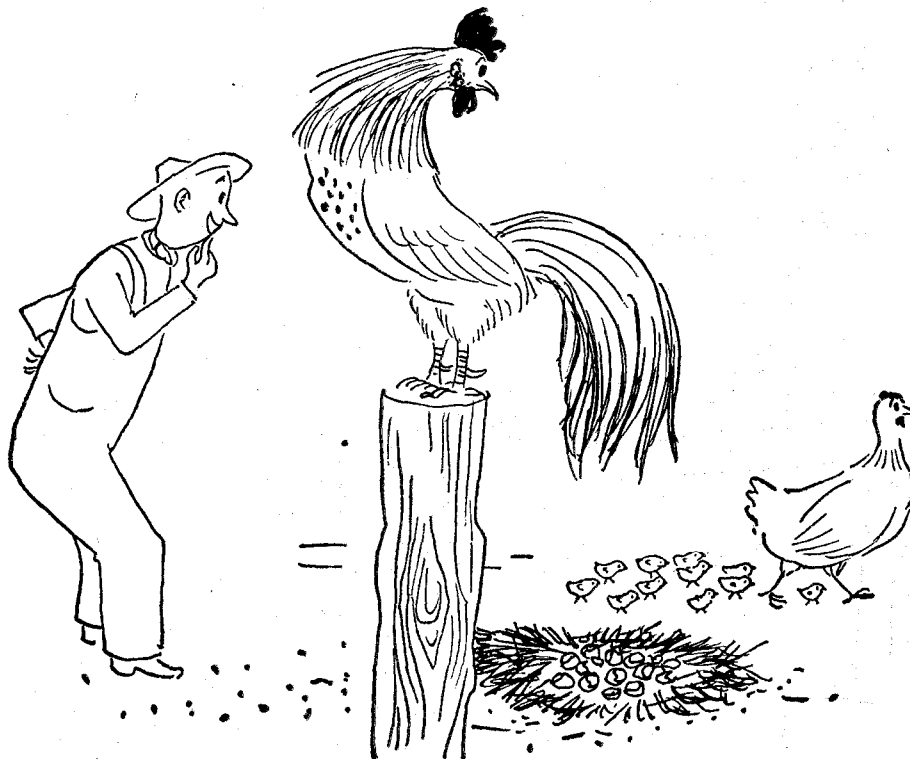
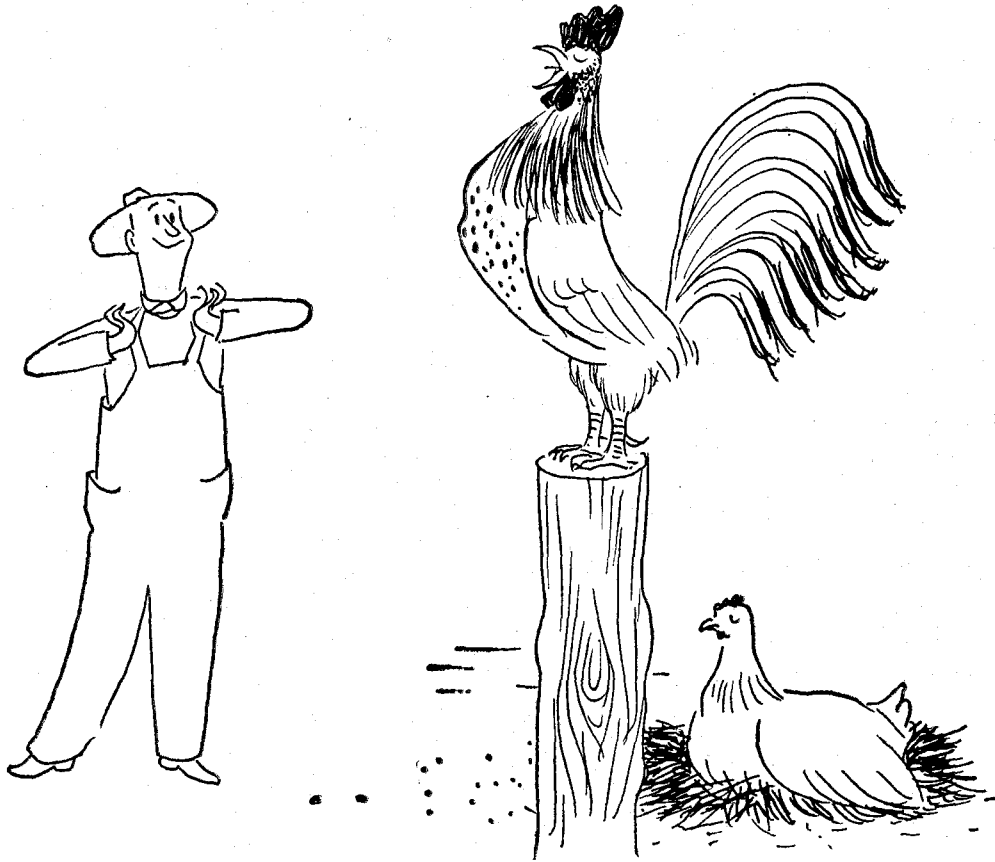
Judge Goldstein says that the issue in the New York mayoralty campaign is greed. His own position on the matter is admirably clear. He is against it.

General Wainwright is understandably pessimistic about the character of the Japanese. He feels that people like that don't rate even a non-resident membership in the human race.

The people of New York have decided not to waste their time going to World Series games this year. We have more important things to do these bracing autumn afternoons.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



Nor the power
of the magazine which
has the largest
audited circulation
of **ANY** magazine,
given it exclusively
by women

LADIES' HOME **JOURNAL**
THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HALF of the twelve million ducks that are raised every year in the United States for the market spend their brief lives in one clattering, thirty-square-mile section of Long Island. There are about seventy-five farms in this area, which extends from Brookhaven, on the South Shore, to Aquebogue, on the Great Peconic Bay. The largest of them is on the bay, near Riverhead, the seat of Suffolk County, and it is owned and run by Hollis V. Warner. It is the biggest duck farm in the world. Mr. Warner raises half a million ducks a year. He has been raising that many since 1939, when, after eighteen years in the business, he really began to hit his stride.

Mr. Warner, like practically all American duck growers, raises only the Imperial Pekin breed. The Pekin, with its large, plump, milk-white body, its long, graceful neck, and its arrogant head, is a handsome bird. Nowadays, when people think of a barnyard duck, they automatically visualize, whether they realize it or not, a Pekin, but up to seventy years ago nobody in this part of the world had even heard of the Pekin. There are, of course, many other varieties of barnyard duck. Seventy years ago, the most admired breeds were the dark-feathered Rouen, the Black Cayuga, and the Aylesbury, which is white, like the Pekin, but small and squat. The Pekin duck comes from China, where it is the common variety. An impressionable New York merchant named McGrath, who was in the China trade, seems to have been the first Occidental to take notice of it. The historic encounter occurred in 1873, near Pekin. A characteristic of the Pekin duck is its size; when it has reached its full growth, which is at ten weeks, the age at which ducks are usually slaughtered for the market, it is, on an average, two pounds heavier than any of the others. It is also harder and easier to pluck. McGrath mistook his first Pekin for a small

A FINE DAY FOR DUCKS

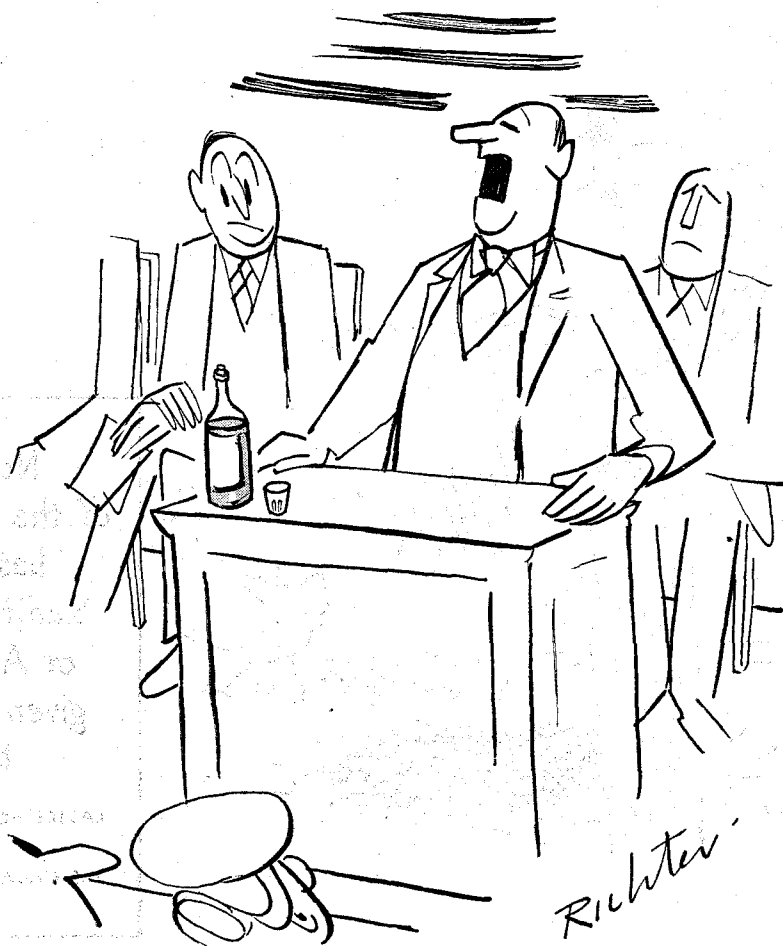
goose. When he learned that it was actually a large duck, he became so excited that he let his business (whatever that was) slide, bought some Pekin eggs, hatched them under hens, and raced to the port of Shanghai with the fifteen resultant ducklings. There he arranged with another American merchant, James E. Palmer of Connecticut, who was about to go back home, to take the ducklings with him. He offered Palmer seven of the ducklings for his trouble, with the understanding that the rest would be delivered to McGrath's family with instructions to breed them. McGrath was content to call the breed he had discovered by the name of the city in which he had found them and let it go at that. He didn't bother to ask what the Chinese called their duck, which was, and is today, "the duck." The simple place name seemed to Palmer inadequate for the breed McGrath had described so impressively, and on the trip home he added the "Imperial." The voyage took a hundred and twenty-four days and only nine of the flock survived the passage. When Palmer reached New York, he turned over five—three ducks and two drakes—to Mc-

Grath's family, and kept four—three ducks and a drake—for himself, even though he'd been promised seven. The McGraths, a shortsighted or hungry lot, ate their Pekins, and McGrath's part in the history of the ducks ended right there. Palmer took his Pekins home to Connecticut and bred them. The ducks that resulted were so large, hardy, pluckable, and generally attractive that a year or so later, perhaps to avoid too much inbreeding, he ordered another flock from China. This time, six ducks and four drakes—out of what number historians didn't record—survived the trip. A few months later, a Colonel Eyre, a California duck fancier who had got wind of what Palmer was doing, imported four Pekins. Those eighteen ducks—Palmer's fourteen and Colonel Eyre's four—were, as far as anyone knows, the entire foundation stock for the American Pekin dynasty.

After a year of experimenting with the new breed, Colonel Eyre expressed his opinion of it in an article he contributed to the *Poultry Bulletin*. "I should prefer to pay \$100 for a pair of Pekins," he wrote, "than to receive a pair of the other breeds gratis." This forthright statement had a profound effect on readers of the *Poultry Bulletin*, and the rush for

Pekins was on. The American breeders of other ducks tried hard to belittle the Pekin, but after a few years they gave up the fight and switched over themselves. Rouens, Aylesburys, and Black Cayugas are still displayed at the poultry shows, but they are rarely seen elsewhere.

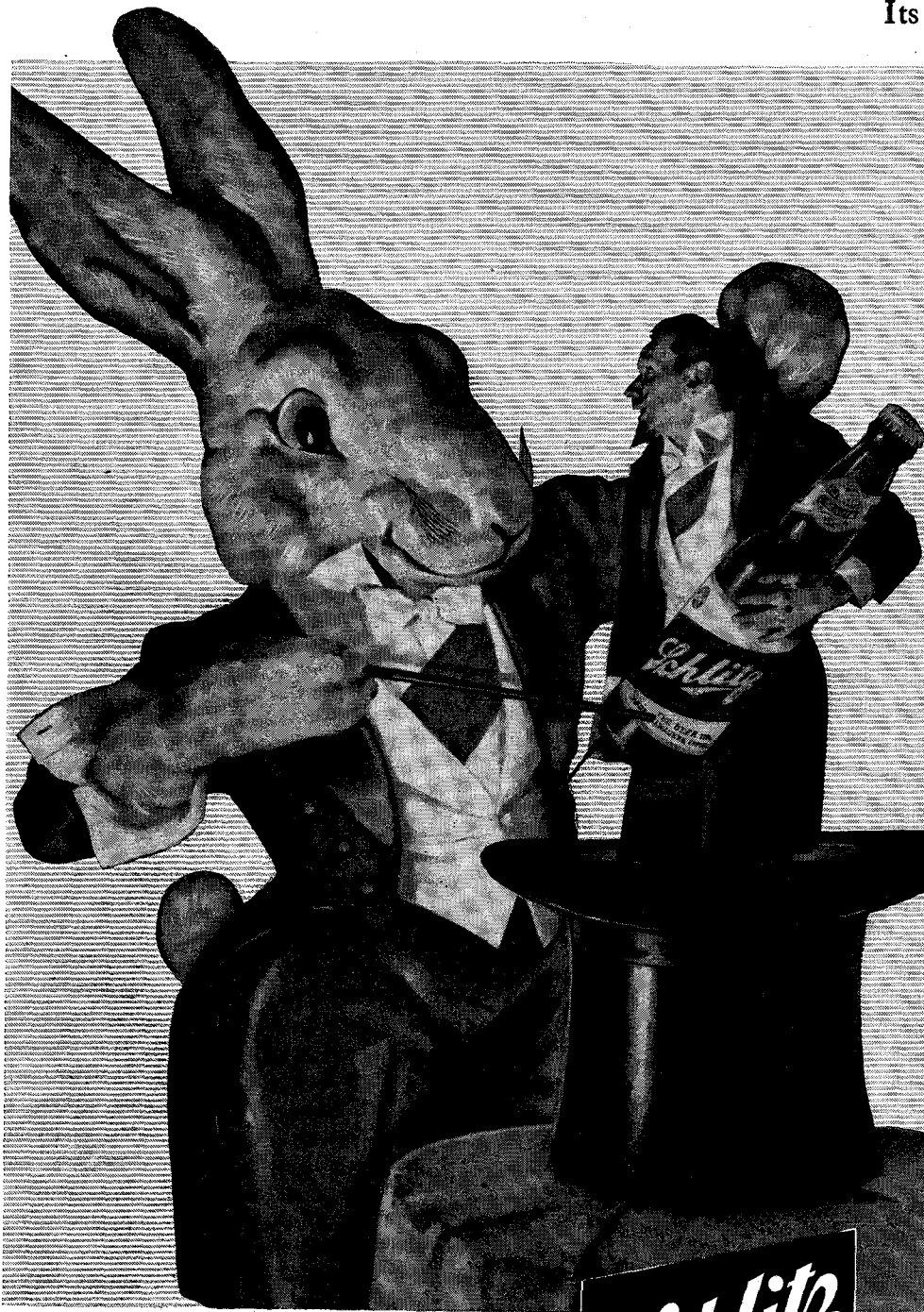
Among the first big breeders to recognize the superiority of the Pekin were the Long Islanders. Long Island has been the largest duck-growing area of the country since long before the Civil War. This is not an accident. The island is close to New York, which not only is the greatest market for ducks in America but does a lively export trade in them. The sandy soil of Long Is-



You wouldn't think it Possible!

It's something out of the ordinary
—that's what people say about Schlitz.

Its freedom from bitterness, its
smoothness and delicacy
of flavor, make a magic
combination for perfect
enjoyment.



JUST
THE *kiss*
OF THE HOPS
...no bitterness



Copy, 1945, J. I. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A New Musical Play

CAROUSEL

Music by **RICHARD RODGERS**
 Book & Lyrics by **OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d**
 Directed by **ROUBEN MAMOULIAN**
 Dances by **AGNES DE MILLE**

with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling,
 Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit

OKLAHOMA!

Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
 Music by **Richard Rodgers** — Book & Lyrics
 by **Oscar Hammerstein 2nd** — Directed by
Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by **Agnes de Mille**

Bob Kennedy • Joseph Buloff • Iva Ruth
 St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE NATIONAL COMPANY

OKLAHOMA!

NOW—National Thea. Washington, D. C.
 Sept. 24th to Oct. 6th
 Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, Md.

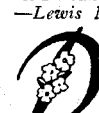
MICHAEL TODD presents



"UP IN CENTRAL PARK"

Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS • Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS • Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
BROADWAY THEA. at 53rd St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY"
 —Lewis Nichols, Times



Dear Ruth

A New Comedy
 by **NORMAN KRASNA**
 Directed by **MOSS HART**

NEW YORK—HENRY MILLER'S Thea., Air-Conditioned
 43rd St. East of B'way. Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

CHICAGO
HARRIS THEATRE, Matinees Wednesday & Saturday

2nd YEAR

I WANNA GET MARRIED!

GERTRUDE NIESEN
IN FOLLOW THE GIRLS

Staged by **HARRY DELMAR**
 AIR-COND.
BROADHURST Thea. W. 44 St. Mat. Wed. & Sat.

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY

MAX GORDON presents
 By **JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN**
 with **LEO G. CARROLL**

Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
 Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40
 Scientifically Air-Conditioned

"THE play the whole country is talking about."—GARLAND, Jour.-Amer.



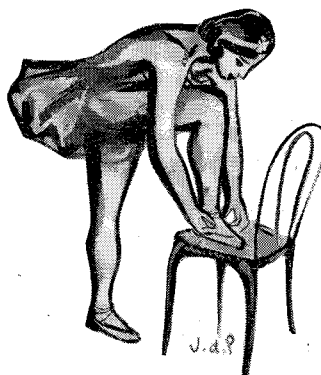
Anna Lucasta

Air-Conditioned
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way
 Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

land is just right for ducks. It gives them the soft footing they like and the grit their diet requires. Moreover, the highly absorbent quality of the soil makes it easier for the growers to keep the yards tidy. The industry also found its way into literature before the Civil War. When William Cobbett visited America in 1818, he spoke of the matter in the inevitable account of his travels. "The Long Island ducks," he wrote, "are fattened upon a coarse sort of crab, called the horsefoot fish, prodigious quantities of which are cast upon the shores. The young ducks grow fast on this, and very fat; but woe unto him that has to smell them when they come from the spit; and as for eating them, a man must have stomach indeed to do that." It was a fashionably snide, but not wholly inaccurate, comment. Mr. Warner and his contemporaries point out that it is no longer the custom to feed ducks on fish and that Cobbett wasn't talking about Imperial Pekins anyway.

A FEW days ago, when I got in touch with Mr. Warner in the hope of seeing the world's largest duck farm, he amiably agreed to show me around his place. He said that he would call for me in his car at nine the next morning at the Henry Perkins Hotel, in Riverhead. He had been up and about his business since five-thirty, and he arrived in his work clothes—a yellowed straw sailor with the size tab (7¼) still stuck in the band, a short-sleeved blue shirt, tan cotton trousers, high black Congress gaiters, and no socks. He is a dark, robust man of forty-eight. A very large and very black cigar was clamped in one corner of his mouth. On the way to the farm, he told me about his life and works. He was born near Riverhead and he has been off the island only twice in his life for any length of time. Business requires him to come into New York one day a month. These excursions to the mainland make him uncomfortable and he always goes home before nightfall. "I'm just easier in my mind when I'm out here on the farm with my ducks," he said. "As many ducks as I've got are a big responsibility for a man." He satisfied the wanderlust of his youth by attending the State College of Agriculture at Cornell and by serving a short hitch in the Navy to-

ward the end of the last war. He is a second-generation duck raiser. His father, who began as a general farmer, changed over to ducks in 1913, seven years before his death, and young Warner worked with his father for a year or two after he got out of college. The elder Warner had twenty acres and raised twenty thousand ducks a year, which was then a far from piddling number. However, when young Warner branched out on his own in 1921 with seventeen acres, which he bought with a small inheritance from his father, he raised forty thousand birds the first year. His farm has grown to two hundred and fifty acres. Most of it lies along the bay, between the Peconic River and a small stream called Sawmill



Creek. He employs seventy men about the place, and seventy women pluckers. There is a small railroad on his farm—a mile or two of narrow-gauge track running between the feed-storage houses and the scattered duck houses and growing pens. The feed is transported in miniature gondola cars, which the men push along the track. Visitors who have enough knowledge of duck-farming to appreciate the unprecedented scale of Mr. Warner's labors are often stunned by the sight of his establishment. A feed-company man who looked over the place a year or two ago said to Mr. Warner, as they parted, "I would never have believed it. I want you to know that you have opened my eyes." Even Mr. Warner is impressed by what he has wrought. He told me, however, that he would be content to jog along for the rest of his life at half a million ducks a year. "I've lost my ambition," he said, understandably. His annual output, he estimates, is more than enough to provide everybody in Hoboken with a good big duck dinner every day for a month.

Just before we reached the farm, Mr. Warner said, smiling, "I suppose you've been wondering about my shoes." I had. "Well," he said, "I've figured out that these are the lightest shoes they make, and they're unrationed. They don't cost me much, either, because I get them from a mail-order house. I buy them by the half dozen and I change them half a dozen times a day because they're easier on you that way. A man does a lot of walking on a place

as big as mine, so I figure the less weight I have to pick up every time I take a step, the better off I am." I asked him how much walking he did. "I'll tell you," he said. "I put fifteen thousand miles on this car last year just driving around the place and into town. I hate to think of it, but I do almost as much walking as I do riding." We turned off the highway at Mr. Warner's extremely plain, square, three-story, brown-shingled house, set on a shady lawn between a flower-and-vegetable garden and a wheat field, and we rocked slowly down a sandy lane toward a small, rambling village of weathered frame buildings. A few Negro farmhands were moving vaguely about. Somewhere someone was whistling "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." An elderly white horse was regarding us from a corral. It was a peaceful scene.

Mr. Warner stopped the car in front of one of the buildings and we got out. "We might as well start in here," he said. "This is the incubator and hatcher house. The laying house is really the first step, but the nearest one is on down the road near the creek, and you can see that later." The building was warm and dimly lighted. There was a heavy smell of spoiled eggs; several buckets filled with them stood here and there on the floor. Lined up against one wall were six enormous cabinets—incubators, Mr. Warner told me. Each of them was larger than the largest restaurant refrigerator I have ever seen. Along the opposite wall were five more cabinets, which Mr. Warner said were hatchers. I asked him what the difference was between incubators and hatchers. "It's one of those complicated simple things," he said. "We start the eggs off in the incubators. We crowd them in, because it's more practical to get as many eggs as possible in the incubator at the start. Not all of them turn out to be fertile, you see." He pointed to a strip of glowing tubing that ran along the ceiling above the aisle between the cabinets. "Keep your eyes off those tubes," he said. "They're ultra-violet. They kill the airborne bacteria, and they can sunburn the life out of your eyeballs." He walked over to the nearest incubator, pulled open the door, and quickly closed it. In the instant that it was open, I got a glimpse of hundreds of eggs set in wooden racks and a whiff of hot, damp air.

Mr. Warner pointed to a section of the room that was partitioned off. "The eggs are gathered up every day and brought into that little room in the

Smart Pull-overs

OF PURE CASHMERE
100% Cashmere Wool

Delightful Pull-overs for Men

Made from the fine soft Cashmere under-fleece—the wool that is unexcelled in richness, in warmth and smartness—Imported.

Full-fashioned models—sizes 38 to 46 chest. Attractive colors—navy, maroon, cadet blue, brown and natural.

Sleeveless Model—\$16.50

With Sleeves—\$23.50

When ordering by Mail, state
Chest Size and Colors desired

A. Sulka & Company

661 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK (22)
5 SO. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO (3)

LONDON

PARIS



**"It's a matter of
GOOD TASTE!"**



An attractive table and pleasant surroundings add extra zest to an outdoor supper. And the finer flavor of Don Q Rum adds extra zest to any rum drink. Don Q is the favorite quality rum of Puerto Rico. It's a matter of good taste!



DON Q RUM

86 PROOF

Product of DESTILERIA SERRALLES, INC., Ponce, Puerto Rico, U. S. A.

SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre

ELLIOTT NUGENT • MARTHA SCOTT • VICKI CUMMINGS

ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents

the Voice of the Turtle

by JOHN VAN DRUTEN

K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • VIVIAN VANCE

CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

LELAND HAYWARD presents

FREDRIC MARCH

A Bell for Adano

by PAUL OSBORN
from JOHN HERSEY'S
Pulitzer Prize Winning Novel
with **MARGO**

Directed by H. C. POTTER

CORT Thea., W. 48th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"No. 1 on the Hit Parade." Walter Winchell

EDWIN LESTER presents
The musical triumph

SONG OF NORWAY

Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG

IMPERIAL Th. 45th W. of B'way. Air-Conditioned
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"The Shuberts' new smash hit, is one of the finest theatrical productions ever staged in New York." —Walter Winchell

Dark of the Moon

A Dramatic Legend by
HOWARD RICHARDSON & WILLIAM BERNEY

46 ST. THEA. W. of B'way. Air-cond. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

Drama Critics Award **YEAR'S BEST PLAY**

Eddie DOWLING & Louis J. SINGER present

LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in

THE GLASS MENAGERIE

A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS

PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
THE PULITZER PRIZE PLAY

FRANK FAY in
"HARVEY"

A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY

48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

A NEW ROMANTIC MUSICAL

Marinka

Staged by HASSARD SHORT

Joan ROBERTS • Harry STOCKWELL • Romo VINCENT
Luba MALINA

WINTER GARDEN B'way and 50th St. AIR-CONDITIONED
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30

corner," he said. "That's the cold room; it's never over sixty in there. We fill up the incubators from the cold room on Fridays. Each of the incubators has a capacity of nineteen thousand eggs. The hatcher's don't hold quite so many. Well, the incubation period is twenty-eight days—twenty-five in the incubator and then three in the hatcher. Those racks you saw in the incubator are turned over by an electric motor every three hours. That's to keep the embryo from sticking to the shell and not developing properly. You take somebody who lies in bed all the time, he soon goes to pieces because he never gets any exercise. Turning is a kind of exercise for the embryo. There's no need to keep turning the eggs after the incubation process has gone beyond a certain point, so we don't have any equipment for that in the hatcher. We give an egg more room in the hatcher, because there has to be space for the duckling after he pecks his way out of the shell. The incubators and the hatcher are heated by electricity. We keep the temperature in all the cabinets at ninety-nine and a half and the humidity at around fifty. After a batch of eggs has been in the incubator five days, we hold them up against a bright light to pick out the infertile ones. If there's a germ developing, you can see it. We feed the discards to the older ducks. The good ones go back in the incubator until they're ready for the hatcher. Suppose we move on down to the laying house," he said. "I'll show you some ducks on the way."

As we walked down the lane, Mr. Warner told me that the peak of the laying season is in March, and the excess eggs have to be put in the cold room to wait their turn, because there isn't room for them all in the hatching devices. Ninety per cent of the March eggs are fertile. In July and August, only about seventy-five per cent are fertile. "If you do better than that," he said, "you're a freak having freak's luck." Mr. Warner slaughters and markets his ducks when they are around ten weeks old. In the early summer, he often has as many as two hundred and fifty thousand ducks in his pens. That is considerably more ducks than all but one of his competitors, Joseph Celic, whose farm is near Aquebogue, can produce in a year. Mr. Celic has recently worked up to nearly

four hundred thousand birds a year. William Lukert, of Moriches, and J. Leszkowicz, of Brookhaven, two other big growers, can't get much past two hundred thousand. But Mr. Warner rarely mentions other duck men. Success has blunted his competitive instinct.

THE lane wandered in and out between barns, employees' cottages, stables, storehouses, and long, low buildings that Mr. Warner called brooders—heated structures full of pens in which ducklings fresh from the hatcher are pampered and fattened against the rigors of maturity and the outdoor life. It was pleasant in the shade of the buildings and the occasional trees, but the sun was bright and hot and I began to get tired from walking in the deep sand of the lane. After a few minutes, I took off my coat and slung it over my arm. Mr. Warner swung tirelessly along in his weightless shoes, his old hat tilted to shield his eyes. A fragile, two-inch ash clung to the tip of his cigar. "A fine day for ducks," he said after a while.

"I thought ducks were supposed to like rainy weather," I said.

"That's the worst fallacy in the world," he said. "Ducks don't like rain. They like nice, clear, warm

weather. A duck can stand any amount of water under his belly, but he can't take much on his back until he's almost old enough to market. Rain is terrible for ducks." Ducks do not have feathers on their backs until about their eighth week, Mr. Warner told me. In fact, these feathers are the last to grow. He regards this as a serious biological mistake. It is one of the few decisions of nature that he questions. A thorough soaking is likely to give a young duck a fatal chill. Ducks are often so bewildered by rain that they are unable to run even a few yards to shelter. "It's ex-

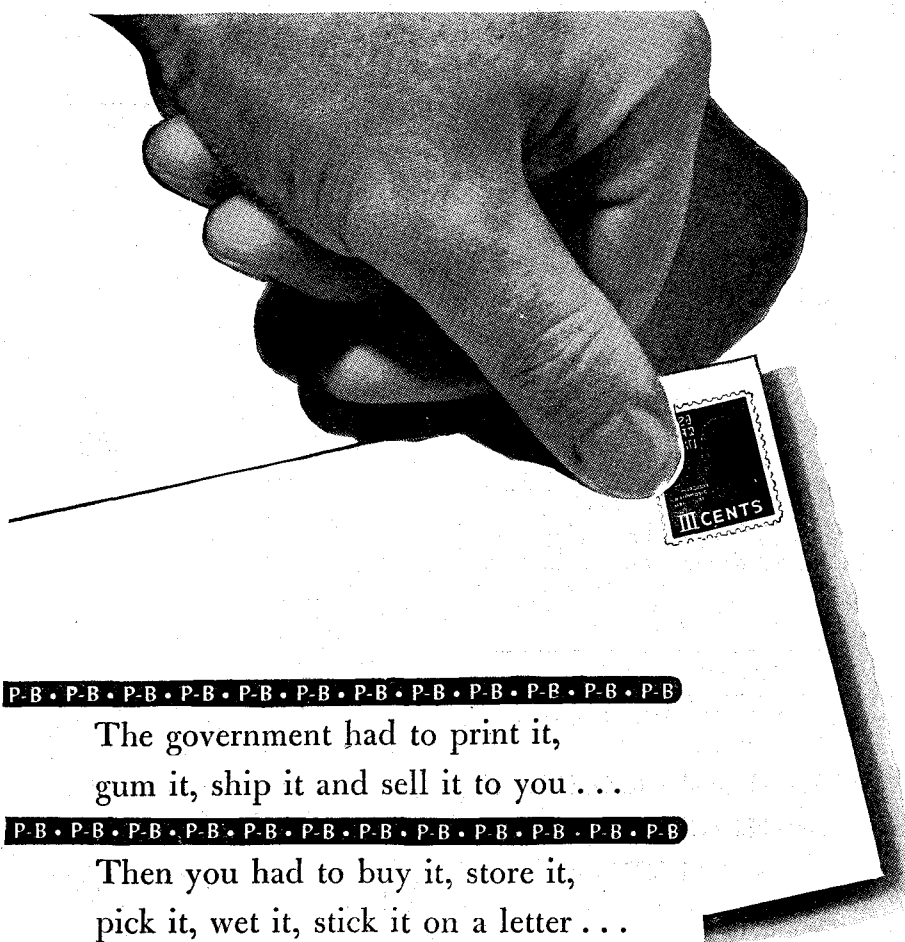
cruciating to see a duck scrunching down in the rain," Mr. Warner said. He spoke with feeling. One morning last May, after an all-night rain, his helpers picked up more than a thousand dead ones.

While Mr. Warner was telling me this, I became aware of a distant quacking. The sound grew louder and louder as we walked on, and Mr. Warner's voice rose with it. The sound of a multitude of ducks is harsh, hideous,



and shattering. "All that noise is coming just from the ducks—that is, the females," Mr. Warner said. "The drakes hardly make a sound. Don't ask me why." The lane petered out at the foot of a low embankment, along the top of which ran a branch of Mr. Warner's railroad. We climbed to the top. Far away to our right, at the mouth of the creek, I could see a bit of the bay. Below us, the land, which had been cleared in a wide swath to make a beach, sloped down to Sawmill Creek. The beach and the stream were jammed with clamoring, glittering ducks. There were ducks almost as far as I could see. The pale sand, the sparkling gray water, and the thousands of white ducks were a startling and beautiful sight. A low fence ran down the middle of the stream. Other fences extended out from the beach at fifty-yard intervals, to meet the central fence and thus form pens, half in the water and half on land. The noise was overpowering. Mr. Warner shouted above it, "They're having the time of their lives today." As we walked along the track, which gradually curved away from the beach, the noise diminished a little. "You know," Mr. Warner said, "you can almost see a duck beam with enjoyment when he's got plenty to eat and drink, fresh air and sunshine, water to play in, and a dry bed at night—oh, rats!" I had been looking down at the track, but his exclamation made me glance up. He was brushing cigar ash off the front of his shirt and frowning at the stump of his cigar. "I thought I was going to get a really good ash for once," he said.

We came to the laying house, a long, brown-shingled building. The railway track ran through a door at one end, along a narrow catwalk above the floor, out through the far end, across a pen, into another building, and so on around the farm. The floor of the laying house, like the floors of the brooders, was covered with a deep litter of straw, which serves as insulation and in which the ducks can burrow to make nests. A few ducks were dozing in nests along the walls; others were strolling sedately in and out of a little doorway onto one of the beach pens. "We choose our breeding stock each year from the best of the March birds," Mr. Warner said. "The March birds are always the biggest and sturdiest of the lot. We pick six thousand breeders—fifteen to eighteen drakes for every hundred females. They start laying in November or December and continue through the spring and



P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B.

The government had to print it,
gum it, ship it and sell it to you . . .

P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B.

Then you had to buy it, store it,
pick it, wet it, stick it on a letter . . .

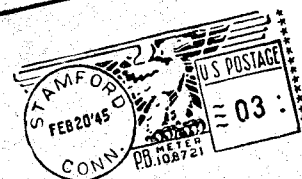
P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B.

A postage meter does the job better,
in your own office . . . prints on the
envelope any value of stamp needed for
any kind of mail, seals the flap at the
same time, does its own accounting . . .
Saves time, effort, and usually postage.
Helpful in any office, large or small . . .

P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B.

Pitney-Bowes is making postage meters
again . . . Call our nearest office, or
write for illustrated booklet . . . today!

P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B. • P.B.



PITNEY-BOWES Postage Meter

PITNEY-BOWES, INC., 1689 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn.

*Originators of Metered Mail, largest makers of postage meters
Offices in principal cities. In Canada: Canadian Postage Meters, Ltd.*

NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!

ON THE TOWN

AIR COND.

MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
CI 6-6363. Evenings 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"BRIGHT NEW MUSICAL HIT"—LIFE

BLOOMER GIRL

NANETTE FABRAY DAVID BROOKS DOOLEY WILSON DOROTHY JARNAC

Music by HAROLD ARLEN Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILLITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. AIR COND.
Evs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present

MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA

in JOHN van DRUTEN'S

I REMEMBER MAMA

from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with F. HEFLIN, A. GESSNER, R. BISHOP
MUSIC BOX, Air-Cond., W. 45 St., Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

MOTION PICTURE

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

50th St. & 6th Ave.

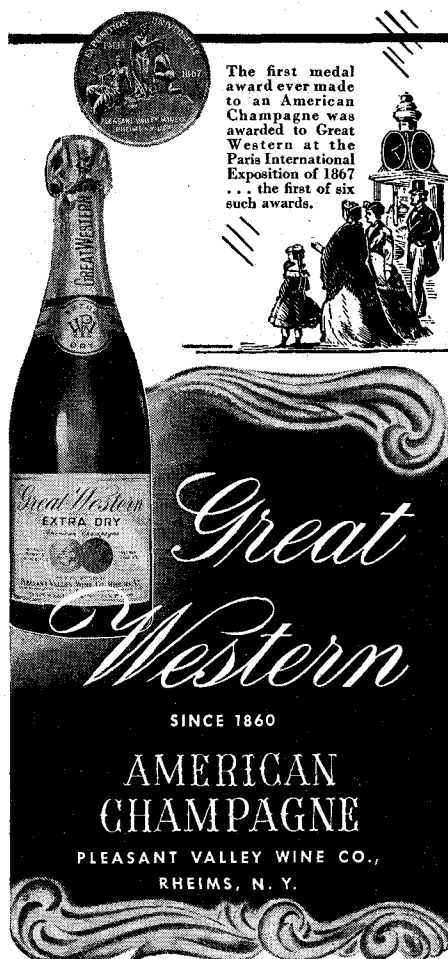
EDWARD G. ROBINSON • MARGARET O'BRIEN

"OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES"

with Jackie "BUTCH" Jenkins

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION



The first medal award ever made to an American Champagne was awarded to Great Western at the Paris International Exposition of 1867... the first of six such awards.

Great Western

SINCE 1860

AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE

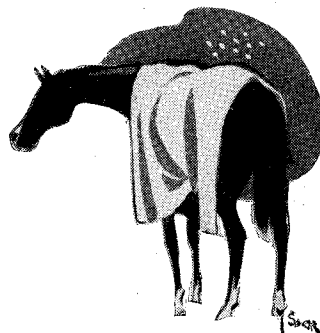
PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,
RHEIMS, N. Y.

summer. Then, around September, just before the new breeders come along, we begin to market them." An aged, stooped Negro, carrying a bucket, came along. He was looking through the nests for eggs. "That's Fletcher," Mr. Warner said. "He's my champion egg picker." Fletcher looked up at us as Mr. Warner spoke. He had three eggs in his hand. "Twenty-four," he murmured, placing one of the eggs in the bucket. "Good morning, Mr. Warner. Twenty-five, twenty-six." Fletcher, Mr. Warner told me as we left the building, loves scrambled duck eggs. "I don't rave about them myself," he said. "They're too strong." I had been wondering whether Mr. Warner sat down to a duck dinner every Sunday, and this seemed like a good time to ask him. He smiled. "Oh, I have duck once a month or so," he said. "I like it and all, but you know how it is."

MR. WARNER took me to visit the slaughtering shed and the plucking house next. The shed was some distance away, so we walked back to the car and drove down toward the bay. As we passed the wheat field, I asked Mr. Warner if he grew his own feed. "Law, no," he said. "I put in thirty acres of wheat simply because I don't need that land for the ducks. Why, it wouldn't take my birds thirty minutes to eat up all the wheat I can grow on that field. We feed a complicated mash that we mix up ourselves out of various kinds of meal, and we also use a ready-made, dehydrated mash pellet. Sometimes I think they may grow a little faster on pellets. They fill their crops with pellets and the stuff makes them thirsty, so they drink a lot of water. Generally, though, we just keep the pellets in reserve in case we run out of mash."

The slaughtering shed is an evil place. Ducks are herded in and killed by thrusting a knife through the roof of the mouth into the brain. After being washed in cold water, the duck is suspended by the neck from a sloping rack, made of two smooth, round parallel bars between which its neck fits. It slides slowly down the rack and through a window into the plucking house. The rack was worked out several years ago; before that, the slaughterers simply tossed the birds through the window and onto a tray. "I never had a minute's

peace in the old days," Mr. Warner said. "The pluckers used to pick through the pile of birds to get ones that didn't have many pinfeathers. The younger the bird, you know, the more pinfeathers he's apt to have, and pinfeathers are hard to get out. You can pull the mature feathers out with your hand, if you know the trick, but you need a knife for the pinfeathers. Well, the women would get to quarrelling over the birds.



Some of them would get so mad they'd be ready to come to blows. Now, thank heaven, they just have to take the next duck on the rack." Life would be even sweeter for Mr. Warner, I gathered, if someone would invent a plucking machine. "They've worked out

a good chicken plucker," he told me glumly. "Or so I hear."

About fifty women, seated at long wooden tables, were at work in the plucking house. The building was hot from the steam of several big caldrons of simmering water, into which the slaughtered birds are dipped once or twice to loosen the feathers. I left Mr. Warner and walked over to a table to watch one of the pluckers, a middle-aged woman with a round, untroubled face. She nodded pleasantly and went on stripping the damp feathers off in great handfuls and dropping them through a hole in the table into a barrel beneath. Then, before starting in on the pinfeathers, she paused. "You'd never in the world make a good plucker," she said. "That's because you're a man. It takes a woman to pluck ducks just right." She said that she had been a plucker there and at other farms for fifty years. I looked at her in astonishment. "Now, what am I saying!" she exclaimed. "I mean *fifteen* years. Well, you see what happens to someone who spends her life around a lot of crazy ducks." She became inarticulate with laughter and weakly waved me away.

I rejoined Mr. Warner and, as we moved on down the room, he said that the pluckers are paid nine cents a bird. An experienced hand can pick a hundred and fifty ducks a day. Through a door near the other end of the room is the packing-and-shipping dock, where the plucked ducks are thoroughly chilled in tanks of ice water and then packed between layers of ice in barrels that hold about thirty birds apiece. Every day shipping-company trucks call for the

barrels and deliver them to a commission house in New York. Mr. Warner gets an average of twenty-eight cents a pound for his ducks. The O. P. A. ceiling price ranges from twenty-eight cents, in the six spring and summer months, when production is high, to a little over thirty cents at the low point, in January. Before the war, ducks didn't bring much more than half that much. Meat rationing has naturally encouraged a lot of people to cultivate a taste for duck. Few civilians, however, have had a chance to become sated. Duck production increased with the demand, but the increase was more than offset by government purchases for the armed services of at least twenty per cent of the crop. Mr. Warner does not believe that the end of meat rationing will greatly affect the demand for duck. "People don't forget the taste of roast duck," he said. He grosses in the neighborhood of half a million dollars a year, but his overhead is high and his net is modest. The feathers are an important and profitable sideline; they bring him ninety-one cents a pound. "We get around a dollar's worth of feathers from six ducks," he said. "That adds up to quite a bit. We make enough on feathers to cover the cost of processing and shipping all our ducks." While the war was going on, most of the country's output of duck feathers went into linings for G.I. sleeping bags and warm clothing for high-altitude fliers. In peacetime, of course, the feathers are used for mattresses and bedding.

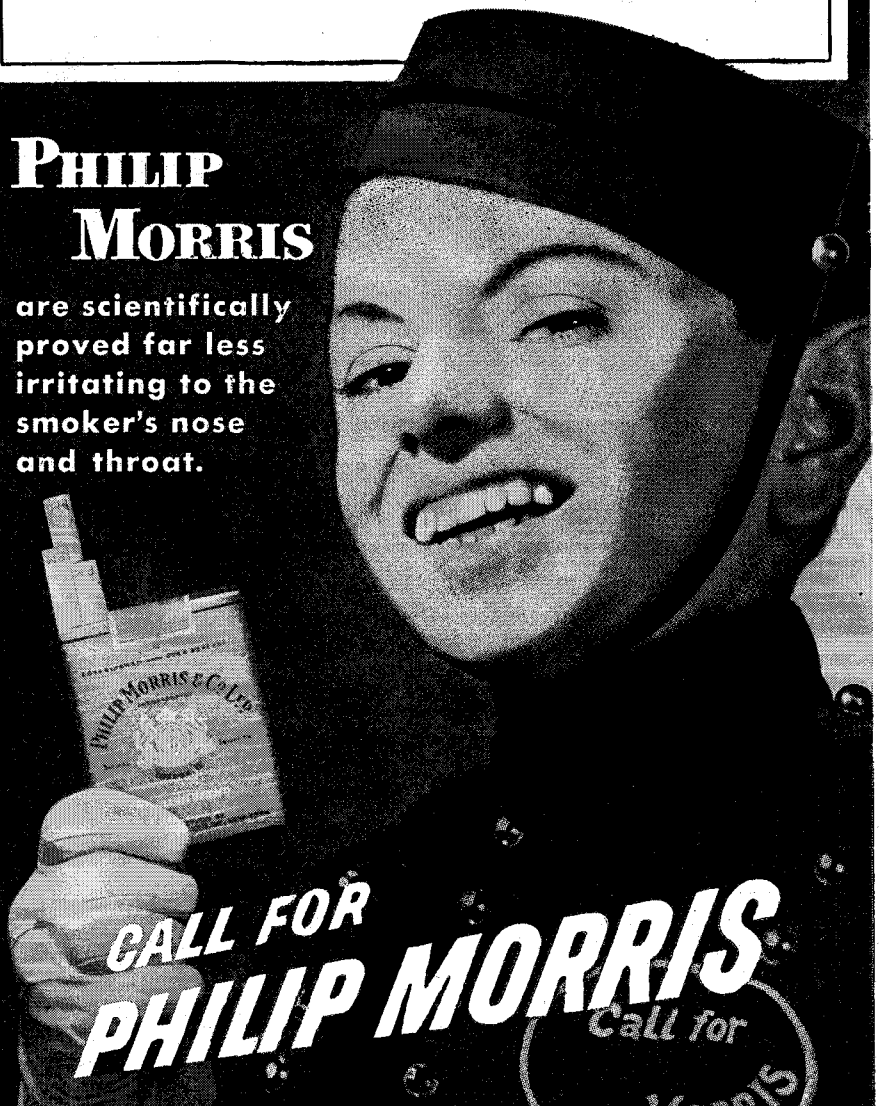
MR. WARNER had some business to discuss with his packing foreman, so I left him and strolled off toward the creek for another look at the flock. Before I had gone very far, I came across a young Negro in overalls and high laced boots standing thoughtfully by a pen of market-age ducks. We gazed silently at the birds as they surged restlessly up and down the pen in a dense, noisy group. One of the flock seemed to be injured. He was hobbling painfully along behind the others, making frantic efforts to catch up. My companion gave a short, sad laugh. "You ever notice how a duck can't stand being alone?" he said. I told him that I knew very little about ducks. "Is that a fact?" he said. "Well, look at that fella out there. He's got his leg busted or something, but all he's worrying about is being left out. Now, you watch what happens when they come back up the pen." The flock reached one end of the pen, swung abruptly around,

No curative power is claimed
for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION is Worth a Pound of Cure!

**PHILIP
MORRIS**

are scientifically
proved far less
irritating to the
smoker's nose
and throat.

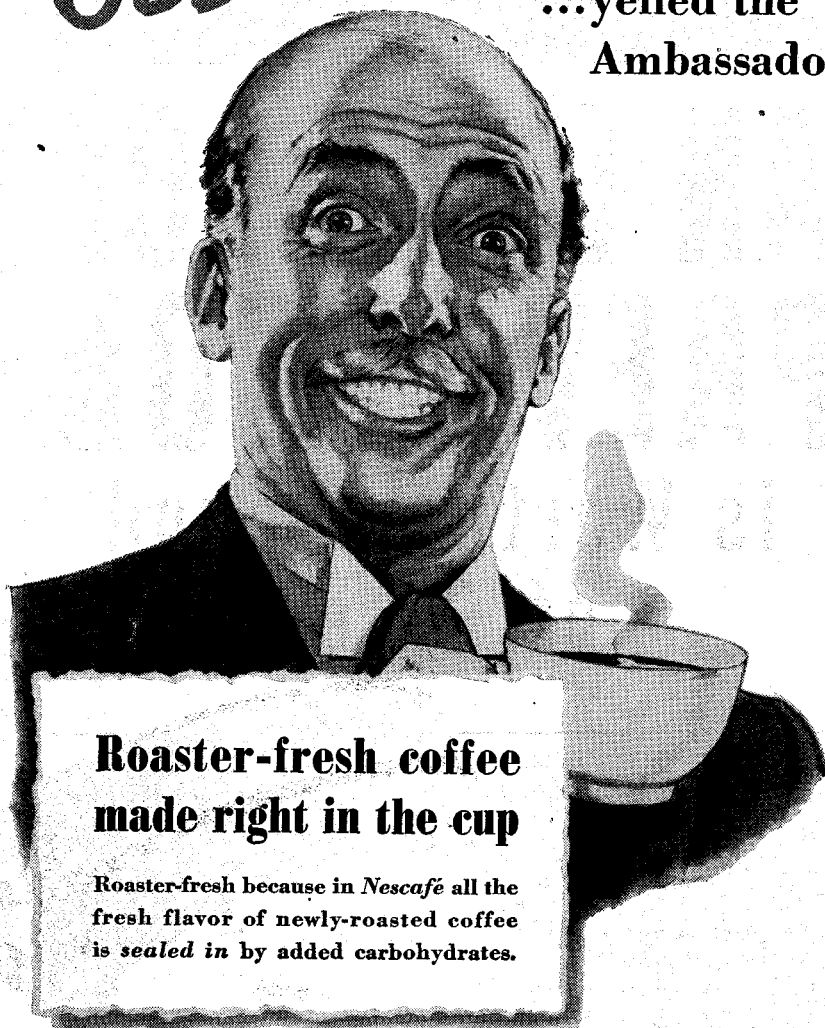


**CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS**

FAR FINER FLAVOR - PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

"GEE WHIZ"

...yelled the
Ambassador



Roaster-fresh coffee made right in the cup

Roaster-fresh because in Nescafé all the fresh flavor of newly-roasted coffee is sealed in by added carbohydrates.

"TACT," said the diplomat, "has its place in foreign relations. But I speak *right out* when it comes to *coffee*. Frankly, I've *never* had a perfect cup." Without a word, his aide quickly stirred up a cup of Nescafé, then said . . . "Well, sir, try *this!*" He did . . . stared in amazement . . . and yelled, "Gee whiz!"

You'll be amazed, too. For here's how Nescafé brings you a real high in coffee enjoyment. In a way that only Nestlé's knows, an extract is made from fine coffees fresh from the roaster . . . *then instantly its flavor is sealed in!* You release this locked-in freshness by just adding hot water.

So easy to prepare . . . no coffee maker to get ready or clean up . . . no grounds to dispose of. A teaspoonful of Nescafé makes a cupful—for only about 1¢. No waste . . . you make exactly the amount you need—and just the strength you like.



NESCAFÉ (PRONOUNCED NES-CAFAY) IS A NESTLÉ PRODUCT, COMPOSED OF EQUAL PARTS OF SKILLFULLY BREWED SOLUBLE COFFEE AND ADDED CARBOHYDRATES (DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE) ADDED SOLELY TO PROTECT THE FLAVOR ★ ★ ★ NESTLÉ'S MILK PRODUCTS, INC., NEW YORK, U.S.A.

and started back. The injured duck was in the way, and before he could turn, the first rank of the returning flock had toppled him over. For a moment, he was lost in the multitude. Then, as the flock lurched on, I saw him lying on his side in the sand, feebly trying to rise.

"There isn't much you can do for a hurt duck," my companion said. "Even after you get used to it, it makes you feel bad." He laughed the same short laugh again. "Ducks get into all kinds of trouble," he went on. "They're so scary, they don't seem to have good sense. If a piece of paper blows into the pen, they get so scared they'll run right into the fence. A lot of them get hurt that way. I've seen a duck catch his foot in a root or something. Any animal with sense would just back off, but what a duck does is try to go on. Why, he'll pull and pull and pull until something gives, and sometimes it's his leg. And the gulls drive them crazy, too. A gull can just harry a duck to death." I heard Mr. Warner calling me, and, looking up, saw him beckoning from the loading dock. It was time for me to start for my train in Riverhead. I said goodbye to the young farmhand. He nodded abstractedly, as though he had been talking as much to himself as to me. "I guess there isn't hardly anything that can't scare a poor duck," he said.

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

All the festival music will be played by Johann Sebastian Bach and Wolfgang Mozart.—*Pittsfield (Mass.) Berkshire Evening Eagle*.

That's O.K. with us. Take it, Johann!

Fred M. Hotchkiss, the wholesale grocer, lost a valuable mare last night. Mr. Hotchkiss wants the public to understand his loss has nothing to do with the sale of canned horse meat for which he is the local representative.—*Meriden (Conn.) Journal*.

We'll make a note of it.

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[Sign in the window of a cleaning-and-dyeing establishment in Philadelphia]

This store will close during September. It will not be for a vacation. I have a case of rupture that must be taken care of. This is the best time of year to go ahead with this operation. Many of my customers are away and do not miss me although I miss them. I hope everyone will realize my trouble and cooperate with me. We will again open in October.

RARE AND BEAUTIFUL CAT'S-EYES



1. Earrings... Cat's-eyes with round and baguette diamonds, in palladium \$3,030.00

2. Cat's-eye Ring... in platinum \$1,464.00

3. Earrings... Cat's-eyes with yellow marquise diamonds and round diamonds, in palladium and yellow gold \$2,160.00

4. Ring... Cat's-eye with round and fancy diamonds, in platinum \$2,016.00

5. Bracelet... Cat's-eyes, diamonds and baguette diamonds, in platinum \$2,400.00

6. Ring... Cat's-eye with round and fancy diamonds, in platinum \$1,170.00

All Prices Include 20% Federal Tax

RAYMOND C. YARD, Inc.

Jewelers

607 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

strategy and his musical interlude from "The Barber of Seville" are quite as satisfactory as they were in their earliest childhood. I commit myself no further than to say that for the twenty-five minutes Mr. Corey was onstage last Wednesday night, he had the pleasant distinction of being the funniest man on the North American continent. Mr. Chittison has a little band of his own, and he also helps out with the singer of the evening, Evelyn Knight, lately returned from a stint in South America. Without making it appear at all hard, Miss Knight, a decorative piece of statuary with a voice as small and cool as a peppermint, and Mr. Chittison show that a good deal can be done with the most ordinary sentimental ballad. In between times, Mr. Ross, who has likewise been absent from local night life for some little time, once again demonstrates at the piano his agreeable theory that lushness and competence in musicianship are not wholly incompatible. Of the others, mention may as well be accorded Helen Howe, the second monologist. Some of Miss Howe's essays are reminiscent of the handiwork of other recitalists, but her conversation at a medium-dreadful cocktail party bears the marks of careful, if bitter, first-hand research.

—R. E. M. W.



One beautiful moonlit night a lovely little fairy touched, with her diamond tipped, golden wand, a tiny, very tiny stone on a beautiful shadowy lawn; then she flew away, laughing her little tinkling laugh and perched on the limb of a tree to wait for the dawn. As night turned into day, people came and stood gazing in wonder at the beautiful stone house that had sprung up overnight. They went into the house and inspected it from basement to store room, and pronounced it a gem of perfection, failing to hear the little tinkling laugh as the little fairy turned into a beautiful butterfly and flew home to rest.

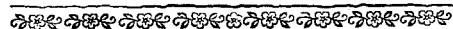
Complete plans as shown or reversed, specifications, lumber and mill list, \$20.00.

Duplicate sets with original order. Per set, \$5.00.—From the house-plans section of *Modern Home and Gardening*.

How much'll you take for the fairy?

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT
[From *Gotham Life*]

Postwar beef will probably be marketed boned, the army having proven to the satisfaction of all concerned that boned meat makes for easier handling, cutting, shipping, freezing, etc. Bones, of course, will be sold separately, for those who desire to make soups... Same goes for men's sport shorts.



Three White Turkeys IN NEW YORK

Uptown... downtown... midtown—each White Turkey serves real old-fashioned meals amid charming Early Americana. Delicious long, cool drinks. Outdoor terrace on Washington Square. Both uptown restaurants air-cooled.

THE WHITE TURKEYS
OPEN SUNDAYS

12 EAST 49th STREET off Fifth Avenue PL-3-1181
220 MADISON AVENUE at 37th Street MU-3-1581
1 UNIVERSITY PLACE at Wash. Square AL-4-3677

The Starlight Roof

DINNER AND
SUPPER

George Olsen
and his Orchestra

AT SUPPER

Jane Pickens
Bob Du Pont
G. Ray Terrell

Mischa Borr

and his Orchestra alternating at Supper

Cover from 10:30, \$1;

except Fridays and Saturdays, \$2

The Waldorf-Astoria
Park Avenue at 50th Street

TABLES FOR TWO

Off with the New

PROCEEDING, possibly, on the notion that the new postwar customer has been designed on an entirely new set of principles, the managements of several of the night clubs in town have spent their summer holidays getting everything done over to look like something else. The notion that there will ever be any basic reconstruction in the consumer is, it seems to me, debatable, but then so are the results of the entrepreneurs' vacation labors. Of what I have encountered, the most stupefying specimen of the brave new architecture is Café Society Up-town, which up to now,

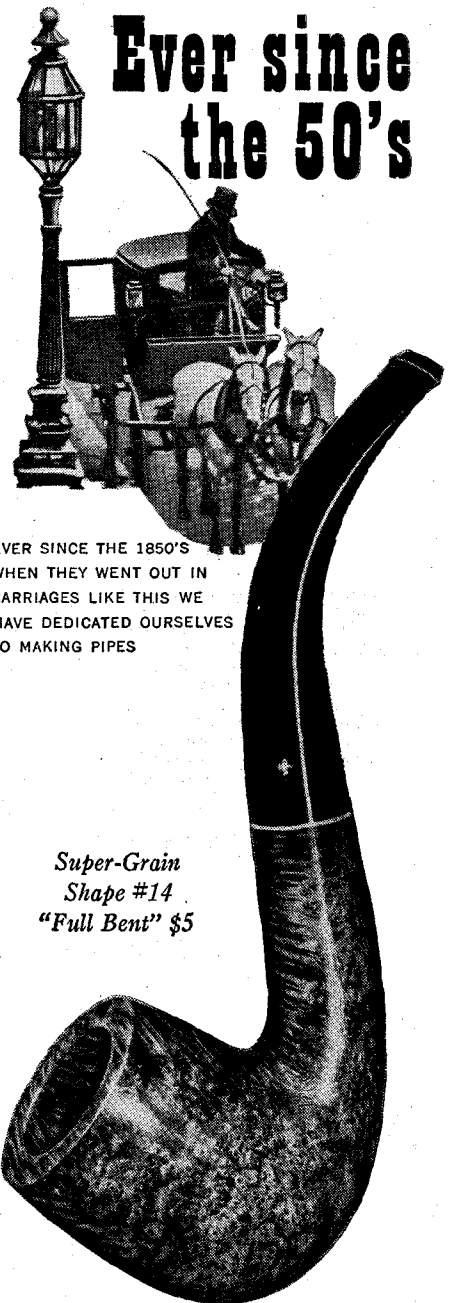
has never experimented with anything more drastic than a pair of dimly representational figures—dangling from the ceiling—of a lady and a gentleman. The gaunt and uncompromising building in which this Café Society has spent all its life has now been sheathed in a latticework of steel, pieced out with what looks like strips of canvas but turns out to be strips of aluminum painted to look the way canvas would look if it were painted black and gray. There are three small holes at the base of this mystifying façade. Squeezing your way through the first one, you find yourself in Café Society's pantry; the second one lands you on the ladder of a fire escape. Backing hastily away, you wheel and make one more run for it, and the third hole is, as you would have been happier to discover earlier, the right one. Trembling only slightly, you penetrate this aperture and emerge under a huge canopy supported, wherever you gaze, by thin but determined-looking metal poles, beyond which there seems to be a garish landscape dotted with rather sombre people. A student in his sophomore year in symbolism has explained to me that the audience is supposed to be on exhibition in a mighty bird cage, for the contemplation and benefit of the world without. It is presumably none of my business, but I have been pondering the effect of all this on the average, or unwary, visitor. Let us consider the husband who, after a day at the office fighting off that trapped feeling the way the doctor told him to do, ventures out at dusk for an evening's respite with his loved one, only to see, as he looks up

from his table, that They have talked the only woman he ever trusted into getting him where he has suspected for months that he was going to end up—behind bars.

The entertainment Café Society affords at the moment is not, I am sorry to say, altogether enough to offset these inherent drawbacks. There is Paula Laurence, of whom I remain resolutely fond, but a good deal of her special quality vanishes when, as she is doing now for the most part, she simply stands behind a microphone and in front of a band and sings. There are the Sans

Souci Dancers, who do nice enough Haitian (or something else Caribbean) dances with Katherine Dunham embellishments but suffer from the difficulty that besets dancers in almost any night club—that they are visible only from the waist up to many of the spectators. There is Edmond Hall's ordinarily cheerful band, which now seems troubled by the implications of its surroundings. Only Kenneth Spencer, who now and then flexes his tremendous basso profundo in song, is completely at ease.

THE Blue Angel, another place that has just reopened its doors, is still its calm, old-fashioned, over-ornate self, a state of affairs that I find relaxing. Most of the people who appear during the evening on its small stage are as familiar to the audience as the elaborate trappings that festoon the walls. Life after dark being an inhibited sort of art, affording only so many possibilities, it can scarcely be surprising that the management of the Blue Angel, undoubtedly through a chain of circumstances over which it has no control, has assembled a troupe in which there are two monologists and no less than four pianists. Since one of the monologists is Irwin Corey and since two of the pianists are Herman Chittison and Stuart Ross, you are automatically assured of a considerable variety. Mr. Corey, lately returned from a stint in the Pacific, has again taken up his dubious finery and his reliable platform manner with what gives every evidence of being unmitigated enthusiasm, and his timeless dissertation on military



EVER SINCE THE 1850'S
WHEN THEY WENT OUT IN
CARRIAGES LIKE THIS WE
HAVE DEDICATED OURSELVES
TO MAKING PIPES

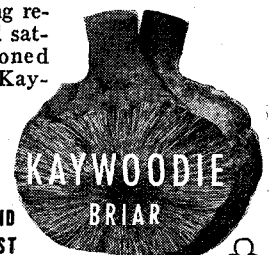
Super-Grain
Shape #14
"Full Bent" \$5

The KAYWOODIE of 1945

Kaywoodie Pipes are well-known to pipe-smokers in all parts of the world. Each Kaywoodie is the product of 94 years of pipe-manufacturing experience. The qualities that make pipe-smoking more enjoyable will always be found in Kaywoodie. Kaywoodies may be had at your dealer's. \$3.50 to \$25.

*Kaywoodie Company, New York & London—
In New York, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20.*

The term "Kaywoodie Briar" means briar that has been IMPORTED, and selected to meet our exacting requirements, and satisfactorily seasoned exclusively for Kaywoodie Pipes.



YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND
THE NEWEST AND BEST
IN KAYWOODIE. LOOK FOR THE CLOVER LEAF

THE RACE TRACK

Money Spinners

NOT too many people, I hope, are suggesting that Aqueduct change its name to Maine Chance Farm Park. It could happen, because Mrs. Elizabeth Graham's Maine Chance Farm horses won almost everything at the meet worth winning. Knockdown took the Cowdin Stakes, which was worth \$22,650 to the winner, last Wednesday, and War Date earned \$24,200 in the Beldame Handicap on Saturday. Earlier in the meeting, War Jeep picked up \$20,200 in the Discovery Handicap, and Pure Gold and Lord Boswell bagged a couple of smaller purses. That is nice going but not a record. Lots of owners have had just as remarkable runs. Mrs. Graham's success has nothing to do with a good fairy weaving a spell over her stable. The fact is that Tom Smith, who handles Mrs. Graham's runners, is a clever man with a horse. You may recall that he trained Seabiscuit for Charlie Howard. Moreover, most of the Maine Chance Farm animals are the most expensive that money can buy. That, plus a bit of luck, is the answer.

The best race of the week was the Beldame, but then it always is as good a show as the Suburban or the Brooklyn. There were thirteen entries this time. For nearly a mile of the mile and a furlong it looked as though Letmenow might bring off a 35-1 chance. However, War Date went around the leaders in the stretch and finished with her ears pricked, always a sign that a horse hasn't been really extended. War Date, a beautifully made filly, isn't as good as Busher in my book, but she is certainly one of the better three-year-olds.

The Cowdin was the topsy-turvy affair it usually is. Knockdown, who got home more than a length in front of Revoked, was supposed to make the early pace for his more fancied stablemate, Star Pilot, but Star Pilot didn't like the muddy track or something, so Knockdown carried on by himself. I might say in passing that Knockdown is rather well named. He crowded Sea Snack, Southern Pride, and Revoked in the race, but no objection was lodged against him. I thought that Revoked suffered the worst, but Bodiou, who rode him, didn't complain, possibly because he wasn't certain whether protocol would permit a Western rider to

claim a foul against an Eastern jockey. It seems to be Revoked's lot—at least it was in the Hopeful and the Cowdin—to give weight (he gave Knockdown twelve pounds) and to take the worst of the racing luck. The more I see of Revoked, who is the image of his papa, Blue Larkspur, the more I believe that he is a good colt. At any rate, he is my choice for the Futurity until something better comes along, and I don't think that anything will.



THE afternoon that Olympic Zenith won the Edgemere Handicap, William Helis, who owns him, telephoned his agent in England to buy the colt's yearling half brother at the Newmarket sales. That day, at the sales, the Maharajah of Baroda gave \$117,600, the highest price ever paid for a yearling, for another horse, the baby brother of Dante, who won the Derby Stakes, and Helis's offer of \$25,000 just got lost in the riot of bidding for any horse that was offered.

THIS department, which has always believed that racing should be seen and not heard, wishes to extend its thanks to Theodore Knapp, the president of Aqueduct, for abandoning the business of describing the running of the races over the public-address system, even if for only a week. Not that watching the sort of horses that ran at the meet was much fun anyway.

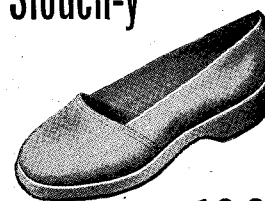
BELMONT DATEBOOK: The Matron Stakes and the Lawrence Realization will be run this Saturday. Beau-gay, who hasn't been beaten this season, is expected to start in the Matron, and as for the Realization, Wrong Horse Harry likes Trymenow. The Jockey Club Gold Cup will be run on September 27th, the Futurity on September 29th, the Ladies' Handicap on October 2nd, and the Champagne Stakes and the New York Handicap on October 3rd, the last day of the meet. Good hunting! —AUDAX MINOR

moron, n. A moderately feeble-minded person. Most morons can be happy with tasks too simple and monotonous to satisfy an intelligent person.—From Webster's Collegiate Dictionary.

No editorializing, please.

STYLE

Slouch-y



12.95

★ campus choice... a casual scuff-about in Natural Doeskin with a velvety suede finish. Definitely keen.

Mail Orders Filled • Coupon Required

ALSO a NON-RATIONED version of "Slouch-y" in sleek Black Lastex.

10.95

J & J Slater

JOHN SLATER, Pres.

575 MADISON AVENUE

between 56 & 57 Streets

(Also in Washington)



"I SEE THEM TOGETHER EVERYWHERE"

Right!
Mint Sauce
Always Goes with
LAMB.

Always ask for
CROSSE & BLACKWELL
Mint Sauce

For Rest YOU NEED THE BEST
Cheerful Guest Rooms. Boardwalk Sun Decks. Famous SHELburne GRILL and Cocktail Lounge.
Attractive Rates
Paul Arnsvalde, Mgr.
the Shelburne
ATLANTIC CITY
Call Murray Hill 2-3442

Mix Magic
Abbott's
BITTERS
BEST FOR COCKTAILS SINCE 1872

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



WHEN Lucien Lelong, head of the French couture syndicate, generously announced to the press, after the liberation of France, that there was a place for the Americans in the art of creating fashions, those who had applauded the imaginative efforts of our local textile manufacturers, trinket makers, and designers as they functioned under wartime restrictions were anything but pleased by his kind words. Because the boys and girls in this country did swell. People who had never liked being just copyists or adaptors were at last allowed to think up designs on their own. Moreover, the W.P.B. rules made compulsory the long-legged, slim, easygoing type of clothes that is suited to our national temperament. And so what happens? There's a war off, and, in our fanciest custom salons, you can now pick up clothes so utterly gauche and clumsy that you begin to wonder if all hands have decided to toss the whole business of designing back to Paris as a gift.

The reasons for the large number of horrors about the shops are not easy to find. One of them, certainly, must be that change is imminent. However, the fact that we can again breathe the fresh and heady air of peace, and that women may well be feeling like scampering into clothes that are more festive, scarcely accounts for all the foolish results. (Such as a dress with a black lace top and wild cape sleeves and a transparent skirt that is made up of a knee-length black slip, a longer lace slip over that, and an ankle-length net slip over that, with hoops on the hips to bolster the entire phantasmagoria.) Possibly our designers want to relax and go back to Paris—not just for the ride but to get back into the old routine of collecting other people's ideas. Whatever the reasons, there appears to be a tendency to look for inspiration to Paris under the Nazis—about the

last place you'd expect anyone to look.

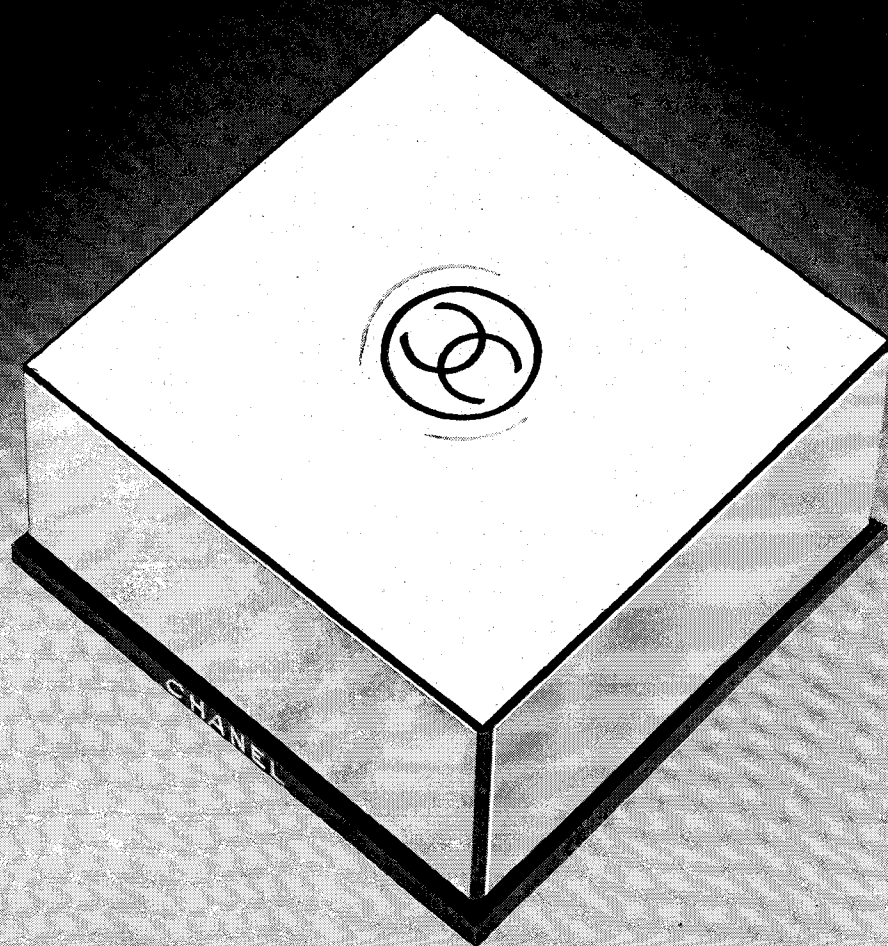
The most popular explanation of the exaggerated, hippy fashions of wartime Paris is that emaciated Frenchwomen wanted to look buxom to taunt their conquerors and yet small-waisted to taunt their conquerors' wives. A more practical one is that everyone got about on bicycles, and for these you needed wide skirts, which automatically made waistlines seem smaller. American women, on the other hand, like to look tall and slender, and huge shoulders and padded hips make most of them stocky. When you add some of the towering Sadie Thompson hats that you see here and there, or the bulky ones that loom high and irregular over the hairline and are all feathers or fur, only the slenderest woman can avoid a distinctly stunted aspect. In other words, we are being told to throw away that celebrated "American look," which is streamlined and sleek and effortless, and become dumpy and fussy in a hurry. Will anybody join me at the barricades?

NOT that there aren't some good enough clothes in the New York custom couture. There are, and from here on, stifling all but an occasional

protest, this white paper will concentrate on them. Fira Benenson's soigné collection at Bonwit Teller, for instance, is something to go and see if you care anything about what we call subtlety in thought, in workmanship, and in line. Her waistlines give the illusion of being small, not because of padded hips (which make for a short-waisted look) but because of the treatment of the shoulders and sleeves. She loves long, slick clothes, usually beltless and often with detail that starts at the normal waistline in front but curves downward at the sides to give the hips a flat look, and she loves skirts cut a bit longer in back than in front. A black satin dress has a top that is nothing but unpressed horizontal tucks that seem to dip toward the back (I can't describe it any better than that); a prim gray jersey dress is given a long-backed look by deep-V cording. Her skirts are easy-fitting circular affairs, slim down the hips but wide enough at the hem so that a woman can sit down without tugging. (The talent for producing clothes that are good in motion is rare in this country.) As always, Benenson makes plain fabrics interesting by using



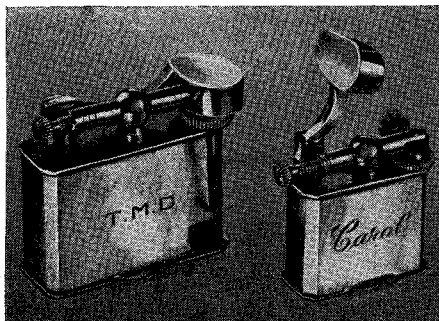
"...and the little flower pocket definitely takes it out of the kitchen."



A VERY FINE FACE POWDER

WITH THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL



LIGHT UP!

STERLING SILVER IMPORTS

Sturdy, magnificent lighters in gleaming silver. Lighters imported from Mexico and built for long, hard wear. Nicely engraved with your name or monogram!

\$23.50 each

(Includes 20% Tax and monogram.)

Katherine Gray
DEPT. NS

235 EAST 73 STREET, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

Unusual 14 Kt. Gold Bracelet Watch with 17 jewel movement. All-over brick pattern and covered dial denote individuality. **\$360.**

Beautifully designed 14 Kt. Gold Lapel Watch with 17 jewel movement. A lovely accent for your smartest tailor. **\$192.**

Federal Tax Included
Brochure on request.

GUBELIN
INC.
Watches and Clocks
336 PARK AVE., NEW YORK

all kinds of detail—shirrings, pieces of velvet embroidered onto plain fabric, bits of embroidery, swirls of ribbon shaped into medallions, and intricate tucks. And she makes one sly allusion to the hippy look (something so many of her colleagues overdo) by putting an oval, flapped pocket both at the front and the back of either hip of a red jersey suit. The lines of the suit, however, remain sleek.

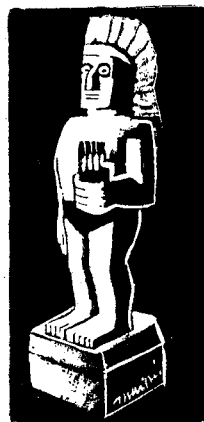
Most of the Benenson sleeves are shoved up, casual style, and all of them are full above the elbow. This fullness is achieved in devious ways; sometimes it is done, for instance, with a fold of material that runs flat across the top of the shoulder and then falls into soft folds on the upper arm. There are other tricks in the arms of her clothes; a black satin suit may have black velvet seahorses or shirred roses on the outside of the sleeves, a few inches below the shoulder, to gather the fullness into folds. Her simple, luxurious suits are likely to have long, fitted jackets, stark except for That Detail, and most of her dresses have tiny sleeves and low, simple décolletages. There is also an inclination toward skirts that swing out behind. A spectacular one occurs in a long brown princesse wool coat, which fits snugly except where an insert of Persian lamb has been put inside an inverted box pleat low in the back. And throughout the collection, for day and evening, you find an effort to make a woman look willowy.

SLEEVES with width in the upper arm seem to be something of a pre-occupation everywhere. Folded leg-o'-mutton ones, tight below the elbow, are pets at Bendel; witness a red wool street dress that has a band collar, an ocelot jacket, and a sort of Pierrot headgear called a wig cap. Some other dresses acquire this upper-arm width from tiered sleeves, such as a simple black crêpe day dress with a straight-across neckline and bits of jet glimmering along the tiers. There are also many sleeves that go as far as to give a cape effect. The most distinguished of these are waist-length. They are used on a black velvet evening coat with a one-button fastening, a standing collar in back, and a flaring skirt.

Still another Bendel item is suits, with waist-length jackets, that delude you into thinking they are dresses. (Have to keep your eyes wide open nowadays.)

A gray flannel has a band of gray Persian lamb around the waist, and a brown wool with full, soft sleeves has a band of black Persian extending a good five inches upward from the waistline. Bendel likes this wide type of corselet band in contrasting fabrics or furs. For evening, there are costume dresses—medieval ones, Chinese tunic affairs, dresses inspired by the Dutch masters—and hoop skirts. Hoops jutting savagely to the sides, hoops making you bumpy all around, almost any kind of hoops you can think of. They are well done, though, for the skirts are long enough to compensate for their breadth.

HATTIE CARNEGIE's day suits are beautiful. Their waists are nipped in noticeably in back, which is not the habit here, for in her other clothes she favors a rounded hipline. With this hipline go rounded, simple shoulders, done in the most flattering way possible. There's a taupe wool coat with a wide, wrapped nutria collar and gathered fullness in the skirt. There are satin-and-wool coats with dolman sleeves and rounded shoulders and hiplines, and there are black velvet coats with folds below the waist to give them a stiffened, wider look. A black wool coat has definite roundness rather far below the belt; self bands are so arranged on a black wool dress that a soft round look is achieved; oval pockets on a black crêpe dress have gatherings around them that give the same effect. Many coats and suits have inverted pleats below the belt in back and big patch pockets to provide bulk and swagger. Among the other darling coats (it's not often that you see as handsome a lot of cloth ones) are bright top-coats—one in a blue-and-fuchsia check, high across the front, belted, and with dolman sleeves, and another (a perfect navy-blue wool coachman's coat) with bright-red pockets in the lining to match the belt of the navy wool dress beneath.

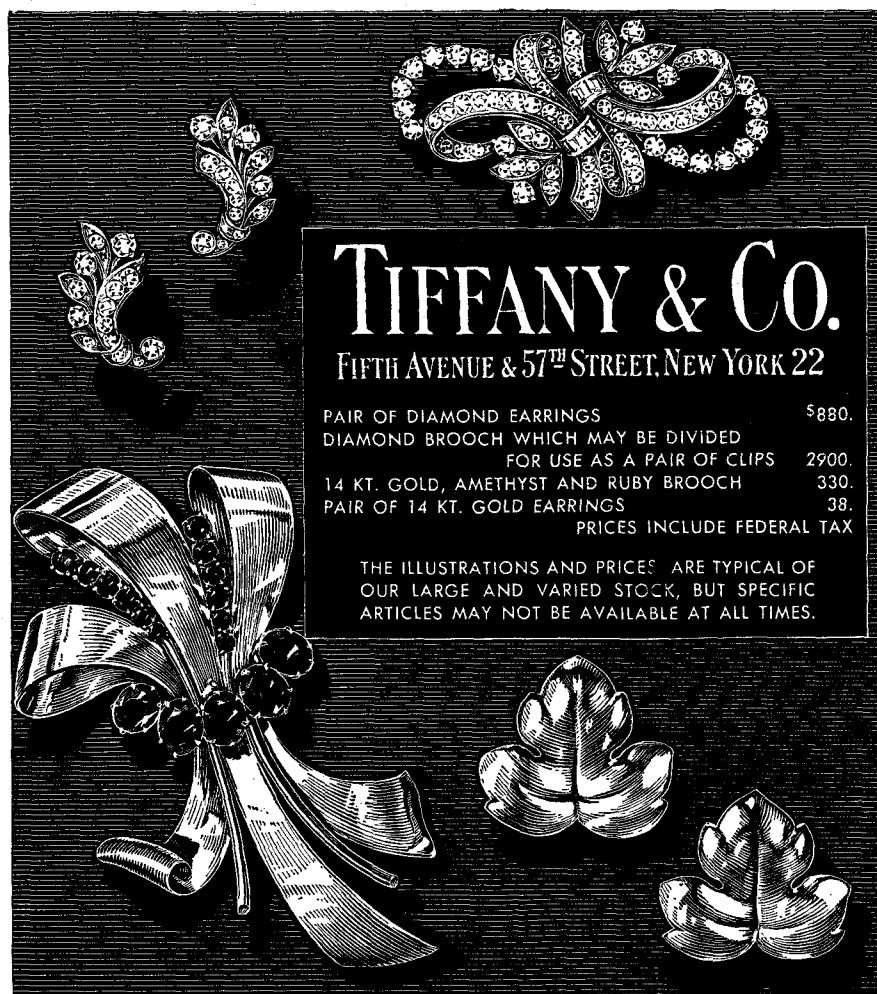


SOPHIE, at Saks-Fifth Avenue, has taffeta evening dresses that will delight people who love the rustle of them, and who doesn't? Take, to start off, a turquoise taffeta, beltless and swinging out wide in back, with vast folds making angel-wing sleeves. Or a red taffeta, with a double box pleat producing a peacock fullness low in back. Or a gray taffeta, demurely cut, with tiny self ruffles on the buttoned bodice and the full

skirt. Then there are some very Zaza evening clothes, such as a black-and-white-striped slipper satin thing decked out with green and blue sequins in grape patterns. The Sophie day suits are, as always, superlative—nipped, neat, with short jackets and exceptional blouses. A double-breasted brown wool suit has black buttons and a black jersey blouse; a cocoa-brown one has nutria lavishly applied in bands that prance down the front and curve out toward the tips of the shoulders and again at the hips, which accentuates the small waistline. A loosely fitting fingertip-length jacket appears in bright-blue wool, with sleeves that have a vast box pleat zooming down the outside and caught in at the wrists. This is worn over a belted black wool dress. Among the dinner suits: a black wool with a peplum and a V-necked ermine collar; a black brocaded jacket with a plain black wool skirt and a white chiffon peasant blouse striped with chalk sequins; a black satin with a long pleated peplum and with long lapels.

AT Jay Thorpe, the suits have longish jackets. I especially liked a collarless purple wool one with a slight flare in back and small ball buttons straight up the front to make it snug, and a bright-blue wool one with a turnover collar and V pockets of Persian lamb. More important, perhaps, is the fact that Jay Thorpe is where you find that rarest of necessities—the “basic” dress in wool or crêpe. It is made artful by an odd neckline, tab detail, tucks at unexpected places, a bit of drapery down the side back. It is the kind of thing you are happy in day after day. A grosgrain belt and grosgrain tabs decorate one black crêpe dress; a roll of rhinestone-studded black velvet appears at the round neck and cuffs of a beige crêpe. And lovely day coats are around to be worn over them—a double-breasted black princesse wool with a big bow tie on one hip, or a purplish-blue beltless wool with a tie collar of mink and fabric, primly buttoned up the front. There are lovely evening clothes, too—sedate blue brocade jackets with peplums jutting in back over black slipper satin dresses; sea-green crêpe dresses with darker-green faille making the front of the bodice and the belt in back; slim, black crêpe ones with lace inserts embroidered with black sequins across the neck and down the outside of the long sleeves.

BERGDORF GOODMAN likes sleeves that are pushed up just high enough above the wrists (even on win-



TIFFANY & Co.
FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22

PAIR OF DIAMOND EARRINGS	\$880.
DIAMOND BROOCH WHICH MAY BE DIVIDED FOR USE AS A PAIR OF CLIPS	2900.
14 KT. GOLD, AMETHYST AND RUBY BROOCH	330.
PAIR OF 14 KT. GOLD EARRINGS	38.

PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND PRICES ARE TYPICAL OF OUR LARGE AND VARIED STOCK, BUT SPECIFIC ARTICLES MAY NOT BE AVAILABLE AT ALL TIMES.



IN 1945 AS IN 1846

*The Trousseau
Sheet of America*

Wamsutta

SUPERCAL[®]
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
SHEETS
Somerset Towels • Springfield Blankets
"The Three Weavers" Throws



The ready-to-serve Martini
that always tastes **FRESH!**

Sing out the good news! Here at long last is a ready-to-serve

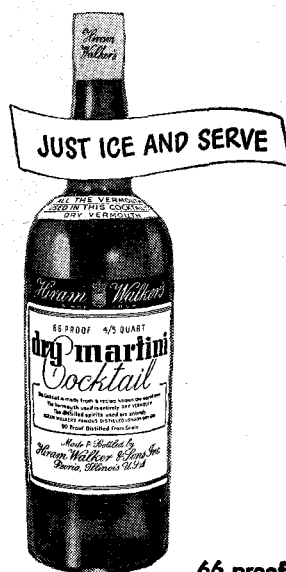
Dry Martini that tastes every bit as *freshly mixed* as the kind
you make yourself. A Dry Martini that *stays fresh*—

no matter how long it takes you to use up the

bottle! Keep this Hiram Walker

triumph on hand, to pour out a
welcome that's always *fresh!*

Hiram Walker's
dry martini



66 proof

Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Copr. 1945

ter coats) to guarantee chapping. Here you'll find quantities of turtle-necks on sweater blouses. A two-button black wool suit with rolling lapels outside of what looks like a vestee has a black jersey blouse with a turtle-neck. Some of these necks almost reach the chin. In one of the snuff-brown-and-black combinations, you'll see a brown wool coat that is all tiny gores, as well as a black crêpe dress with a brown taffeta scarf that wraps around the neck practically to the ears and ends in a bow at one side. Extreme, and absolutely beautiful. Bergdorf likes to make short jackets lined with fur, as in the case of a gray flannel box jacket, lined with mole, with a matching gray skirt and gold crêpe blouse. Black lapin lurks inside a pink wool box jacket worn over a black wool dress, and there is green moleskin within the gold wool jacket that belongs to a long olive-green evening dress with a full skirt. Bergdorf also has a fondness for skirts that flip out in back, and it is just plain in love with velveteen. Brown velveteen waistcoats go inside taupe wool suit jackets with high revers; a bright-blue wool jacket with a blue crêpe blouse is accompanied by a black velveteen skirt; loose, hanging suit coats of black wool have velveteen panels, sleeves, and skirt; a raisin velveteen coat with fullness belted in has vertical velveteen darts around the waistline of a matching crêpe dress. Had enough? For evening, there are some beautiful jerseys, such as a black number with a full skirt, a knotted belt, and deep, looped armholes. There is black bagheera, high-necked and slinky, with multicolored bands that look like tinsel bracelets above the wrists of the tight sleeves. Finally, there are interesting Grecian affairs—black crêpe with gold bands crossed high on the bodice and double gold bands around the hem, or black crêpe covered with gold leaves, with a waistline so high that it comes up nearly to the bottom of the neck.

P.S. Everybody in town has the beloved lace evening dress that goes on year after year. Everybody has black crêpe dresses with black satin band trimmings. Almost everybody shows at least one hoop dress with a sharp line where the stiffening leaves off, which is absolutely ugh!

—L. L.

ATOMIC MIGHT
IS NO MENACE

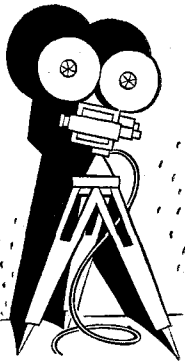
SCIENCE SAYS MAN MAY DESTROY
HIMSELF, BUT NOT
THE EARTH.

—Headlines in the Sun.

You see? What's all the fuss!

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Dull Ride



MOST of Deanna Durbin's adolescence was spent carolling through films in which she was invariably the charming daughter of a very rich character. In "Lady on a Train," Miss Durbin turns up in her old familiar rôle, but her nonage is pretty well behind her and somehow she doesn't seem the same. This is due partly to the fact that she has developed a striking resemblance to Dorothy Thompson, who is a handsome but hardly cute type, and partly to the fact that juvenile capers can become sticky when cut by a fairly substantial young matron. Throughout "Lady on a Train," there is an obvious uncertainty about what Miss Durbin is supposed to be like. One minute she is just a little girl in pigtails lost in a great big raincoat, and the next minute she is a many-curved siren crooning "Give Me a Little Kiss, Will You, Huh?" in a strange, guttural manner evidently intended to indicate that passion has got a stranglehold on her. The cameraman, in his attempts to do justice to Miss Durbin's considerable assets, has photographed her from so many angles that it is difficult to determine at any particular moment whether she is lying down or standing up.

If the camera work in "Lady on a Train" is confusing, the story is utterly baffling. It is based on something dreamed up by Leslie Charteris, whose previous escapades have included inventing the character known as the Saint, the scourge of a good many neighborhood movie houses. "Lady on a Train" is a mystery picture, but I can tell you something about the plot without giving very much away, since I understood only fragments of it. It begins with Miss Durbin witnessing a murder from a train that is nearing Grand Central. This presently involves her with a mystery-story writer, the heirs of the deceased, and a singer called Margo, a lady of very acquiescent temperament, played by Maria Palmer. At one point in the proceedings, Miss Durbin is compelled to pretend that she is Margo, and to appear professionally in the night club where that lady is the leading attraction, but nobody seems to notice the differ-

ence, even though Miss Durbin resembles Miss Palmer not at all. As a matter of fact, the orchestra has special Durbin arrangements ready for Miss Durbin the minute she shows up. This is only one of the aspects of "Lady on a Train" that bewildered me. I'll never know what possessed the director to have people strolling around New York in their shirtsleeves in December, or why he thought the Puerto Rican section of Park Avenue was a likely place for the office of a shipbuilder, or why that shipbuilder kept the top of a building loaded with several tons of grain. But I don't think I'll worry about all that, and I don't think you should, either.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

NINETEENTH-CENTURY PAINTING

Blue of lake is blue of sky is blue of
grandmother's dress
Is blue of the pitcher the child holds.
Yellow is yellow of grass by the lake
And yellow of the little girl's hair, a
shade less
Yellow than the setting sun, and a
shade more (for the sake
Of contrast) than yellow of birch tree
tops. Brown is brown
Of tree trunks, grandfather's trousers
and hat, and a boat
In the cove. White is white of wave tips
and clouds and streaks down
The birch trees—off-white to look
white, all these—and a note
Of green in the tablecloth picks up leaf-
green, grass-green, green of pine.
The lady's skirt glints with scarlet,
dull red, maroon,
Matching the red of apples, copper, the
low skyline.
Title: *Tea in the Garden—Afternoon.*
—ESTHER SHEPARD

S/Sgt. James H. Rothenberger, who went overseas in June, 1944, and completed 13 missions as an aerial reconnaissance photographer, has now received honorable discharge from the Army Air Corps. He was awarded the Air Medal for meritorious achievement while participating in air combat. It is not yet known whether he plans to return to Minneapolis or to stay permanently with his wife in Denver, Colo.—*Minneapolis St. Mark's Mail Call.*

Well, give the lad a chance to turn around.

America's
YEAR AROUND Resort

Autumn is the season of seasons here in the scenic Pikes Peak region. . . We are now taking reservations for Indian Summer. . . September thru January. . . Write for brochure and make your Fall or Returnee Vacation plans now. . . You'll enjoy golf, tennis, ice skating, riding, swimming and the cosmopolitan gaiety of Broadmoor. . . the year around

SEPTEMBER OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER JANUARY FEBRUARY MARCH APRIL MAY

BROADMOOR
Hotel
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Maybe
Not
Tomorrow
But Soon

For 156 years, the excellence of Schweppes Beverages and Table Waters has been known throughout the world. And soon, we hope to be able to resume shipments of all of them to America, so that our many good friends over here can again enjoy them.

Schweppes

INDIAN QUININE WATER • GINGER ALE
GINGER BEER • SARSAPARILLA • SODA
Manufactured and Bottled in England by
SCHWEPPES, Ltd.
Sole U. S. Agents: Maxfield & McLeer, Inc. 90 West Broadway, N. Y.



YOUR ALLIGATOR RAINCOAT

Serves!

Guards your health and clothes from wind and rain. Truly dependable, tastefully smart. Featured at better dealers in a wide range of popular prices. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

ALLIGATOR

Rainwear

because... IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

Greig's OYSTER SAUCE

Made from Oysters.

Definitely not an oyster cocktail sauce. Something different. It flavors all fish and sea food dishes; leftover meats; egg dishes. Moistens poultry stuffings. Mixed with dull old cottage cheese you have a revelation in flavor!

PACKED for:

GREIG, LAWRENCE & HOYT, Ltd.
347 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

If unobtainable, write us.

"A Bit of Paris in New York"

Henri
Est. 1906

FRENCH RESTAURANT

REAL FRENCH CUISINE

LUNCHEON From \$1.50

DINNER From \$2.00

Famous French Candies
15 EAST 52d ST.

BEAST OF SEA

THE letter from Hobart said he was stationed on a little island in the Pacific and might be there for some time. "All the native women have been removed," he wrote. "Not that it matters, because they were singularly unattractive. The food is adequate but dull. However, I have heard that these waters are full of Chinese sea slugs, which are used for the famous dish *bêche-de-mer*. I have never tasted it, but am eager to, as many people think it's the finest dish in the world. Would you look up a recipe for preparing the sea slugs and send it to me?"

Before Hobart became a lieutenant in the Navy, he worked very hard at being a bachelor epicure, the kind who consults at breakfast with his cook and gives charming little dinner parties in his apartment. In Hobart's case it was an apartment on the East River. He had been a friend of mine for years, in a disapproving sort of way. People talk about women wanting to break a bachelor of his bad habits, but in Hobart's and my case, it was the other way around. He disapproved of my studio apartment with its seldom-used kitchenette, and he especially deplored my un-chic approach to food. Once, when he discovered I often had a peanut-butter sandwich and a glass of milk for lunch, he looked really faint with horror.

As I read his letter, I felt the natural urge of any civilian to fulfill a request from the Pacific as quickly as possible. Going on the theory that a dish called *bêche-de-mer* must be well known in France, I phoned a friend who had lived in Paris for years. She said yes, she'd heard of it, but had no idea how it was made. Had I looked in a good cookbook? The only cookbook I own is a little pamphlet sent me by the Consolidated Edison Company, entitled "Twenty Ways to Prepare Tasty Dishes with Less Gas," and I doubted that Chinese sea slugs would be the Edison Company's choice of a tasty dish. My friend offered to look through her own, more complete culinary library, and reported no success. In the next two days, several other friends rifled through their cookbooks and examined the indexes carefully, under "B," for *bêche*, as well as "S," for slug, with equally negative results. No *bêche*, no slug. One of

these friends suggested that I call a Chinese restaurant on Mott Street, but whoever answered the phone there seemed to think I was trying to order dinner for eight (perhaps *bêche* sounded like eight) and kept loudly recommending the duck and lobster Cantonese. After five minutes of this, we both got tired and hung up.

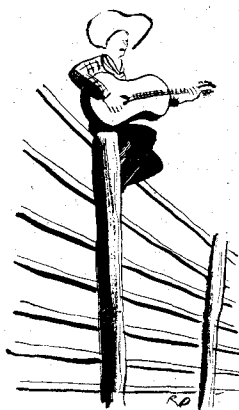
Next I looked in the Manhattan telephone book, through "China... Chinchilla... Chinese," until I came to "Chinese Ministry of Information, 30 Rockefeller Plaza." I had an errand to do in that neighborhood anyway, and decided that it would be simpler to call in person. The Ministry's offices were on the forty-second floor. A pretty receptionist listened with a rather peculiar expression to my story about the friend on the island who wanted a recipe. "I guess you'd better see the librarian," she said, pointing to an adjoining room. Through the open door I could see shelves filled with a promising number of books, and as I walked in, I felt that now at last I was getting somewhere.

The librarian was another pretty girl, whose blond hair was fixed in a smart updo. Once again I told my story about my friend on the island. "*Bêche-de-mer*," she repeated after me. "How do you spell it?" I spelled it. "Oh, that means 'beast of sea,' doesn't it?"

I agreed that "beast of sea" seemed a reasonable translation. "I've never even heard of Chinese sea slugs," she said. "Wait till I go ask the head of the information service."

She disappeared into another office, and came back looking rather pleased. "He's never heard of Chinese sea slugs, either," she said. She went to a bookshelf, opened three books, looked into them briefly, and then shook her head.

"Let's try this book of recipes the China Relief put out," she said finally, opening it out on her desk. We looked through the index, under "Sea Food Dishes," under "Meat Dishes," and under "Soups." Again, no *bêche*, no slug. "Who do you suppose told your friend it was a famous dish?" the librarian asked. I said I couldn't imagine. Next she wanted to know if I'd tried looking in an encyclopedia, and I said I hadn't, because it wouldn't give the recipe. "But



A FLAT CALM MAY HAVE
ITS WINDFALLS...



BUT A FLAT DRINK
IS ALWAYS A
LET DOWN!



WHERE THERE'S LIFE—YOU'LL HEAR

CANADA ^{WORLD FAMOUS} DRY

Water and Ginger Ale



They're the preferred mixers in fine bars, hotels and clubs everywhere. Both are made according to special formulae. Canada Dry Water *points up* the flavor of any tall drink. Canada Dry Ginger Ale *adds* the delicate flavor of pure Jamaica ginger. Both have "Pin-Point Carbonation"... millions of tinier bubbles... to keep drinks sparkling, full of zip ... to the last sip.

For drinks that taste better ... and even *sound* better ... always serve and ask for these sparkling good mixers.

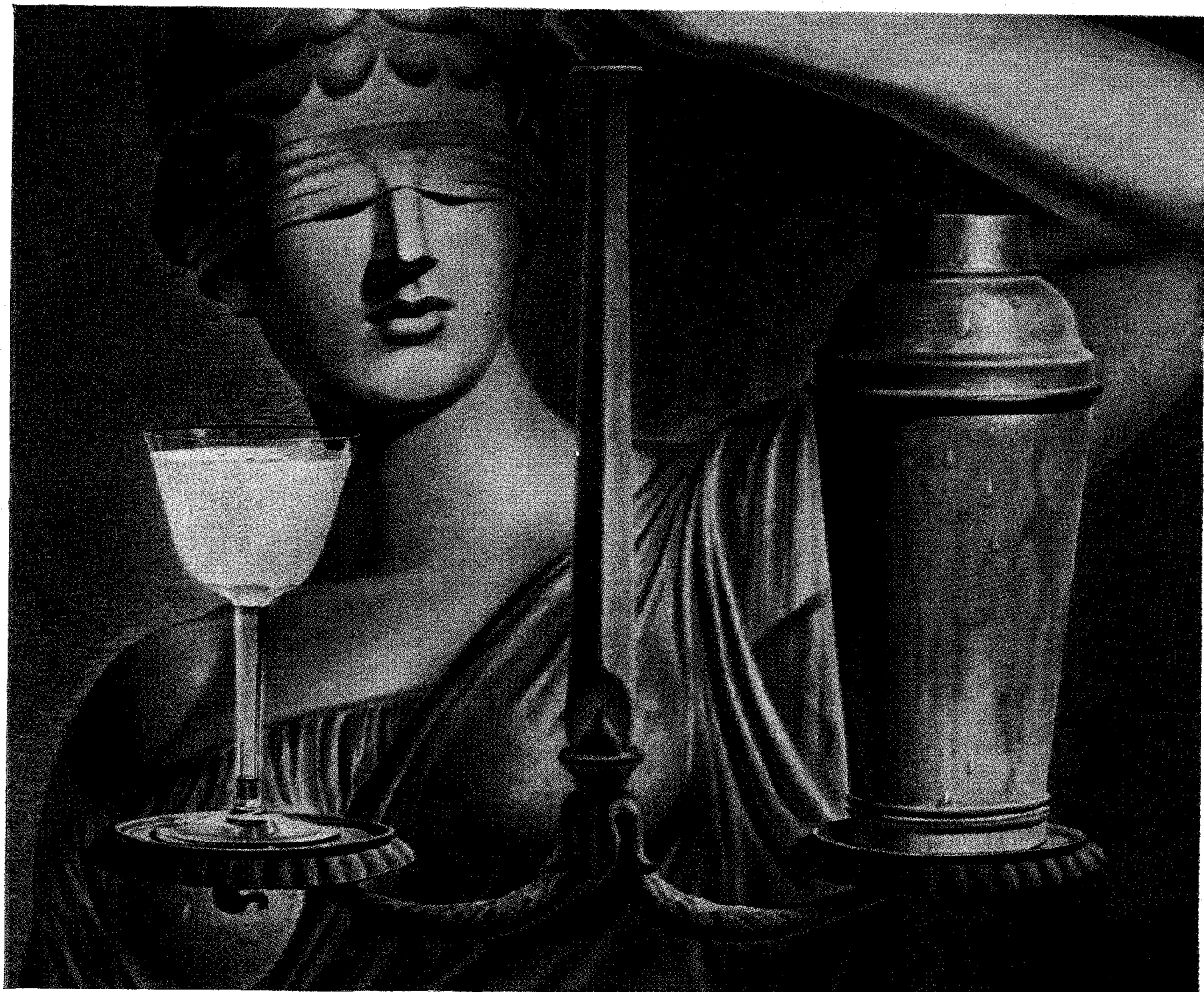
FOUR OTHER FINE MIXERS

Tom Collins Mixer ... available in limited quantities.

Hi-Spot ... a fresh tasting, lemon-flavored mixer.

Quinine Water ... will be back after the war.

Spur ... the cola drink with Canada Dry quality.



Who says there's no Justice?

If you've ever tasted a Bacardi Cocktail, we think you'll agree that Justice has given connoisseurs a break . . .

For the New York Supreme Court has ruled that a Bacardi Cocktail must be made with Bacardi—and nothing else. Which means you have a *right*, no less, to enjoy this glorious cocktail precisely as it should be made!

You see, nothing *can* replace Bacardi. Because its 83-year-old formula, known only to the Bacardi family, produces a flavor and smoothness that simply can't be matched!

Why not make a test case yourself—today? Just one thing: be sure you really *get* Bacardi when you order a Bacardi Cocktail.

A Bacardi Cocktail's *best* when *dry*
So here's the recipe to try

Bacardi Cocktail—Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lime, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, finely chipped ice, 1 jigger Bacardi (White or Silver Label). Shake well, strain and serve.

If you prefer a sweet cocktail—Just add a dash of grenadine to same recipe instead of sugar.



Even the LAW* says: In a Bacardi Cocktail

Nothing can replace BACARDI

*Ruling of the N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936: A Bacardi Cocktail *MUST* be made with Bacardi. RUM—89 Proof
Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York, N. Y.

it might tell us what the things looked like," she said.

The librarian took down a fat volume and almost immediately gave a delighted little cry. "Here's 'sea slug'!" She handed me the encyclopedia, opened to "Sea Slug," and told me that if I wanted to copy the information down, to sit at her desk. Because she'd been so nice about it, I carefully copied off "SEA SLUG, the common name for shell-less marine gastropods. Most of them belong to a suborder, Nudibranchia, containing about 1,000 species, but a few forms constitute a family of a different suborder, Stylommatophora. Many of the nudibranches are beautifully colored—orange, red with brown or white spots, dark purple, pink, yellow, green—and they breathe by attractive feathery structures, sometimes called adaptive gills, ranged in rows along their backs, or in a circle about the anus."

At least, I'd be able to tell Hobart how they breathed.

I WENT straight home and made myself a peanut-butter sandwich with lettuce and mayonnaise. Later that afternoon, the friend who had suggested my trying the Mott Street restaurant phoned again, to say that she had just thought of something else. "There's a Chinese girl who lectures around New York, and I think she once did a cookbook." My friend said she'd worked with this Miss Ching Yo on a war-relief committee, and said that I should mention her name when I called.

I telephoned Miss Ching that evening. She remembered my friend very well, she told me, in a pleasant, quite British voice. Once more I spoke my piece about Hobart and his request for the recipe.

"Oh, of course," she said. "Have you a pad and pencil there?"

I was so taken aback at getting a positive reaction that I stammered, "You mean you can give me the recipe right now?"

Miss Ching sounded surprised. "Isn't that what you wanted?" I said oh, yes, yes indeed, and hurriedly got a pencil and sheet of paper out of the desk drawer. Across the top of the paper was a note I'd made weeks before, about a record I wanted to buy: "Stuff Smith Trio—Lk. at Me." Below this I now scribbled "Slugs" while Miss Ching was saying, "First, is your friend planning to use fresh sea slugs or dried sea slugs?" I said I was sure it wouldn't matter to Hobart. "Well, tell him he shouldn't consider the fresh slugs. When you try to cook them, they tie themselves in-

to knots and it's really a bit difficult."

I could see what she meant. In fact, I could see all too graphically.

"The drying is quite an involved process," Miss Ching went on. "I don't believe anybody in this country knows it. But the natives on his island would undoubtedly sell him slugs already dried or show him how it's done." She said that imported slugs were now very hard to get in New York and cost a dollar apiece. With enthusiasm she added, "If your friend wants to make a business of drying them in his spare time, he could ship them over here and make quite a profit."

I wasn't at all sure that a sideline of exporting dried slugs would fit into Navy tradition, but I promised to tell Hobart.

"And now I'll give you the *bêche-de-mer* soup recipe first," she said. "Tell him to cut each dried sea slug crosswise into one-inch-thick slices."

I'd been thinking of a sea slug as somewhat the size of a snail, and I was baffled by this instruction. "How big are they?" I asked.

"About the size of what you call a hot dog."

"Oh," I said faintly. It sounded awfully big for a slug. I had to remind myself that what Hobart did with his stomach was his own business.

"Then he's to soak the slices three days," Miss Ching continued.

"Three days," I repeated after her, writing it down on my pad. It sounded like an admirable recipe for a man stationed on an island with not much to do.

"Next, he's to make a chicken soup with lots of onions, and put in the slugs that have been soaking. Then let the whole thing stew a bit before serving." While I was wondering where Hobart would lay his hands on a chicken, she went on, in the same pleasant, clipped tones, "This form of *bêche-de-mer* is practically inedible for American palates. And now I'll give you recipe number two. Tell your friend I think he would prefer it to the soup."

I wrote on my pad, "#2—less inedible."

"For each pound of dried slugs," Miss Ching began, "he must take one pound of fat pork or beef."

I dutifully wrote it down.

"Next, add one teacup of soya sauce. I'm saying 'teacup' because your friend might not have a measuring cup there on the island." It occurred to me that Hobart might not have soya sauce, either, but by now this seemed a minor point. "Then tell him to add a few



SOMETHING NEW FOR LOVELY YOU

Here is the bra so different, so comfortable, so essential to your figure beauty. In Perma-Lift an exclusive cushion inset at the base of the bra cups gently supports your bust, still remaining soft yet firm through countless washings and wear. Available at fine stores everywhere. Priced at \$1.25 to \$2.50.

• Made by the makers of Hickory Juniors, Girdles and Panties, "The Foundation of Loveliness." You can always trust Perma-Lift and Hickory, trademarks that have stood the test of time. A. Stein & Company... Chicago... New York.

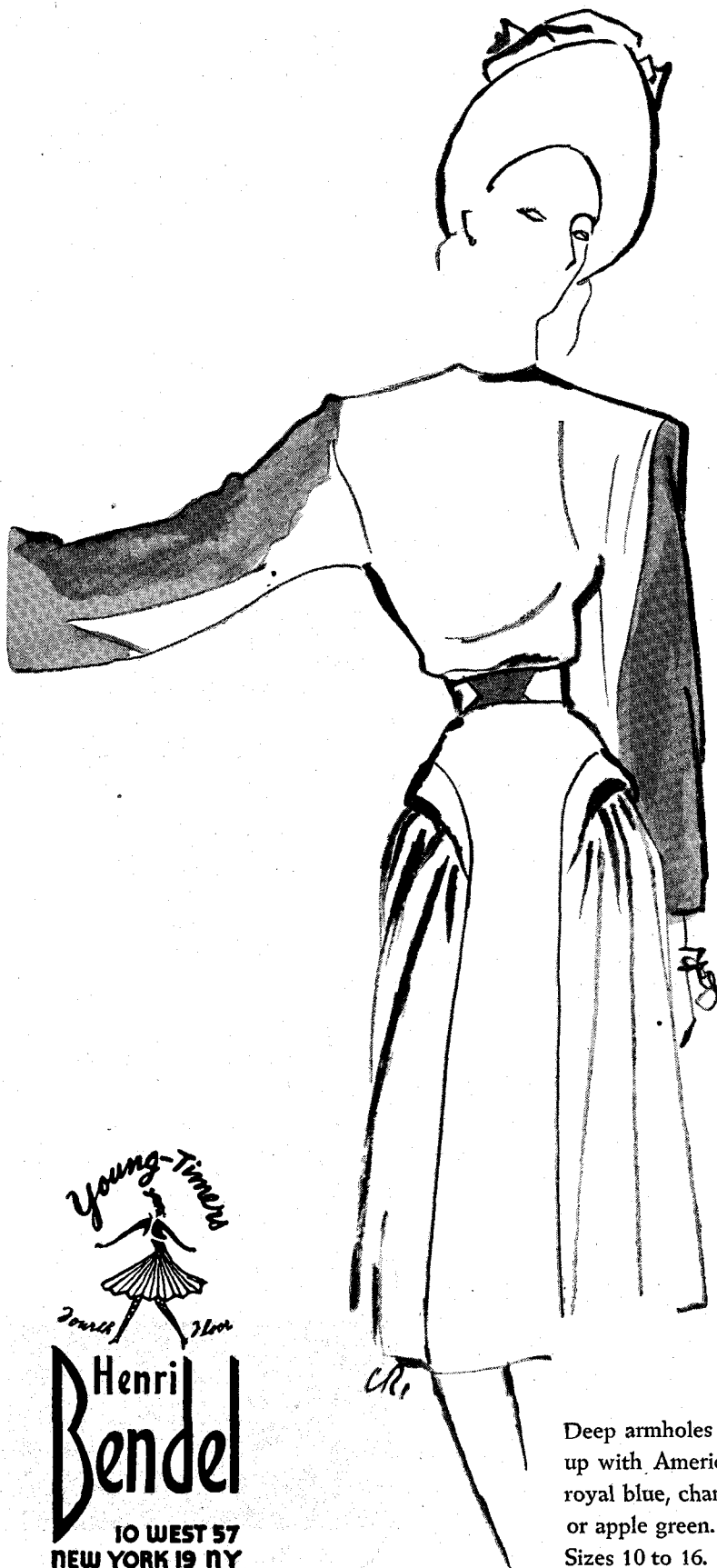
Perma-lift
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BRASSIERES

THE LIFT THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN

Another Hickory Success

Young-Timers brightest thoughts turn to their
own Bendel Original
... black rayon crepe with razzle-dazzle sleeves

\$35



Young-Timers
Dances
Henri
Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

Deep armholes pointed
up with American Beauty,
royal blue, chartreuse
or apple green.
Sizes 10 to 16.

spoonfuls of sugar to one teacup of water and stir well before adding to the pot of slugs, along with the soya sauce."

Some faint housewifely twinge made me question "a few spoonfuls of sugar." "Would it be all right to say three teaspoons?" I asked.

"Three or four," Miss Ching agreed expansively. "And tell him lots and lots and lots of onions. I'd advise hot peppers, too, but that's optional. Boil the whole thing briskly for a half hour and simmer for three hours."

"And then it's ready to eat?" I asked, trying to keep the doubt out of my voice.

"Righto," she said. I thanked her, and she urged me to let her know if my friend had any further questions after receiving the recipes.

I TYPED out both recipes that night and sent them off with a note, carefully quoting Miss Ching and refraining from adding my own comments. If Hobart could approach this epicurean adventure with good appetite, let him, I thought.

Just this week I received the airmailed answer from the Pacific. "I was delighted to get the recipes," Hobart wrote, "and ever since, I've been looking all over the island for a native who can dry sea slugs. They don't even seem to know what I'm talking about."

—HILDEGARDE DOLSON

He was granted the property on West Locust street, a saw, a hammer and a screw driver, and she was awarded the household effects and \$475 in war bonds. —*Davenport (Iowa) Times, August 1st.*

It was stated in Wednesday's Times that Charles G. Priborsky was given the West Locust street home when his wife was granted a divorce on a cross petition. Mrs. Priborsky was awarded the property. —*Same paper, August 3rd.*

Never mind, Priborsky, you're all set to build.

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the *Seattle Star*]

Girls who have always been distressed because they have a soft down on their cheeks should hear what Hollywood photographer Archie Stout has to say on subject.

While working on Rene Clair's "It Happened Tomorrow," now playing at Liberty theater, Stout took special pleasure in photographing Linda Darnell, who co-stars with Dick Powell and Jack Oakie.

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

AICHACH, GERMANY
AUGUST 28, 1945

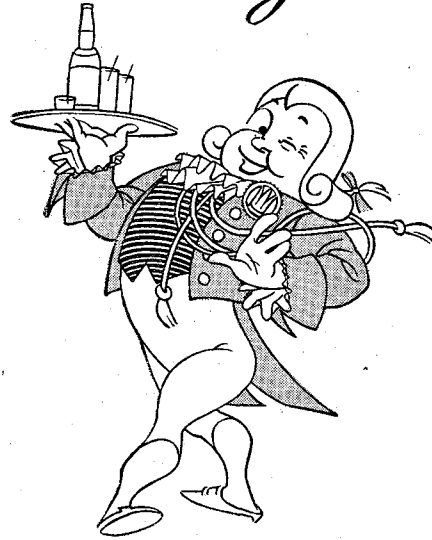
The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRs:

IN a recent issue of our regimental newspaper, I took the liberty of reprinting an article on Bavaria, entitled "Our Own Baedeker," from your issue of June 30, 1945. We ran it under the heading "Bavaria—As Seen by 'The New Yorker.'"

Since our regiment is one of the three infantry regiments of the Ninth Division, and the division has been selected for occupational duty, we have been located in Aichach, Bavaria, since early in June. Your article struck a very responsive chord for our group and I felt that every member of the various companies should be allowed to share it. That they did and enjoyed it immensely would be a matter of understatement. We all feel as though it might have been written by one of us who are at present stationed here. But the real purpose of this letter is to tell you of just what I have run into since I first persuaded the Bavarian printshop owner who is entrusted with the job of turning out our own unit paper that we were sincere in submitting your piece as a part of regular weekly copy.

Upon submitting the copy for setting up, it seemed as though every employee of the *Aichacher Zeitung* was going to deluge me with arguments as to why it should not be printed. These little differences of opinion were soon overruled when I made it quite plain that, after all, it was my desire that it be printed and not a matter of choice with them. That done, we had it set, and in due course it made its appearance, but with a certain feeling of resentment still evidenced by these local "historians." Shortly afterward I was approached by a member of the *Zeitung* staff, who asked if I would be interested in printing an article to be written by him on "The Impressions of the G.I. as Seen by a Native Bavarian." I said I might be. It was not until today that I was given the finished work, as he called it, for my approval. For your information I can say that we have no intention of using it here in our unit paper, first because I am not quite so sure the Army would like its style and secondly because I still have a certain feeling of resentment against the so-called "master race," and for them to see their opinions printed in our little weekly paper would be giv-

Compare This Fine Scotch-Type Whisky



WHEN YOU TASTE Royal Banquet Scotch-type whisky you'll understand why some of the finest clubs and hotels in the country serve and praise this fine American product.

You are going to hear a lot about Royal Banquet and we urge you to make its acquaintance at the first opportunity. Compare it with your favorite brand of Scotch. You have a pleasant surprise coming, for you'll discover that we've scored a real triumph in the art of whisky making

35% Malt Whisky
65% Grain Neutral Spirits—86 Proof

*Standard postwar bottle illustrated. Today
Royal Banquet is being packaged in the
round Victory Bottle

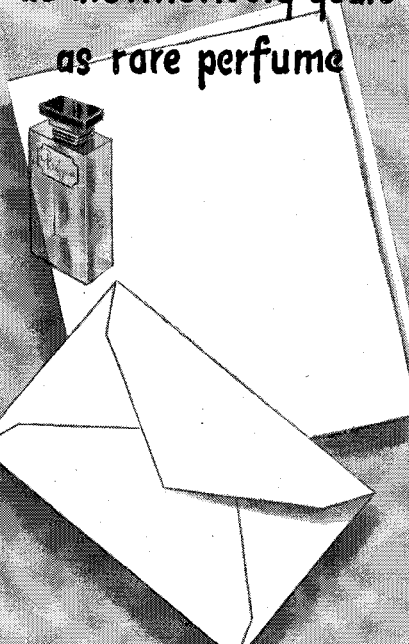


Royal Banquet

BLENDING SCOTCH-TYPE WHISKY

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

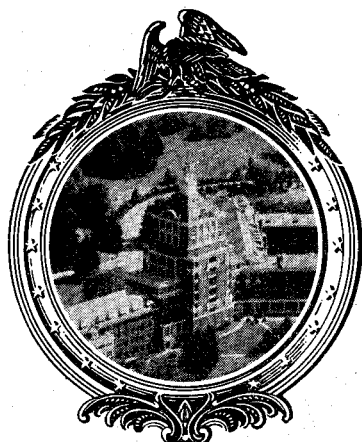
Stationery
as distinctively yours
as rare perfume



Hampshire
FINE STATIONERY

AT THE BETTER STORES
HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, INC.

AUTUMN
at The
HOMESTEAD
Virginia Hot Springs



**OVERNIGHT FROM
EASTERN POINTS**

Finest golf, riding, tennis. Address
The Homestead, Hot Springs, Va.,
or our N. Y. office in the Waldorf.

THE
Homestead
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

ing them too much satisfaction. I did think, though, that you might be interested in learning first-hand what goes on in the minds of some of these folks here, and for that reason I am enclosing a copy of the article for your examination and possible use. You may perhaps be able to find space for it.

In closing may I again say thanks for both the regiment and myself for many an entertaining hour with *The New Yorker*, and I hasten to assure you that your publication is very well received here.

Very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM E. BYRNES
A.A.A.-O News,
Thirty-ninth Infantry

The article follows:

THE G.I. AS SEEN BY A BAVARIAN

When the American soldiers came a few months ago, on the one hand the civilians were afraid of what was going to happen, on the other hand they were slightly eager to learn how these soldiers felt, men of a foreign continent who had never been seen in the interior regions of Germany, far less of Bavaria. Meanwhile, a good time has passed and the Bavarian people have had sufficient opportunities to observe the sons of the Western Hemisphere, especially since they have the allowance of talking and walking with the civilians out of doors.

It may be much interesting for G.I.s to hear what the civilians are thinking of them, and how they figure in the opinion of the people of this country. First and foremost is to remark that G.I.s and civilians have come in proportionally good contact with each other, and that the people generally have a good impression about the single G.I. They find him fair, proper, mostly gay, and moreover good-natured; they appreciate his sincerity, his readiness to help, his kindness to kids, and other qualities more. But there are also some peculiarities, which seem some strange to the people here. Especially, they wonder at his unconcern in his behavior. It is, for instance, not usually in Germany to have ones feet upon the table, to sit on the back of a chair, to enter or leave a room without saying a word, or nightly to move through the streets, regaling the latest hits of Hollywood. At what the civilians are further wondering is the unconstraint, existing between officers and enlisted men in the Army. From the German Army, they are accustomed to very stiff form reigning

**LOVELIER BY
Taperlite**



Light TAPERLITES on your table tonight. See how their soft radiance adds beauty to china, silver and crystal . . . how flattering are the tints they bring to your skin . . . the sparkle they add to your eyes.

For richer color, artistry and grace, ask for TAPERLITE—the candle with the FIRM-FIT end that prevents tipping and dripping. At department, drug, housewares, grocery and gift stores. Write for a free copy of "Guide to Lovelier Table Settings."

WILL & BAUMER CANDLE COMPANY, INC.
509 LIVERPOOL ROAD, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

1855 NINETY YEARS OF CANDLE BEAUTY 1945

When you send
BEST
WISHES—



— be sure it's on a
Paramount Greeting Card!

THE PARAMOUNT LINE, INC.
109-119 SUMMER ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I.
EST. 1906.

Highlighted Coiffures



For individualized permanents and glamorous hair fashions consult Schaeffer, coiffeur to women of taste for over 25 years.

J. SCHAEFFER, INC.
590 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

even between "Unteroffizieren" and E.M., much less between officers and men.

It seems the people that the American soldiers have a very great predilection for bridges. They can't figure out what about these bridges, but wherever they see a bridge, they also see one or several G.I.s leaning against or sitting upon the rails, regarding—what?

An outstanding fact is that the soldier is especially popular with a part of the female sex. Since the tempering of the non-fraternization law, you can see a lot of American-Bavarian couples walking on the roads and paths in the late hours of the day. Of course, the Bavarian men are not very enthusiastic of this deployment, which deprives them of their chances at the "Fräuleins." But they can't do anything. Because of the losses of the war and because of the fact that a lot of the German soldiers are still abroad in P.W. camps, there are far less men than women, and, of course, a plenty of the "Fräuleins" are eager to get an American boy friend. Besides, the G.I.s have much to offer, fruits, chocolate, etc., and, last not least, cigarettes, while the civilian men have—nothing! It's no wonder after all!

The male population regards the American more according to another side, namely as the supplier of their smoking need. For the moment, there is no possibility for a civilian to purchase smoking goods anywhere, and, therefore, the Americans hold one of the main sources to get some tobacco.

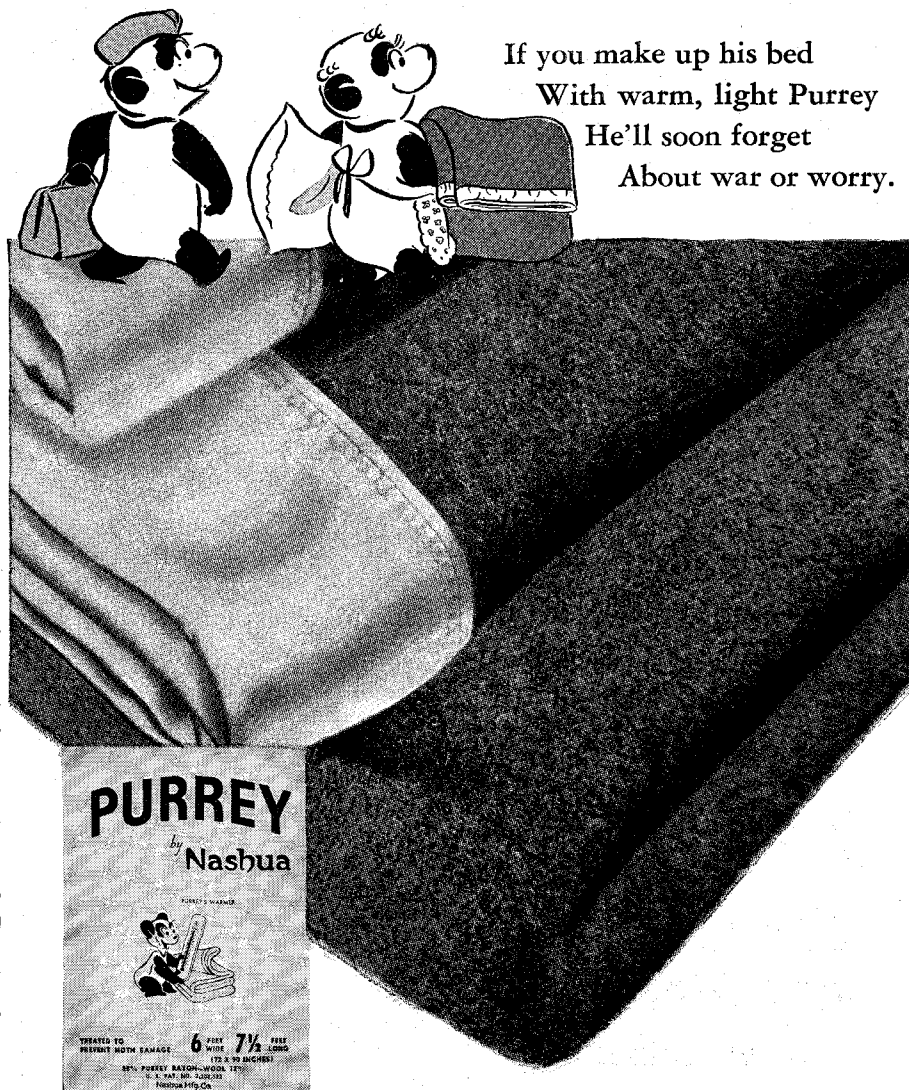
What the people would mostly like the Army should do, is to set free the confiscated private houses. To billet the soldiers each family would gladly take some G.I.s in its middle, and in this way the removed houses could be returned to their inhabitants on one hand, and on the other, the soldiers would have it much easier to get their clothes washed and preserved.

If time goes on, we are sure that the understanding between the Americans and the Bavarians grows steadily, so that at last nobody more thinks of the tragic circumstances, which brought them together.

PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.
[From the Los Angeles Examiner]

All other production will be unrated, manufacturers will be wandering around the countryside drunk and not caring what happens.

If you make up his bed
With warm, light Purrey
He'll soon forget
About war or worry.



PURREY
by Nashua

TREATED TO PREVENT MOTH DAMAGE 6 FEET 7 1/2 INCHES (72 x 90 INCHES) 88% PURE RAYON-WOOL 12% PURE WOOL U.S. PAT. NO. 2,208,533 FOREIGN PAT. CO.

\$6⁴⁵*
72x90 INCHES
(6x7 1/2 FEET)

True, he won't wanna get up
in the mornin' when

he can burrow under a big, extra tuck-in, 90-inch Purrey!

But when he does get up, he'll feel really rested
because warm Purrey is also famous for refreshing lightness.

Purrey is an amazing blanket. Its scientific nap trap construction (tiny air spaces that hold in warmth) makes a blanket that's lighter yet even warmer than many costing up to twice as much. Made of 88% rayon—wool 12%, Purrey comes in lovely, decorator-chosen colors. Purrey's no worry—its lustrous deep

nap resists soil, washes easily and has Nashua's five-year guarantee against moth damage.

Buy Victory Bonds to insure success of your home-coming program—for both Purreys and Indian Maiden Combed Percale Sheets.

*Regular 72 x 84 size \$5.95. 80 x 90 double bed oversize \$7.45.

Send for Free booklet telling how more and better nap traps make Purrey warmer.

by
Nashua

40 Worth St., New York 13, N. Y.



INDIAN MAIDEN SHEETS • DWIGHT ANCHOR SHEETS • WELWYN VIRGIN WOOL BLANKETS • INDIAN HEAD CLOTH
Purrey Blankets, invented at the Nashua Mfg. Co., Nashua, N. H., are protected by U. S. Pat. No. 2,208,533

McBride NEW CARTOON BOOKS

STOP OR I'LL SCREAM



"We have to take Larry with us. He's the only one who knows how to drive!"

NEW CARTOONS from Collier's

Edited and with a Preamble by
GURNEY WILLIAMS

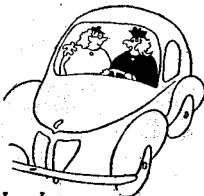
A hilarious extravaganza of more than 300 uproarious Collier's cartoons by an all-star cast of ace humorists, Virgil Partch, Humfreville, Gardner Rea, Cobean, Machamer, Larry Reynolds, Garrett Price, Wm. Steig, and many others. \$2.00

GARDNER REA'S SIDESHOW

by Gardner Rea

filled with gangling giants, bearded babies, hot mamas, missing links and many other baffling and ludicrous forms of homo sapiens. The ultimate in sophisticated cartoons by the master idea man. \$2.00

"My husband's always saying such nice things! Last night he told me I was the least of his worries!"



At all bookstores

ROBERT M. MCBRIDE & CO., N. Y.

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

THE FOREST OF THE SOUTH, by Caroline Gordon (Scribner). A collection of sixteen stories, all with the South, at one period or another, as background. Pace has never distinguished Miss Gordon's work, but on the other hand, few writers have so admirable a talent for creating by suggestion, and in these stories she makes you sense a great deal more than she tells about the morals and manners of her Southern gentry.

RAIN BEFORE SEVEN, by Marc Brandel (Harper). A young man given to premonitions of disaster which he believes he himself brings about shuts himself away in order not to involve his friends in what he is convinced is an impending calamity. The story of why seven people—all for very different reasons—feel impelled to seek him out in his presumably fatal seclusion has, as you can see, possibilities for humor, satire, and suspense. Mr. Brandel does not realize these possibilities more than half the time, not because he has done too little but because he has done too much. When he seems not to be trying, he is extremely funny, but the humor eventually becomes strained, and the novel is so often weighted with the author's medium-heavy satire and indefatigable sophistication that it quickly loses its sparkle. It will be pleasant to hear from Mr. Brandel again once he has got over the idea that he must give all.

THE SHADOW FALLS, by Georges Simenon, translated by Stuart Gilbert (Harcourt, Brace). Death and life in a wealthy, rather decadent French provincial family. The story gets off to a slow start but works up to a solidity not to be found in the author's detective yarns. Although death apparently has been dragged in principally from habit, the lives are for the most part interesting and the family's intense cohesion, which is neither unity nor solidarity, is made convincing and rather horrible.

SONG OF THE DNIEPER, by Zalman Shneour (Roy). One of those sound, interminably detailed Russian novels which, if you don't give up before you are halfway through, end by hypnotizing you into a considerable interest. Following the career of a tender-hearted and impoverished strong man of a small Jewish village,

you become mildly involved in the lives of other poor inhabitants of the community, who go through a pogrom, an epidemic of cholera, and other misfortunes. However, Mr. Shneour makes even the grim business of a pogrom sound slow as molasses.

BEWITCHED LANDS, by Adolfo Costa du Rels, translated by Stuart Edgar Grummon (Knopf). The story, laid in a remote part of Bolivia, of a brutal landowner, his sensitive son, who has progressive ideas about labor, and the young man's love for his stepmother. The character of the violent father is extremely well done, and you get the feel of the lush, tropical country, but the novel is spun out too long. You can't help thinking of half a dozen writers who could have turned the story out very well in no more than five thousand words.

INDIAN PAUL, by John Moore (Harcourt, Brace). A small-town lynching is a difficult subject. It has been used a lot, and the pattern of action is classic—the victim is locked in the town clink, the raffish element gets drunk and descends on the jail, the sheriff is either drunk, absent, or craven, and someone tries to reason with the mob. Besides, the social significance of lynching—the broad implications, as they say—are understood by now by everyone except people who don't read novels about lynchings. Mr. Moore, in this first novel, sets his scene in northern Michigan and makes the victim an Indian. These are the two notable differences in this novel about a lynching; otherwise it reads much the same as any other, except for the ending, which is just plain preposterous.

PRIZE STORIES OF 1945, edited by Herschel Brickell (Doubleday, Doran). The current collection of the annual O. Henry Memorial Award, in which Walter Van Tilburg Clark carries off the first prize, Irwin Shaw takes the second, with a story first published in this magazine, and Ben Hur Lampman gets the third. Plenty of new names, a wide variety of subject, and some pleasing talents show up, but only the first two prize stories are in any way memorable.

NOTE: Eighteen of Lieutenant Robert McLaughlin's short stories of Army life have been collected in a volume called "A Short Wait Between

These are some of the distinguished editors



Robert O.
Ballou



Mark
Van Doren



Alexander
Woolcott



Dorothy
Parker

who have chosen for you



Louis
Kronenberger



Malcolm
Cowley

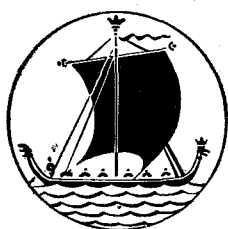


Philip
Van Doren Stern



Joseph Henry
Jackson

the volumes in **THE VIKING**
Portable Library



These compact, handsome, brilliantly-edited and comprehensive one-volume editions are something new in publishing. They are delightful and beautiful additions to any library.

AS YOU WERE

Alexander Woolcott's favorite American prose and poetry. \$2.00

The Portable STEINBECK

2 complete novels; 28 stories and episodes. Pascal Covici, editor. \$2.00

The Portable DOROTHY PARKER

All her stories and poems. Introduction by W. Somerset Maugham. \$2.00

The Portable WORLD BIBLE

Selections from the sacred scriptures of 8 great religions. Robert O. Ballou, editor. \$2.50

The Portable HEMINGWAY

2 novels; 4 episodes; 26 stories. Introduction and notes by Malcom Cowley. \$2.00

SIX NOVELS OF THE SUPERNATURAL

"Will keep you glued to your chair." Chicago Tribune. Edward Wagenknecht, editor. \$2.00

The Portable SHAKESPEARE

Seven best-loved plays complete; famous passages; all the sonnets and songs. \$2.50

The Portable READER'S COMPANION

Poetry, letters, drama, stories—for the discriminating. Louis Kronenberger, editor. \$2.

The Portable CARL VAN DOREN

Two complete books and long passages from five others. Selected by himself. \$2.00

The Portable WALT WHITMAN

The most comprehensive one-volume Whitman. Introduction by Mark Van Doren. \$2.

The Portable F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

2 complete novels and several short stories. Chosen by Dorothy Parker; introduction by John O'Hara. \$2.00

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE

Poems of the spirit. Horace Gregory, editor. \$2.50

The Portable MURDER BOOK

True stories of murder by master storytellers. Joseph Henry Jackson, editor. \$2.00

The Portable POE

The most comprehensive one-volume POE. Philip Van Doren Stern, editor. \$2.00

The Portable NOVELS OF SCIENCE

4 book-length works of scientific fantasy by H. G. Wells and others. Donald A. Wollheim, editor. \$2.00

THE VIKING PRESS • 18 EAST 48TH STREET • NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



"SAM HILL AND SHAD ROE!"

**....the cook forgot the
Maggi's Seasoning"**

It's true! Maggi's Seasoning makes all the flavor difference in the world. Once you use it you'll agree this wonderful cooking aid works miracles in bringing out all the savory goodness of your foods. A few dashes are all you need to assure the taste perfection of your soups, sauces, gravies, stews, and meatless dishes.

MAGGI CO., INC. • 350 5TH AVENUE • NEW YORK

**MAGGI'S
SEASONING**



FINEST SINCE
1888

WIDMER'S WINES
and Vermouths

Widmer's Wine Cellars, Inc. Naples N.Y.

Trains" and published by Knopf. The title story and most of the others first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE GERMAN TALKS BACK, by Heinrich Hauser (Holt). Whatever the German mind may be, it is neither consistency nor sweet reason. Here is the credo of an anti-Nazi German intellectual who spent the war years in the United States and is now voluntarily going home. He believes that our democracy is a vulgar joke and that it will never be foisted on the German people; that we will fumble the occupation and that the Soviets will see to it that we do; that we have no right to punish the war criminals (only the Germans have); that we are a good deal to blame for Hitler Germany anyway. He says plenty more, now crying in the misty wildernesses of racist and geopolitical thinking, now furiously bowling over a regiment of straw men of his own creation, in the best Goebbels manner. He claims to speak for a great many Germans in Germany. One can only hope, for their sake, that this is not the best case they can make.

THE RUSSIAN STORY, by Nicholas Mikhailov (Sheridan House). This book, which crams a thousand years of Russian history into less than two hundred pages, is apt to make the American reader a little cross. Anyone can sympathize with the conscientious Soviet historian whose delicate task it is to present the full panorama of Russian history down to the present and keep his self-respect as well as his ration card. But for American publishers to palm off an ecstatic piece of Soviet propaganda as the "whole story" of the Russians (the italics are theirs), as "brilliant historical writing," and a "literary landmark" is something else. We learn here that the eagle-eyed Stalin almost singlehandedly won the civil war (despite the machinations of Trotsky, who was apparently trying to lose it), that the Baltic states of Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia joined the Soviet Union voluntarily, that Russian aircraft was qualitatively superior to the German, and so forth. It's all very interesting, but is it history?

MEN WHO HAVE WALKED WITH GOD, by Sheldon Cheney (Knopf). The story of the great mystics of history—not only the Christian visionaries but also earlier men who

attained wisdom through "divine intuition," such as Buddha, Socrates, and Pythagoras. The author's method in presenting what he admits is only an outline of man's search for union with God is to compose biographical essays on a handful of seers and spiritual prophets, beginning with Lao-tse, the Chinese poet philosopher, and ending, in historical continuity, with the English mystic painter and poet, William Blake. The essays are superb and, while not popular in the common, or Will Durant, sense, have been written for readers who have made no special study of the subject. Illustrated.

THE HOUSE OF EUROPE, by Paul Scott Mowrer (Houghton Mifflin). Memoirs, down to 1934, of one of the more serious and mature Americans in foreign newspaper service. Unlike most of his colleagues, Mr. Mowrer was a journalist in the European sense; he used his information and knowledge to make diplomatic policy, he tried to influence history as well as report it. He was instrumental, for example, in getting Laval to visit President Hoover during the war-debt crisis, he laid the groundwork for American recognition of the Soviets, and he tried unceasingly to waken his own country out of its isolationist daydream during the years after Versailles. He writes entertainingly, and while he is frankly subjective (there is apparently a canon that insists that foreign correspondents be explicit about their most intimate affairs), he is not self-consciously picaresque or exhibitionistic.

NOTE: "All Out for the Sack Race!", by Robert Day, has been published by Random House. This is Mr. Day's first book of collected cartoons. Most of the drawings in it appeared in *The New Yorker*.

VERSE

A STREET IN BRONZEVILLE, by Gwendolyn Brooks (Harper). A first book by a young Negro who successfully crosses the vigorous folk poetry of her people with traditional forms. She writes with style, sincerity, and a minimum of sentimentality. Her city-folk poetry is particularly fresh.

All children are prohibited from playing on the lawn of United Presbyterian Church, Electric Avenue, or suffer penalties of law. Trustees.

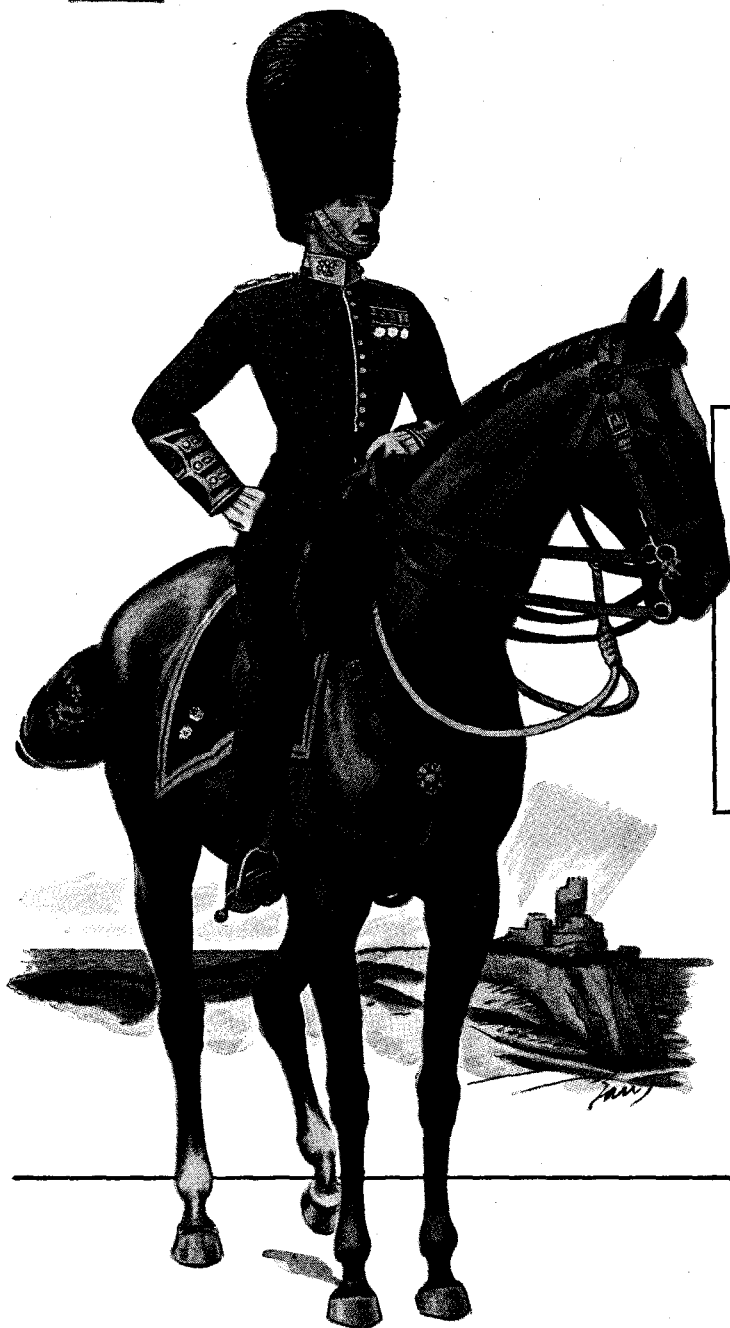
—Lewistown (Pa.) Sentinel.

"Suffer little children . . ."



For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS



ROUND the world and back again, Dewar's has won over sixty medals for excellence in Scotch Whisky. Today, Dewar's is proving it is well worthy of these citations. For today — as always — there is no meddling with the superb quality of the Medal Scotch of the World.

HONOURS OF The Scots Guards

(Lt. Colonel Full Dress)

Namur, 1695 — Talavera — Waterloo — Egypt, 1882 — Modder River
South Africa, 1899, 1902 — Marne, 1914 — Aisne, 1914 — Ypres, 1914-17

HONOURS OF DEWAR'S "White Label"

Award of the World's
Columbian Exposition,
Chicago, 1892
... one of more than



60 medals honour-
ing Dewar's White
Label for Excellence
in Scotch Whisky.

COMMAND DEWAR'S...AND BE

"AT EASE"

White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years
Victoria Vat
"None Finer" — Liqueur Scotch

Dewar's "White Label" and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD



Both 86.8 Proof • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. Copyright 1943, Schenley Import Corporation, New York



*One taste
will prove
why it is the*

LUXURY
BLEND
SCOTCH



BY APPOINTMENT

TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI

WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD.



*"Quality
Tells"*

V.A.T. 69

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF